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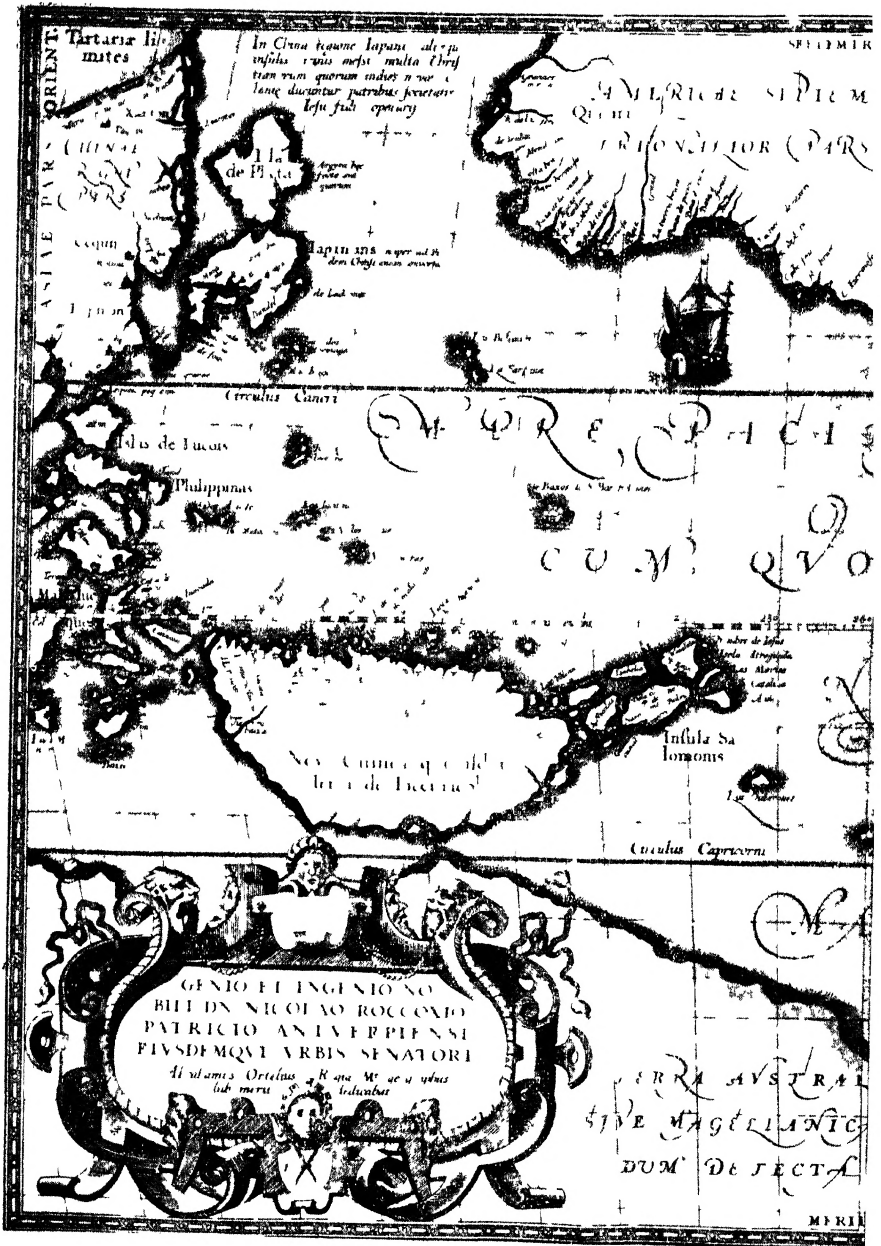
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**PACIFIC
HORIZONS**

by Christopher Lloyd

CAPTAIN MARRYAT
AND THE OLD NAVY



THE PACIFIC IN 1589

Ortelius, *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* 1589 ed

PACIFIC HORIZONS

The Exploration of
the Pacific
before Captain Cook

by

CHRISTOPHER
LLOYD

M. A., F. R. G. S.

Author of *Captain Marryat and the Old Navy*, etc.

*for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.*

TENNYSON: *Ulysses*.

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PREFACE

THE sound of bombs falling in the Pacific must have aroused the curiosity of many people with regard to the early history of that great ocean. Most of us know something of the achievements of Captain Cook; but what happened before him? What is King Solomon doing in the South Sea? What sort of men found and named islands like Australia del Espiritu Santo and L'Enfant Perdu? Who were Juan Fernandez or Bougainville or Wallis?

Cook's name has obscured that of his predecessors. This book tells the story of the exploration of the Pacific before him, from the day when the first European had sight of the South Sea from a peak in Darien to that when, in all essentials, it was mapped and charted by the most painstaking navigator the world has ever known. It was the men of that period, most of them obscure in their own day and forgotten in ours, some, like Drake and Anson, famous for other reasons than for geographical exploration, who set the problem which Cook solved with triumphant finality. If they had not suffered and guessed and talked and narrowed down the limits between which fruitful discoveries might be made, Cook's task would have been beyond even his capacity.

Of all their dreams the most lasting was that of a great southern continent, *Terra Australis Incognita*. Look upon those beautiful maps of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and see with what certainty the confines of this legendary land are marked. Even in Cook's day the fading vision was bright enough to make that his first object of discovery. Such myths are always sources of inspiration, but never was there a more fruitful one than this. In a sense, the subject of the following pages is how *Terra Australis Incognita* was reduced to the limits of Antarctica.

Besides telling of such half-forgotten heroes as Mendaña, Quiros, Le Maire, Byron's grandfather, Carteret, M. de Bougainville, I have had another aim in writing this book. Exploration

is a co-operative and international task. It is a mistake to look at any enterprise solely from the point of view of one successful man, be he a Cook or a Columbus. Scholars and cartographers and patrons play their part as well as seamen, and the representatives of every nation help to diminish the bounds of the unknown. Every voyage adds something to the map; each nation and each age learns something from its neighbours and its predecessors. That is the chief excuse for historical and comparative studies. The search begun by a Drake or a Quiros in the sixteenth century is still being pursued in the eighteenth, and were it not for nationalistic jealousies and ignorance of what had been done by other men at other times, the paths of the later explorers would have been made easier.

At the same time, every scrap of knowledge brought home widened the intellectual horizon of Europe. Exploration itself is of no account, unless it be as an example of heroism; the way in which the knowledge of the globe and its potentialities is digested, the way in which travellers' tales fertilise the imagination of statesmen and writers at home, that is an aspect of the subject too often omitted. As the learned Harris remarks in his *Navigantium atque itinerarium bibliotheca* (2 vols. folio. 1705): "It is a very happy Circumstance in this kind of Reading, that it charms us by a perpetual Variety, and keeps alive that Thirst of Inquiry, which we are apt to lose, when too closely confined to severer studies." The lure of the South Seas from Defoe to Stevenson, the charm of the savage as imagined by a Rousseau or a Gauguin, is therefore just as much the subject of this book as the heroic enterprises of the idealists, the missionaries, the scientists and the buccaneers who sailed those seas.

As the sense of space is eliminated in the modern world and a depressing uniformity extends its sway over the globe, so that one may wear the same clothes and see the same films in Piccadilly as in Puka Puka, it is well to be reminded of those to whom distance was a reality, who, without adequate charts or instruments, without proper food or medicine, sailed their crazy ships like Ulysses, the prototype of such wanderers, "beyond the sunset." How far they sailed, or where exactly they were,

they had no means of telling; but they were convinced that if they pressed on farther on a westerly course they would find something, be it gold, spices, Cathay, or the unknown continent.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

In the end the survivors usually sailed round the world; the others perished from hunger or shipwreck. The Argument of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is the story of this book: "How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storm to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country."

I am indebted to the authorities of the Public Record Office and the British Museum, and to Instr. Cmdr. C. W. Baldwin, R.N., for their assistance; and to Squadron-Leader W. A. Foster for permission to reproduce part of the Blaeu map in his possession.

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I

INTO THE SILENT SEA

THE first European to see the Pacific Ocean was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. On September 25, 1513, the Indian who had guided his party across the isthmus of Darien showed him, from the top of a mountain, the prospect of the southern sea glittering beyond the forests below. Two days later Balboa ran down the beach and plunged waist high into the surf, waving a sword in one hand and a standard in the other, to claim the discovery of an unknown sea in the name of his master, the King of Spain.

Sixty years later Francis Drake had a similar experience, when his Cimaroon guide took him up to a "bower" built in a tree to show him what the Spaniards now called the Mar del Sur. When he had seen it he knelt and "besought Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea." Drake's was the first English ship to sail across the ocean, but another Englishman had crossed it many years before him in the service of Spain, only to perish on the farther shore from the privations he had endured. For with Magellan there had sailed a gunner, "Master Andrew of Bristol," whose bones lie somewhere in the Ladrões or Mariana islands.

Of all voyagers, ancient and modern, Magellan must be deemed the most courageous. He was, wrote a companion, "most versed in nautical charts, and he knew better than anyone the true art of navigation." But what did these charts, this art of navigation amount to? To measure the intrepidity with which Magellan and his like launched out into unknown seas, it is necessary to appreciate not only the poverty of that art, but the strength of the superstitions which clouded the minds of their men. The ancient and terrifying theory of the zones—the frigid, where men froze, and the torrid, where they burned—had indeed been exploded by the Portuguese voyages

round the Cape of Good Hope, but that was only a score of years previous to Magellan's voyage, and a popular superstition is not so speedily killed in the minds of sailors. *Frigor inhabitabilis* still marked the northern and southern regions of the charts they knew. *Perusta*, or the burning zone, lay like a belt of fire across the centre, where flames sprang up to lick the sky. *Oceanus quem nemo vidit hominum propter zonam torridam*—that was the boiling sea which had to be traversed in order to sail south of the equator. *Brumae, Mare Tenebrosum*, floating weed which engulfed ships, bat-winged demons with human faces, the Kraken, the octopus which swallowed elephants, the great sea serpent. . . . And if one did surmount these terrors of the deep one might be carried to the Antipodes, where lived the Troglodytes, the Anthropophagi, the Garamantes, and the scaly dragon.

When men first crossed the Pacific the time was not long past when many believed that the earth was shaped like a plate, over the edge of which it was only too easy to sail. Some thought it was pear-shaped, though anybody with any pretensions to learning knew that it was spherical, but not even the most learned clerk could say what was on it. Ptolemy's atlas, revived in the fifteenth century renaissance, was an improvement on those monkish geographers who followed the advice of the blessed Ambrose that "to consider the nature and the position of the earth does not help us in our hopes of the life to come." But Vasco da Gama had shown how inaccurate even it might be when he exploded Ptolemy's conception of the Indian Ocean as a vast inland sea; and to the west Ptolemy marked nothing at all. When Magellan's crew murmured despondently in the mazes of his new strait, he assured them that he was certain of an outlet into the sea beyond, "because he had seen it by a marine chart made by the great pilot and mariner Martin of Bohemia." Apparently he was referring to what we call Behaim's globe, which, since it was constructed before the news of the discovery of America reached Europe, shows nothing of the New World. Only the mythical western islands, beloved of old poets—St. Brendan and the Fortunate Isles—

can be found upon it. The strait is indeed vaguely marked on Schöner's globe of 1515, on the grounds of a supposed Portuguese voyage to the westward. Magellan, however, never mentions such a voyage, and no proof of it has ever been forthcoming. At least by this date another great sea had been added in the minds of men to the old conception of the Western and Eastern oceans. It was becoming increasingly clear, mainly as a result of voyages to the east, that some great sea stretched beyond the Spice Islands and Cathay, separating Asia from what was beginning to be called America, but as yet that ocean lacked all definition, even that of a name.

Equally unreliable were the navigational instruments then in use, nor did they show any marked improvement for at least two centuries. The men who first crossed the Pacific Ocean had no sextants, no chronometers, no nautical almanacs or even accurate tables. They had to feel their way into the unknown. Such seamen could rightfully claim as their own the royal motto of Spain—*Plus Ultra*, further yet! For their latitude they depended on sights taken with an astrolabe, an instrument but little changed since Chaucer described it for his son, "litel Lowis"; in the course of the century the cross staff and back staff came into use, so that fairly accurate sights could be taken. As for longitude, no one worried about that. Towards the end of the sixteenth century a writer complains "there be some that are very inquisitive to have a way to get the longitude, but that is too tedious for seamen, since it requireth the deep knowledge of astronomy, wherefore I would not have any man think that the longitude is to be found at sea by any instrument; so let no seamen trouble themselves with any such rule, but (according to their accustomed manner) let them keep a perfect account and reckoning of the way of their ship." To obtain this, their Dead Reckoning, they relied on the three L's—the Log, to estimate the distance travelled, and the Lead and the Look-out to steer clear of reefs and shoals. The Log was originally a piece of wood; later it became a triangular wooden kite standing upright in the water, and attached to a line marked at regular intervals with knots of pieces of ribbon. This contraption was

hove overboard every hour, and the speed at which the knots passed across a mark on the deck was measured by an officer standing by with a sandglass in his hand. Hence a "knot" is a measure of the speed at which a ship passes through the water, and to "write up the log" means to chalk up the result on a slate. By such means they attempted to deduce the distance travelled; but as a ship under sail seldom travels at a regular speed on account of the variability of winds and currents, enormous errors were frequent. One of Magellan's pilots is credited with an error of some 3000 miles in his calculations after crossing the Pacific. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century a naval officer under Anson's command could find himself off the east coast of South America when he thought he was off the west.

As for the ships themselves, they were of course mere cockle-shells by modern standards. They must have been wonderfully seaworthy vessels to have achieved the voyages they did, but what strikes one most in the few pictures of them which have survived is their breadth of beam and their high free-board. Their towering poops must have made them very unmanageable with the wind abeam. Furthermore, with the limited sailing gear then in use they could not have sailed at all close to the wind, and they were therefore at the mercy of winds and currents. Hence the route of nearly all the early voyagers across the Pacific is much the same. They had to rely on the Trades to carry them across the ocean from the American coast, and voyages in the contrary direction were out of the question until the wind system of the new ocean began to be known. On a long voyage there was not only the difficulty of waiting for a fair wind to be surmounted; one had also to take into account the depredations of the *teredo navalis*, or naval worm. Every few weeks the ship had to be hauled up on some beach or creek to be careened and patched. At the best of times there was always a foot or two of foul water swilling in the well, the smell of which, mingled with the odour of decaying provisions and foetid water casks, must have turned the strongest stomachs.

Inadequate navigational instruments, no provisions which

could be preserved, crank ships, clumsy sailing gear and a mutinous crew—such was Magellan's equipment. But at the same time he had no fear. In defiance of ignorance and superstition he set sail in 1519 in five "very old and patched ships," in which the Portuguese ambassador said he would not adventure as far as the Canaries. As for the geographer who, together with an Antwerp spice merchant, backed the enterprise, "I do not count him for much, for he is half crazy."

Of course the ambassador was prejudiced. Magellan was by birth a Portuguese, with a limp from a wound received while fighting for the King of Portugal. At the age of thirty he came back from the east, quarrelled with the king for refusing to raise his pension half a ducat, and enlisted in the service of the King of Spain in order to discover a new route to the Spice Islands via America instead of Africa. Most probably the real reason for his voyage was the same as that avowed by the Italian, Antonio Pigafetta, who sailed with him and kept a valuable journal: that he was "desirous of seeing the wonderful things of the ocean."

The pattern of Magellan's voyage was to be repeated in broad outlines by most of the circumnavigators before Cook. Only one of his five ships returned home; that was to be a common occurrence, since ships not commanded by skilful, resolute men were apt to be wrecked or turn back at the entrance to the South Seas. At St. Julian on the coast of Patagonia he discovered the last port at which it was possible to careen and bream before the second and most hazardous part of the voyage began. Here he had to quell a mutiny. Drake had to do the same thing at the same spot sixty years later, because it was here, after a long Atlantic voyage, that the prospect of continuing on a still longer voyage through unknown seas struck the timorous-hearted with intolerable dismay. Here Pigafetta discovered the Patagonian Giant, "so tall that the tallest of us only came up to his waist." He was intrigued by their habit of pushing an arrow two feet down their throats to act as an emetic, a drastic remedy necessitated by a diet of rats eaten whole and unskinned. The existence of this monstrous race continued to exercise the minds of explorers for centuries to come, until more

scientific investigators examined them with greater care. Patagones—"men with big feet"—Magellan called them, on account of their *guanaco* sandals stuffed with straw, which is the most likely explanation of the persistent story of their great height.

In his passage through the Straits Magellan was more fortunate than many of his successors; it took him thirty-eight days, compared with the eighty it took several of the eighteenth-century captains. It was he who gave the name of Cape Virgins to the cape marking the entrance, because he sighted it on the day of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. His name for the land to the south, Tierra del Fuego, from the fires he sighted on the shore, has also remained along with many others. But it is a pity that his name for the cape marking the Pacific entrance has been dropped in favour of Cape Pillar, for the change robs the narrative of its joyous climax: "They (the advance party) told us that they had found the cape and the sea great and wide. At the joy of which the captain general had at this he began to weep, and he gave the name Cape Deseado to this cape, as a thing which had been much desired for a long time." "I think," adds Pigafetta, intoxicated with the excitement of the first that ever burst into that silent sea, "that there is not in the world a more beautiful country, or a better strait than this one . . . the sea was well named Pacific (*la mer paisible*)."

His route across was much the same as that followed by other early circumnavigators, largely because, as we have seen, the ships of those days were at the mercy of natural forces. Issuing from the straits at the end of November more by chance than by calculation, he did not encounter the Westerlies at their worst. The Peru, or Humboldt, Current swept him north to an undetermined latitude, probably somewhere near the tropic, where the South-East Trades carried him across the waste of ocean. By ill chance his course just missed the earthly paradises which so refreshed his successors, where

Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag,
Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

For ninety-eight days they sailed without opportunity to provision the ship, such a voyage "that no man will ever undertake again." "We ate only old biscuit, brought to powder and stinking from the dirt which the rats had made on it from eating the good biscuit, and we drank water which was yellow and stinking. We also ate the ox hides which were under the main-sail; they were very hard on account of the sun, rain and wind and we left them four or five days in the sea, and then we put them a little on the embers, and so ate them; also the sawdust of wood, and rats which cost half a ducat apiece, moreover enough of them were not to be caught." In consequence of this diagonal north-westerly course their first landfall was the group called by Magellan the Islands of Lateen Sails, later known as the Ladrões or Isles of Thieves, and today as the Marianas, from Maria Anna the queen of Philip IV. Les Jardines, others called them, from the luxuriant vegetation of Tinian and Guam. Thence Magellan continued west and somewhat south to Cebu in the central Philippines. At a neighbouring islet he was killed by savages whilst covering the retreat of his men on September 27, 1521. His second in command, Sebastian del Cano, took the little *Victoria* home to Seville the next year with a cargo of 26 tons of cloves. The *Trinidad*, which also crossed the Pacific, tried to regain America and disappeared.

The voyage was made and geographers like Ramusio extolled the feat of men who excelled the Argonauts. But the aim of the voyage—a shorter route to the Spice Islands—had been proved illusory. Compared with the Portuguese route round Africa, it was too long and too hard for ships sailing from European ports. But that did not deter the Emperor Charles V from pressing his claim to the Philippines and the Moluccas to the south of them. The Portuguese denied that they fell within the Spanish sphere, as had been delimited by the Treaty of Tordesillas. The question was argued in full debate between the learned cosmographers and experienced pilots of both nations. The Philippines had not yet been so named, and nobody knew where either they or the Moluccas lay, since nobody could calculate their longitude. The argument was long and inconclusive; "after two months'

wrangling," remarks the eighteenth-century historian in his acid style, "the assembly broke up in a manner less ceremonious than that in which it had met; the Spaniards announcing judgement in favour of themselves, and the Portuguese threatening to put to death every Spaniard that should be found in the Moluccas" (a generic name for the Spice Islands). A few years later the Emperor relinquished his claim to the Moluccas for the payment of 350,000 ducats down; but he was not prepared to surrender the Philippines.

In order to establish a footing there before his rivals could set up their ubiquitous trading stations, several expeditions were fitted out, one of them under Sebastian Cabot. But the only one which reached the islands was that under Loayasa, with whom sailed the now famous Del Cano. They were the second expedition to pass the Straits, this time in the extremity of the Fuegian winter. When they reached the Philippines the Portuguese attacked them as they had threatened, so Cortes was ordered to send out a rescue party from a Mexican port under Alvaro de Saavedra. Contact was made with Loayasa's men, but their leader had been killed and the prospect of a permanent settlement was futile unless reinforcements could be brought from America. Saavedra, therefore, tried to sail east to recross the ocean. Being ignorant of the wind system prevailing in the north Pacific, he straightway encountered head winds in the shape of the North-East Trades. Driven back to the islands, he tried again by a more southerly route which brought him to the north coast of New Guinea, recently discovered by the Portuguese and so named from a fancied resemblance to the coast of African Guinea. Again he was driven back, and he himself died at sea.

This continued lack of success gave the South Seas a bad name among Spanish sailors. Even among the adventurous spirits of the *conquistadores* none could be found who was anxious to relinquish the easy money of Peru to challenge the mystery of the Pacific again. Balboa, its discoverer, had been beheaded; Magellan killed by savages; Loayasa and Saavedra perished on the farther shore; one died raving, and another had turned

renegado and become a Mohammedan. Had a leader stepped forward at this time he would never have manned a ship, for the strength of ancient geographical superstitions was intensified by such facts.

So matters stood for nearly half a century. By now Pizarro was dead and there was chaos in Peru. The old Emperor was dead too, disillusioned with the vanity of earthly things, and King Philip reigned in his stead. His Portuguese rival was far too content with the profits drawn from a royal monopoly in spices in the Moluccas to venture farther east. Elsewhere in Europe religious wars and the arguments of angry theologians attracted more attention than the possibilities of exploring uncharted seas. After a half-hearted attempt to discover a northern passage to Cathay in the reign of Henry VII, the English seemed to have given up maritime enterprise in that direction, and their new queen was as yet too uncertain of her position to support such ventures. But the lust for gold remained a motive of undiminished strength; gold being, as Columbus said, "a most excellent thing, for by its possession men are enabled to have all that they would possess in this world and the means by which they may deliver souls from purgatory in the next." The mines of Peru, indeed, provided enough silver for the most avaricious taste, but gold in similar quantities was still lacking, and gold was said to be found in the Philippines; alternatively, it was thought that the philosopher's stone might be discovered there.

One of the *hidalgos* who sailed to the Philippines with Loayasa had been fortunate enough to return home in a Portuguese carrack. His name was Andres de Urdaneta. After a distinguished career in New Spain as sailor, soldier, and cosmographer he joined the Augustinian Order. The friars exhibited their usual missionary zeal when, in 1565, forty years after Loayasa's expedition, Philip suggested another attempt to colonise the islands, this time under the command of Miguel Lopez de Legaspe. Urdaneta was asked to accompany him as adviser, since by reason of his vows he could not command a ship. They were to sail from a Mexican port with a complement of "holy guides to unfurl and wave the banners of Christ in the

remotest parts of these islands and drive the devil from the tyrannical possession which he had held so many ages, usurping to himself the adoration of those people." The sincere desire to propagate the truths of the Catholic faith was a motive almost as strong as the lust for gold in the great age of Spanish expansion. That is why friars sailed in every ship on a voyage of discovery, and that is why they often slaughtered the obstinate pagans with such insensate cruelty.

The ocean was crossed without incident owing to the North-East Trades. Contrary to the advice of Urdaneta to turn aside to New Guinea or Guam, Legaspe held on for the Philippines to found settlements at Cebu and Manila. He remained in those parts for six years to establish a lasting colony under the slogan of *Predicar, Pacificar y Poblar*. The Spaniards prayed a great deal, but far from pacifying the islands they were soon in conflict with the natives, on whom they inflicted the same unholy cruelties as those their brethren used in the New World. Nor could they populate the settlement without the discovery of a safe and easy return route. Without access to America the pioneers remained cut off at the extremity of the known world, unable to fetch supplies, unable to introduce new blood, unable to export those products which alone gave value to the new colony.

The credit for the discovery of the route by which the Manila galleons were to sail to and fro between Mexico and the Philippines for the next three centuries has, until recently, been given to Urdaneta. The romantic reputation of the sailor-friar was successfully built up by monkish historians because his rival for the honour was a disreputable character, though of equally high birth. The latter's name was Arellano, and he too was one of Legaspe's comrades, but he sailed early without his commander's permission both on the voyage out and on the voyage home, probably in order to claim the reward of discovery. His log remains in a mutilated state and much of its contents is apparently sheer fiction; none the less it seems clear that he left the Philippines on the voyage home before Urdaneta did, and reached Acapulco on the Mexican coast a month before him.

The course followed was nearly the same in both cases. It was by now obvious that the prevalent wind in the latitude of the Philippines was easterly, but by sailing about midsummer the south-west monsoon could be utilised to carry ships to the Marianas. Thence they continued north to about latitude 40°, where, swept along by the Black Stream which runs up the coast of Japan, they entered the limits of the Westerlies. Shaping their course east across "a wide sea where ships can run free with any weather," they made a landfall somewhere in northern California, whence they ran down the coast to Acapulco. The voyage out only took eighty days, but the far more difficult return journey took anything up to six months. West with the North-East Trades, and east with the Westerlies, leaving New Spain early in the year and returning at the end of June when the monsoon sets in, such was the circular Manila route which Drake in the sixteenth and Anson in the eighteenth century tried to interrupt.

As far as spices and gold were concerned the Philippines were a disappointment to the colonists, for there was nothing but cinnamon and a few nuggets washed down by mountain streams. Contact with the Chinese proved more fruitful, so that by the time Drake was in those waters the trade was worth a million *pesos* a year. The cargo of the first two galleons in 1573 consisted of 3184 oz. of gold, 312 quintals (about a cwt.) of cinnamon, 712 pieces of silk, 32,300 pieces of gilt porcelain and a great deal of cotton thread. De Morga, the contemporary historian of the islands, adds a fine sounding list of luxury goods which includes velvets, embroidered brocades, ivory, jewels, dried fruits, "and even caged birds, some of which talk and sing, and they make them play a thousand tricks."

By that date the exploration of the northern Pacific was well advanced. Some of the scattered islets of the Marshall, Gilbert and Caroline groups, which lie to the south of the outward route of the galleons, were discovered one by one as ships were driven off their course. Over the discovery of the most important group—the Hawaiian Islands, lying inside the limits of the regular wind belts—there hangs an impenetrable mystery.

The natives have a legend that a Spanish ship was wrecked there in the sixteenth century; a map at Madrid has given rise to the suggestion that a certain Gaetano touched there about the middle of the century; but in the absence of further evidence conjecture is futile. To all intents and purposes they remained undiscovered until Cook found them and named them the Sandwich Isles.

On the other hand, only one island had been discovered in the southern part of the ocean, and that was Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile. Another mystery surrounds the identity of its discoverer, for our chief authority is a South American lawyer named Arias, who, about the year 1620, wrote a plea for the discovery of the "Austral land" before "the English and Dutch heretics, who are instigated by the Devil," got there first. According to him Fernandez, a soldier in Pizarro's army, attempted to find a quicker route from Callao to Valparaiso in 1563 by standing farther out into the ocean. By so doing he found the island which bears his name, together with Masafuera ("more without"). At a later date, according to Arias, he sailed due west along the fortieth parallel and after many days saw a coast "which, as far as they could judge, appeared to be *tierra firme*, the land fertile and pleasant, inhabited by white people, well made, of our own stature, dressed with good woven cloth, and peaceable and kind. . . . They were fully content with having discovered the coast of this great continent, so much desired." New Zealand is the only country which satisfies this description; even there early travellers found the Maoris far from peaceable. Like Gaetano's voyage, this second voyage by Fernandez must be dismissed as an invention. And unfortunately for Arias, the Dutch and English heretics succeeded in establishing "the poisonous venom of their apostasy" in the southern hemisphere because his advice was not taken.

Thus by the time the *Golden Hind* entered the Pacific the northern ocean had been crossed and recrossed a number of times, and Drake was able to use captured Spanish charts. What remained uncertain was its breadth. Accurate cartography being out of the question with the navigational instru-

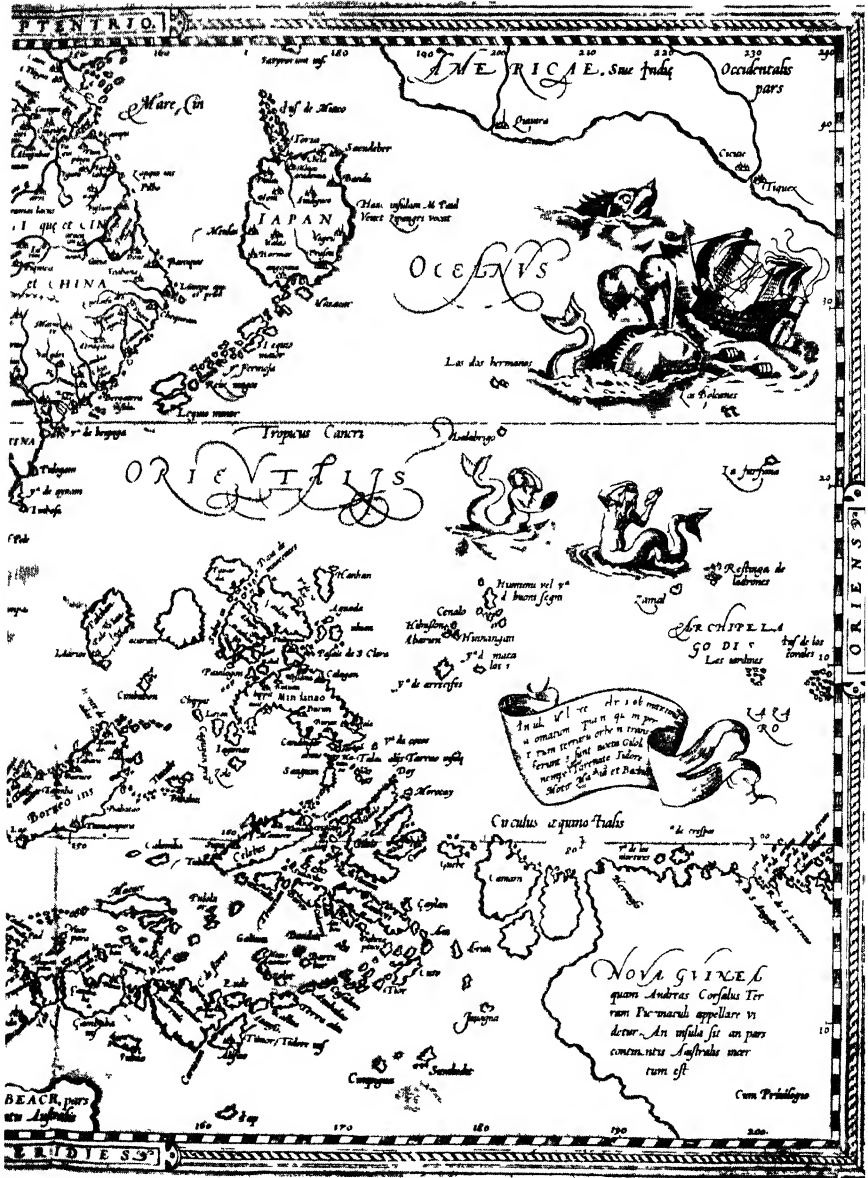
ments then in use, political prejudice made matters worse. The Spaniards tried to minimise the width of the ocean in order to bring the Philippines within their sphere of influence. The Portuguese exaggerated it with the same end in view, adding discouraging remarks about fogs and shoals and cannibals. In a Vespucci *mappemonde* made soon after the return of Magellan's expedition the Marianas are marked 110° from Panama instead of 155° , with the Philippines as two large islands a little farther west. In the standard maps of Ortelius and Mercator of half a century later the distance is reckoned at about 1500 leagues; Spanish pilots knew that it was more than 1750, and Portuguese politicians put it at 2000. Indeed the map from the first edition of Ortelius' famous atlas, reproduced as the frontispiece of this book, shows a fantastic under-estimation of the distance between North America and Japan. Furthermore, every nation had its own ideas as to what constituted a league, the Spanish reckoning it as three miles, the English as four and the French as two. An apparently academic question was a matter of life and death to seamen, since their food supply depended on the estimated duration of the voyage. Until accurate charts and maps were available, until the wind system was properly understood, the crossing of the northern sea remained dangerous, even though there was a known route. But in the southern part gigantic terrors loomed, because it was there that explorers and geographers, for two centuries to come, invented more than they discovered.

II

HOW THE SOLOMONS WERE FOUND AND LOST

THROUGHOUT the sixteenth, seventeenth and for most of the eighteenth century there persisted a belief that an undiscovered continent lay in the southernmost parts of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. It is confidently marked in most of the *mappamundi* of the period stretching vaguely across the lower portions of the globe (see the Ortelius maps of 1570 and 1589, pp. 1, 26). Various names were given to it, *Terra Australis Incognita*, or *nondum cognita*, or *Terra Magellanica*, its northern coastline runs diagonally from somewhere in the latitude of Cape Horn to the coast of New Guinea, which was thought to be the northern part of what we call Australia. Bit by bit, successive explorers pare off pieces which were once shown as outlying parts of the mainland: the Falklands, Tierra del Fuego, Easter Island, New Guinea, New Zealand, Australia itself; but still it persists, a nebulous mass in an unknown sea, until finally Cook reduces *Terra Australis Incognita* to the confines of Antarctica. No geographical myth, not even the vain quest of the Northern Passages, has had such an attraction for the explorers of all nations.

The belief is of extreme antiquity. In one form or another it may be traced back to the writings of the Greek philosopher Theopompos, who flourished in the fourth century B.C. Nearly all later academic geographers sanctioned it because the idea is an eminently reasonable one. It was considered unlikely that so vast a stretch of water as the Pacific should exist without a land mass somewhere within its confines. Moreover, the symmetry of the globe demanded the existence of such a continent, for it was held that there must be an equivalent weight of land in the southern hemisphere to balance that known to exist in the northern, otherwise the globe itself would topple over to destruction amid the other stars. The curious thing about the



THE WESTERN PACIFIC

Ortelius, Theatrum Orbis Terrarum, 1st ed 1570



MAGI LLA SIRVIVS

Mirror East et West Indica, 1621 N1—North is at the bottom of the chart

persistence of the belief is not its logic, but the fact that it was held far more strongly *after* men began to sail the Pacific than *before*. Behaim's globe of 1492 shows nothing to the south, since he prefers the alternative theory that the world is surrounded by water, *Fluvus Oceanus*. But the standard maps of the German school of Schöner and Sebastian Munster show signs of the continent, and the Flemish cartographers, Mercator and Ortelius, exaggerate it as *Terra Australis, Beach provincia aurifera*, extending it right across the southern parts of the globe and as far north as the Tropic of Capricorn. Ever since Marco Polo had written vaguely of Beach and Lochac (by which he presumably meant the Malay peninsula) the elusiveness of the continent, which borrowed these names for its western fringes, so preyed upon the minds of the successors of Magellan that they not merely assume its existence, but describe its shape, climate, vegetation and mineral wealth. Some go so far as to recommend it to their governments as a solution of the unemployment problem. If ever there was an example of wishful thinking, it was this.

At the time when the northern route to the Philippines was being worked out, one of the *conquistadores* of Peru, Don Pedro de Sarmiento de Gamboa, had no doubt about the existence of greater riches to the south. He based his belief on Inca tradition (on which subject he was the leading authority); the fact that his evidence was provided by slaves under pain of death, who would in such circumstances say anything to please their masters, did not diminish his confidence. He was by nature a bully, both cruel and credulous. His merciless, egotistic character does not endear him to us, but he was a skilful navigator and his ideas, had they been followed, might have changed the history of the Pacific.

A soldier who dabbled in Inca lore and the mysteries of cosmography obviously had the dangerous type of mind which it was the business of the Inquisition to safeguard. Early in his career in the New World he found himself the subject of the attention of the Holy Office about some matter of using magical ink and a ring with certain properties which women

declared to be irresistible. He was sentenced to hear Mass in the cathedral stripped to his skin and to be banished from the Indies. On appeal to higher authority the latter part of the sentence was remitted, but it is likely that his eagerness to pursue the mirage in the west was partly due to anxiety to escape further questioning. According to his own brief account (or it may be an account written on his behalf) it was he who proposed an expedition "for the discovery of certain islands and a continent (*tierra firme*) lying to the west of Peru." He blames the other members of the expedition for not following his advice about the course to be followed, but their accounts never credit him with any such responsibility. To them he was no more than the captain of the smaller of the two ships which sailed from Callao on November 19, 1567.

At that date Sarmiento was a man of thirty-six. The command of the expedition was given to the Governor's nephew, Alvaro de Mendaña, a colourless young nobleman of only twenty-five. Evidently Sarmiento, who suggested it, hoped he could dominate Mendaña, but the latter preferred to trust Hernan Gallego, the chief pilot of the larger ship, or *Capitana* (more than twice the size of the *Victoria*), who had had some forty-five years' experience of the sea. Gallego was equally convinced that there were great discoveries to be made, but he did not intend that Sarmiento should show him how to make them. Everything must be done his own way, he argued, on the strength of the irrefutable argument that no one else knew anything about navigation. Two other important members of the crew were Gomez Catoira, the purser, who wrote the fullest account of the voyage, and Pedro de Ortega, Master of the Camp, a trustworthy soldier of a kindlier disposition than Sarmiento. Young Mendaña was in command of 150 men, of whom 70 were soldiers and the rest sailors or black slaves. There sailed with them four Franciscans "to convert all infidels" in the lands they proposed to discover and colonise.

On leaving Callao the course agreed on was west-south-west as far as latitude 25° S. But after three weeks without sight of land Gallego began to steer north-west till latitude 6° S. was

reached. Sarmiento was furious. Already he had expostulated with the General for not stopping to investigate a cloudbank which he declared to be land. Now, in 15° S., Gallego was permitted to alter course on his own initiative. We may sympathise with Sarmiento, because had they continued on the agreed course they could not have failed to have discovered the Society Isles, where they would certainly have occupied Tahiti. As it was, they passed between the Low (or Tuamotu) and Marquesas groups and sighted nothing until, after many weeks, they fell in with one of the smallest of the Ellice group. Here, owing to Gallego's dilatoriness, they were caught in a current which prevented them from landing to refresh themselves. They continued west along parallel 6° S. until the current carried them south to nearly 8° . In this latitude, on their eightieth day at sea, Gallego saw something that looked like land. A sailor was ordered to the topmast and reported land fifteen leagues away. A flag was hoisted to notify the *Almiranta* astern of them, and everyone sang the *Te Deum*. The date was February 7, 1568.

As they approached, a wide bay with a dazzling sweep of sand and a fringe of palms opened before them. Mendaña named the land after their patroness, S. Ysabel, and the bay Bahia de la Estrella, for "just as we were entering the shallow water, we saw about the middle of the main-topsail a brilliant star, which we took to be a guide sent us by them (the three Magi, who had ever been our advocates) to show us the passage through the shallows." What they took to be main land was an island in the central Solomons.

Long before they dropped anchor powerful canoes with about thirty natives in each sped out to meet them. Mendaña threw red caps into the canoes by way of invitation to come on board, but the fuzzy-haired, blue-black savages dared not climb up the side until a sailor jumped overboard to guide them closer. Then a score swarmed up the side, ate the proffered meat and preserves, but spat out the wine with wry faces. Before long some were repeating the *Pater Noster* parrot fashion, to the delight of the friars, others were swarming up the rigging, or peering about for something to steal.

As soon as the camp had been pitched under the palm trees the local chieftain appeared. According to native custom an introduction was effected by an exchange of names. "Bileban-Arra" said Mendaña. "Mendaña, Mendaña" repeated the savage for the rest of the afternoon, adding an assurance that food would be sent along the next day. But the appetites of a hundred and fifty voracious Spaniards soon taxed his generosity. Mendaña saw that the problem of food could only be solved by an expedition into the interior. While Gallego was set to build a five-ton brigantine for coastal exploration, Sarmiento was sent inland with sixteen soldiers. In the opinion of the General and his clerical advisers he would solve the problem uppermost in all their minds: was this land really a continent or merely an island?

Sarmiento did not penetrate far enough inland to find out anything beyond "indications of gold" and a surprising number of villages. So Ortega, the Master of the Camp, with thirty arquebusiers, fifteen soldiers and fifteen baggage boys, was instructed to climb the range they could discern in the distance. With native guides they set off through swamp and jungle to the stony path which climbed steeply up the foothills. At intervals groups of stalwart savages emerged from the undergrowth to persuade them to return, but they pressed on, sweating, swearing and stumbling, until they reached the top. By this time several hundred natives had come in from surrounding villages. With patient, friendly gestures Ortega asked for water, but none was brought. He began to threaten, and ordered four shots to be fired at a tree to impress the crowd. At this their guide tried to slip away, but Ortega caught him and held him squirming. Immediately the attitude of the natives became more threatening, several of the warriors, hideously streaked with white, brandishing their clubs and dancing about in warlike postures. Outfacing them stood the impassive square of Spaniards, their matches smouldering, their arquebuses loaded. As evening fell the crowd scattered and Ortega was able to question the guide more closely. He asked if there was any sea to the west; for answer the man drew a plan of an island in the dust and his

information was confirmed next morning, though he himself had wriggled out of his bonds and disappeared. Ortega and his men were standing on the crest of the ridge which runs up the western side of the island. Far below, the white thread of surf breaking on the shore showed them that their continent was still to seek.

The return was more difficult. Without a guide they had to traverse thickly wooded and hostile country. Several times they were ambushed with sticks and arrows. Arquebuses were fired into the surrounding jungle, huts were burnt in revenge. But they returned without serious casualties, and it was not till the present century, when the Solomons came under British rule, that white men ever climbed those hills again.

Evidently the natives bore no malice for what had occurred, because a few days later they made a friendly if tactless gesture. A canoe came round the point and paddled close inshore opposite the camp. One of the crew stood up, holding in his hands what looked like a haunch of meat, shouting "Eat, eat!" A negro slave was sent to fetch the present. He returned with a human shoulder and arm. "It seemed to be a boy who had a small hand and a thin arm. We were all struck with great wonder and pity, to see so much cruelty and so strange a thing, such as we had never seen nor heard of; for though many had seen Indians eating human flesh, yet no one had ever heard of it being offered to anybody." The filthy object was immediately buried with gestures of extreme disapproval, indeed Mendaña found it difficult to restrain his men from firing on the canoe. Hurt and surprised, the natives paddled off to join the cannibal feast which had already begun, to judge from the smoke which could be seen rising from behind the trees. In spite of the pacific policy urged by Mendaña and the friars, who seem to have been more humane than most of their compatriots, the minds of the soldiers hardened after this incident, and they gladly obeyed Sarmiento's orders to treat the savages as they treated the Incas at home, to burn and massacre on the slightest provocation.

Now that S. Ysabel had been found to be an island the

brigantine was sent on the first of her exploratory cruises. In the course of three such expeditions Ortega and Gallego visited most of the southern Solomons—Guadalcanal (which Ortega named after the place of his birth and spelt thus), San Cristoval, Malaita (literally "There is Mala"). Of the northern islands they only sighted Choiseul in the course of a circumnavigation of S. Ysabel, and left it without a name.

In consequence of renewed quarrels with the natives Mendaña found food again running short, so he decided to move camp south to the island of Guadalcanal. Here the same story was repeated: the Spaniards were welcomed; they demanded food and water; when these were not forthcoming in sufficient quantity kidnapping and shooting began, watering parties were attacked in revenge, shore parties ambushed, Sarmiento burnt a few villages, and it was decided to move camp once more—this time to San Cristoval.

Here, on August 7, Mendaña called a meeting to decide what to do next. Should they remain where they were and establish a colony? Return home? Seek for further signs of the continent? Young and inexperienced, and of a far from autocratic temperament, Mendaña willingly followed his instructions to call a general council whenever future policy had to be decided on. Fifty-eight Spaniards attended. As befitted his position, Mendaña opened the debate by pointing out that the brigantine had found no signs of land to the southward, but that as they still had enough provisions for five months at sea they should steer north "to go and discover more lands." Gallego spoke next. He said that he would leave the question of settlement to the soldiers, but speaking as Chief Pilot he must point out that the ships were not in a fit condition for further voyages of discovery. Sarmiento followed with emphatic advice to settle. Many soldiers agreed with him, but Ortega and the friars were for returning, because they felt the King never intended them to settle at an island so much farther west than had originally been anticipated. In spite of what Sarmiento says, this seems to have been the opinion of the majority, and Mendaña accepted the verdict. He therefore ordered the brig-

antine to be burnt and both ships to set sail east, a course which he thought would bring them back to Peru in a shorter time. The pilots protested vehemently. Experience had shown that the prevailing winds in those latitudes were easterly, and it was madness to try a dead beat right across the Pacific. But Mendaña insisted and for five days they tried in vain to beat to windward; then the wind shifted a little and they lost sight of San Cristoval. From that day the Solomons were lost once more, until Carteret discovered them accidentally almost exactly two hundred years later. In most of the maps issued during the latter part of the sixteenth century they are correctly placed, but then they begin to wander anywhere between two and eight thousand miles west of Peru. On a number of later maps they have disappeared altogether (see below, p. 162). Head winds continued to prevail. Sarmiento grumbled because, once again, he had been over-ruled. If they had to leave the islands they should, in his view, have sailed south-west "in search of the other lands he wished to discover at the beginning." Had this course been adopted they would have discovered the Queensland coast, and no one can say how history might have been altered.

Gallego was equally obstinate in his opposition to the easterly course. Mendaña endeavoured to pacify him with the assurance that the wind would change with the moon, but he would not believe it. He continued his grumbling in the fore-castle with the unanswerable argument: "the landsman reasons but the seaman navigates." Many soldiers agreed with him, and since "they did not understand the matter" they urged him to try once more to persuade Mendaña. Catching the general disaffection, the sailors refused to set the sails properly, and when they were scolded muttered something about not having enough to eat. Mendaña remained obdurate and told the pilots "they must not cross the Line on any account."

In despair Gallego rowed over to the *Almiranta* to enlist further support. A general petition was drafted, signed by Ortega, Sarmiento, Catoira and all the pilots. This was attached to a line and thrown on board the quarter-deck of the *Capitana*.

Fearing a mutiny, the General at length agreed, though he insisted on a typically weak compromise: the ships were to steer north, but course must be altered to south-east whenever the wind served. After a few days of this Gallego had to protest again, since tacking to and fro in this manner merely exhausted their provisions. Fortunately for their lives, Mendaña in the end gave in. They would certainly never have seen home again if he had been allowed to have his way.

Skirting the outlying atolls of the Marshall and Gilbert groups north of the line, they continued on their northerly course until, on October 1, 1568, they sighted Wake, the loneliest of all Pacific islands—a small bare atoll only a few feet above the surface of the ocean which surrounds it for thousands of miles on every side. San Francisco, as they called it, was not seen again until the *Prince William Henry* rediscovered it in 1796. Even then few had ever heard of it before the Japanese attack in 1941.

A fortnight later they began to turn east in latitude 32° N. within the limit of the Westerlies. The latent hostility between Mendaña and Sarmiento now took a more dramatic turn. The latter's motives are not clear: all we know is that for some days his ship began to develop a suspicious tendency to part company with the *Capitana* by drifting to leeward. Several times Mendaña hailed her and ordered her to bear up; "they always said that they were doing their best and could do no more." On the night of October 17 she was out of sight. All next day the *Capitana* lay to, wasting the fine weather, until just before nightfall they caught a glimpse of her hull down on the horizon. By next morning she had disappeared once more. Of course Sarmiento claims that he was deserted, and says that if it had not been for his own efforts the ship would have been cast away in mid-ocean.

Mendaña's crew had cause for more serious anxiety a few hours later. The wind suddenly freshened so that they had to furl the mainsail and lie to with only the stern sail set. Then, without warning, they were caught by a sudden gust of hurricane force. In a moment the decks were awash and the ship

heeled over to port on her beam ends. Mendaña ran on deck to order the ship's boat to be cut away, leaving the friars to chant the Creed to the panic-stricken mob below. But cutting the boat loose did not right the ship. He then gave an order to cut down the mainmast. The pilots objected that if that was done they could never make port. For once Mendaña was adamant. He told a sailor standing by with an axe in his hand to cut down the mast, whatever the pilots said. "When he had struck the mast twice it went overboard with all the rigging, maintop, yards and sails." At this the ship righted a little and they tried to set a foresail, but it was blown out in a moment. Catoira was sent forward "to see if it was possible to make a little sail with a blanket. . . . When I reached the prow I found three or four negroes and several sailors half dead: by sheer cudgelling I made them hold the blanket each on his side, and as they did so the ship gradually righted, and rising from a trough of the sea, fell slowly to leeward notwithstanding that the storm was still severe."

For three days it blew. In all Gallego's years at sea he had never seen the like of it. After it died down recriminations began. Mendaña was blamed for wasting the fine weather waiting for the *Almiranta*. There was still no sign of land, all the biscuit was eaten and the water was putrid with cockroaches. Men died daily of scurvy, their gums swelling over their teeth, their bones brittle with disease; others, gambling away their water rations, went mad or blind. The soldiers demanded an immediate return to the Philippines. That was madness, said Mendaña, in view of their shortage of provisions. They told him to consult the pilots. He answered that it was because he had listened to them in the first place that they were now in this condition. He assured them that land could not be far off. "They replied that they had no longer any faith in charts and papers." Mutiny looked like breaking out at any moment, for "they gathered in knots and circles discussing how I could not only be prevailed upon to put back, but forced to do so."

What happened next was so opportune that one is not surprised Mendaña calls it a miracle. "I saw floating upon the

water towards the ship a large piece of timber, very clean and without bark; and pointing it out to the men, I said 'See what you would have done; we have reached land!'" And the next day a fair wind sprang up and there came a shower of rain, which they soaked up with sheets and drank greedily.

On December 13, after being continuously at sea for four months, Gallego called his "best friends," Mendaña and Catoira, to the poop. He pointed out something on the horizon which might be land, or it might be another bank of cloud. They dared not tell the rest until, next morning, there was no doubt about it. Gallego told Catoira he could claim the reward for announcing the good news, and "I began to shout 'Land! Land!' Then all rushed up from below and began to embrace me and each other, weeping for joy, and all rendering thanks unto Our Lord."

Their landfall was somewhere on the coast of Lower California. Running south they opened the bay of Colima, where they anchored. The very next day a derelict ship loomed up from the west; as she came closer they identified her to their joy as the *Almiranta*, dismasted like themselves by the hurricane, and with not a drop of water on board. It was forty days before they could continue south to the Mexican ports, where they were at first refused entry because they were mistaken for "Lutherans" and "strange Scottish people," such was the fear the English and French privateers under Hawkins had awakened in the breasts of even these western colonists.

Ever since the *Almiranta* had rejoined there was open hostility between Mendaña and Sarmiento. To judge from the dark hints dropped in various narratives, Sarmiento was trying to get a warrant against Ortega for depriving him of the command of the ship. When the *Almiranta* began to forge ahead again Mendaña was convinced she was trying to desert a second time. At the next port of call Sarmiento was put ashore under arrest, and the others sailed for Peru without him. He must have been aware of his danger if Mendaña succeeded in bringing a charge against him in Peru, so he managed to escape with a slave. Fortunately for him a new Governor took office two

months after Mendaña's return, with the result that the fugitive was reinstated and Mendaña went unheard and unrewarded.

But Sarmiento's later career was so uniformly unfortunate that many said he suffered from the curse of the Incas, the last of whom he personally hunted down and brought to execution. When Drake appeared in the Pacific he was sent in chase. Returning without success, he was sent to fortify the Straits of Magellan to block the raider's possible return by that route. His attempt to establish a settlement in that inhospitable land was a tragic fiasco. Cavendish at length took off the miserable remnant from what he called Port Famine, "where they died like so many dogs, in their houses, in great numbers, and the stench of the putrefying carcasses infecting those that survived, they were forced to quit the town with one consent, and go rambling upon the sea coasts living upon leaves and roots and sea herbs, or what animals they at any time happily caught." Long before that Sarmiento had been captured at sea, first by the English and then, after paying a heavy ransom, by the French. At least he was the first to attempt to chart the Straits, and his name remains to this day as that of the highest peak in Tierra del Fuego, as does the name Cavendish gave to his ill-fated settlement.

Mendaña met with no better success, now that his uncle was out of office. Official opinion was not impressed by his discoveries. "On the 8th of February," wrote the provincial Licentiate to the King, "there put into the port of Santiago near Colima, two battered ships without masts or victuals, which had set out from the port of Lima in Peru, in quest of the Western Islands, the Solomon Islands, and New Guinea. . . . In my opinion they (the islands discovered) were of little importance, although they say they heard of better lands; for in the course of these discoveries they found no specimens of spices, nor of gold and silver, nor of merchandise, nor of any other source of profit, and all the people were naked savages."

The interesting thing about the letter is that this is the first time the name "Solomon Islands" is used to describe what had

been discovered. How did the name originate? None of the narratives of the expedition refers to them in these terms, though Mendaña and his men named particular islands such as Ysabel, Guadalcanal, San Cristoval. It has been suggested that popular opinion on the Pacific water-fronts was excited by the highly coloured stories of the survivors, so that these western islands came to be identified in popular imagination with Solomon's fabled Ophir, whence he drew inexhaustible stores of gold. But the date of the letter is March 20, 1569, and Mendaña only arrived at the beginning of February, too short an interval for a popular nickname to become current in official circles. Possibly the islands were already known by that name by the members of the crew. Anyhow, like King Solomon's Mines, the Solomon Islands came to represent gold and frankincense and myrrh, and so they remained for centuries, a golden promise of that far wider and insubstantial vision—*Terra Australis Incognita*.

III

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ISLANDS WHERE SOLOMON WAS WANTING

SINCE the value of his discoveries was not appreciated by the officials of New Spain, Mendaña returned home with his uncle to enlist the interest of the Court. After some delay he obtained, in 1574, permission to fit out another expedition, but before he could embark he was imprisoned on a minor charge.

In the tale of his misfortunes there was none so serious as this, for that was the date when the English first began to take an interest in the Pacific. For some time past the possibility of exploration in that direction had intrigued propagandists of maritime enterprise. Here might be a shorter route to the Spice Islands, either by the Straits of Anian (the North-West Passage), or by the Straits of Magellan. To Spanish claims of monopoly the English replied with the doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas in its original form: "the maine Ocean by right is the Lord's alone," wrote Drake's nephew, "and by nature left free for all men to deale withall, as very sufficient for all men's use, and large enough for all men's industry." Robert Thorne in the reign of Henry VIII had provided a proud motto for the Elizabethans: "There is no land uninhabitable, nor sea unnavigable." Now news of Mendaña's discoveries, with an assurance of the existence of a North-West Passage, was brought home by Henry Hawks, a trader in New Mexico before his imprisonment at the hands of the Inquisition. Acting on his information, a group of Devon gentlemen, of whom Sir Richard Grenville was the most noteworthy, formed a project for the exploration of the southern route and the annexation of *Terra Australis*, in opposition to the attempts about to be made by Frobisher and his supporters to explore the northern route.

But Grenville chose the wrong time to petition the Queen for her permission. At the moment she wanted peace with

Spain. Three years later she changed her mind and accepted Drake's revival of the project. There were so many discussions and so many schemes afoot to satisfy this or that interest that only Drake and his royal mistress knew exactly what was to be done when he sailed in 1577. The proliferations of the original plan included the colonisation of *Terra Australis*, the opening up of a route to the Moluccas, the search for a western exit of the North-West Passage (said to exist about the latitude of California, and usually called the Strait of Anian), and the possibility of establishing a base there. Mendaña had proved the potentialities of the Pacific: it remained for the English to get there first.

Probably with the Queen's connivance, Drake threw all these schemes overboard, preferring to take advantage of the easy money offered along the undefended coast of South America. There is no need to add to the descriptions of that wonderful voyage: we may be sure that until the end of time popular novelists will continue to try their hand at it. Geographically speaking, the results were disappointing. Drake may or may not have searched for the western exit of the Strait of Anian, in any case the search was vain. What is more important is to determine exactly what he discovered earlier, in consequence of being driven off his course by the tremendous gales encountered when he emerged from the Straits of Magellan. According to different accounts he was driven south to 55°, 56° or 57°. Precisely where did that curious scene take place when he lay on his face and stretched his hands over a cliff, claiming that no man had ever been so far south as he? The old view that the so-called Elizabeth Island was Cape Horn or thereabouts has been effectively exploded by recent writers. One of them identifies the spot with the now submerged reef called Burnham Bank. Another with Henderson Island, at the southern end of the channel dividing Tierra del Fuego. According to the Portuguese pilot's log, which has survived whereas Drake's has disappeared, he was never driven far enough east to discover Cape Horn. But from what he appears to have told Richard Hawkins it is clear that he guessed Tierra del Fuego was an island and

not part of a southern continent, as had been supposed hitherto: "The uttermost cape or headland of all these islands, stands near in the 56th degree; without which there is no main nor island to be seen to the Southward but the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope. It hath been a dream through many ages that these islands have been a main, and that it hath been *terra incognita*, for howsoever the maps and general descriptions of cosmographers, either upon the desirable reports of other men, or the deceitful imaginations of themselves (supposing never herein to be corrected), have set it down, yet it is true that before this time, it was never discovered, or certainly known by any traveller that we have heard of."

Plain enough; but unfortunately that was written twelve years after the true discovery of the Horn by Schouten and Le Maire in 1616 in a book openly propagandist in intention. All we can say is that Drake guessed, and guessed rightly, at the possibility of such a route, thereby cutting the first slice off the unknown continent. Perhaps he kept silence because the new route was regarded as a state secret; perhaps because he was not certain of its existence. Some maps published after his voyage omit *Terra Australis*, others do not; the majority, even while they accept the fact that Tierra del Fuego is an island, refuse to banish the possibility of such a continent farther west, where Drake had not sailed.

With the incursion of Drake into the Pacific all thoughts of following up Mendaña's discovery had to be postponed. Of the many other Elizabethans who tried to repeat the success of a voyage which became the talk of Europe because it heralded the appearance of a new maritime power, only Cavendish succeeded, and even he failed to penetrate the Straits on his second voyage. In 1593 Sir Richard Hawkins tried again, but was captured off Callao, the port of Lima. From that date for close on a hundred years no English ship sailed into those waters.

With the last English intruder in prison the people of New Spain breathed freely again, and Mendaña found the atmosphere more propitious for a renewed undertaking to settle the

Solomons. Fortunately for him, he sailed a few months before Drake's last raid on the Indies in 1595.

Mendaña had discovered the Solomons at the age of twenty-six. He was now a man of fifty-three, dignified with the title of Adelantado, encumbered with an unpleasant wife and three brothers-in-law, all of whom insisted on sailing with him. One of them, Don Lorenzo, was appointed Admiral, and no doubt looked forward to making a family fortune. Why Dona Isabel de Barreto (the "Governess") sailed one cannot imagine, unless it was to take her place at her husband's side when he became Governor of the Solomon Islands. A worse type of pioneer it is impossible to imagine. Indeed, the combination of avarice, vanity and stupidity in her person nearly ruined the whole expedition.

Just as he had placed implicit trust in Gallego on his first expedition, so in 1595 Mendaña left all navigational problems to his new pilot, Pedro Fernandez de Quiros—a loyal, intelligent young Portuguese of the utmost importance in the history of the exploration of the Pacific. A man of obscure origins and little education, born in the slums of Lisbon, and only thirty years old, circumstances presented him with responsibilities far graver than his position or experience had prepared him for. He was imaginative, talkative, devout and unswerving in loyalty to his superiors, but he suffered from the most serious fault an explorer can have—he was no leader of men. However much he talked, no one listened to him.

Of the 378 persons Mendaña commanded in his four ships—two large ones, a galeot and a "frigate"—a great number were of a thoroughly undesirable type for a project of this scope. The prospect of colonising islands, whose attractions had been grossly exaggerated by popular report, attracted many soldiers of fortune who had so far failed to make their fortunes, together with a number of women, mostly of ill fame. Some of the worst of both classes were put ashore before they finally sailed; among the remainder there were fifteen marriages before they had been at sea a month. As on the previous expedition, the soldiers, drawn from a higher caste than the sailors, caused the trouble.

The Master of the Camp was their ringleader. Don Pedro Merino Manrique typified Spanish soldiery at its worst: brutal, domineering, quarrelsome and impetuous, in spite of his sixty years and white hair. As soon as he came on board trouble began. He immediately found fault with the boatswain, though it was none of his business.

"The Master of the Camp is severe," agreed Dona Isabel when the Pilot complained of his interference. "If that is the way in which he asserts his position, he may have a prosperous end, though I am far from thinking so."

"Oh look! What have we here?" Manrique replied impudently when she reprimanded him. "Know me!" he shouted to Quiros who was standing by. "Understand that I am the Master of the Camp, and if we sail together on one ship, and I ordered the ship to be run on some rocks, what would you do?"

"When that time comes I shall do what seems to me to be best," answered Quiros quietly; "and in this fleet I do not recognise any other head but the Adelantado, who has delivered the charge of this ship to me, whose Captain I am."

Disorder broke out at every port at which they touched to make up their complement. Manrique's voice was always to be heard, hectoring the sailors, introducing friends and followers to whom he sold official positions, quarrelling with the Franciscan Vicar himself. Naturally the disorderly element on board followed his example. Voices were raised in anger, hands laid on sword hilts, gimlet holes bored in the ship's bottom, till even the loyal Quiros begged to be put on shore rather than cross the South Sea in such company. Mendaña threw his arms around his neck and begged him to remain: their goal was clearly marked in Gallego's chart at only 1450 leagues away; everything would be all right if he omitted to mark any land on his chart between 7° and 12° S., "lest some ship should steer to or desert to it." So much for the lesson that Sarmiento had taught him.

The metal of which his soldiery was made became evident at their first discovery, the lovely Marquesas Islands, named by Mendaña after his friend the Viceroy, Las Marquesas de

Mendoza. He mistook them at first for the Solomons, though they are only a thousand leagues from Peru. The inhabitants proved friendly, though, as always, inclined to pilfer. An arquebus was fired to frighten them away from the ship, and when one of them refused to let go the tow rope a soldier chopped his hand off. Later another soldier, losing his nerve when surrounded with canoes, fired and killed. Quiros told him it was a pity he had not fired into the sea. "On the contrary," replied the soldier, "I acted as I did lest I should lose my reputation as a good marksman"; besides, wounds "so fierce and ugly" as those made by bullets would prove a powerful deterrent. A few days later Quiros managed to snatch the arquebus out of the hands of a soldier who was about to fire simply because, as he admitted, "he liked to kill." "It is not right that you should show such readiness to cause the death of men," Quiros expostulated. "What harm have the natives done to you that you should treat them with such cruelty? It is not valorous to show yourself a lion amongst lambs, nor to kill whom it takes your fancy." Clearly, the Pilot cannot have lived long in Peru. Having tried in vain to persuade some of the men to settle there, Mendaña sailed on west, leaving a few corpses dangling from the trees to commemorate the new discovery.

As they continued along parallel 10° S. day after day without sighting anything but uninhabited atolls, the temper of the undisciplined soldiery grew worse and the class distinction between soldiers and sailors, which did so much to impair Spanish efficiency at sea, became sharper. The Chief Pilot was accused of having lost his way; it was said that the Adelantado had merely brought them there to drown them; some feared they would run on the coast of Grand Tartary if they continued much farther in that direction; everyone agreed that "this business is very different from what it was supposed to be. Here there is neither honour nor life. . . ."

On September 7, 1595, they ran into a thick mist, in which the *Almiranta* disappeared, never to be seen again. But an hour before nightfall the fog lifted and there, right ahead of the

Capitana, less than a league away, was the smoking volcano of Tinakula. Once again Mendaña mistook it for the Solomons; later he named the group the Islands of Santa Cruz.

He quickly made friends with the handsome savages, each with a red hibiscus flower in his hair, and made the usual exchange of names with Malope, their chief. Mirrors, beads, scissors were distributed and the natives taught without delay to make the sign of the Cross. Such simple civilities did not please the soldiers. Within a few days trouble began on shore, where the Master of the Camp was installed, Mendaña and his relations remaining on the ship. The Adelantado must have remembered with foreboding the trouble he had had thirty years ago in the Solomons. In an effort to prevent the inevitable predatory expedition he persuaded the shore party to set about clearing the jungle to lay the foundations of a permanent settlement. A few responded with enthusiasm, but the memory of Peruvian delights was not so easily exorcised. Before long the sort of petition Mendaña knew so well was produced, begging him to leave the place for "the islands he had talked about." A native or two was deliberately murdered to stir up trouble, and one scoundrel announced his pleasure at the approaching crisis in the words: "The Camp Master is my cock; all are afraid of him. Now things are ripening. Before long we shall see something, and before long we shall have liberty!"

Mendaña lay in his cabin sick with worry and malaria. He realised his authority was waning. Quiros begged him to take sterner measures before it was too late—this was after an attempt had been made on the Pilot's life, the culprit declaring that he was shooting at a bird. But Mendaña was never the man for that. So Quiros took it upon himself to visit the camp. An angry hum of questions greeted him. "Where have you brought us to? What place is this whence no man goes, and to which no man will return? Embark us and take us to seek those other islands, or take us to Peru, or some part where there are Christians!" Quiros' long and sarcastic reply was totally unsuited to the occasion. He pointed out that the greatest places must have their beginnings; did they expect cities, vineyards,

gardens ready made? All in vain. It was his first attempt to impose his will on others, and, as he candidly admits, it was a complete failure. "They went back to their old song—'Manila! Manila! That is a land for Christians!'" "Come let us kill him, for he is the cause of our being in this land," urged one fellow, adding, with an oath, that he looked forward to drinking out of his skull.

Back on board he found Dona Isabel thoroughly frightened. She was trying to persuade her husband to kill the Master of the Camp. If he didn't do it, she would do it herself. That night the sick man called Quiros to his bedside and told him his plan.

Next morning there were shouts from the shore demanding a boat. "Alas! Alas!" cried Dona Isabel, "they ask for a boat to come and kill us!" The boat put off, but in it were the Adelantado, shaking with fever, Quiros, the royal standard bearer, and the captain of the galeot with a hatchet in his hand. The brothers-in-law welcomed Mendaña as he stepped ashore, and the party walked over to the Camp Master's tent, where Manrique was having breakfast. He came out to meet them without hat or coat. As soon as he saw his visitors he realised his danger and called for a sword or dagger.

"Those who had to do the deed were arriving," writes Quiros sombrely. "The Adelantado raised his eyes to heaven, and giving a sigh, put his hand to his sword, saying: 'Long live the King! Death to traitors!' Upon this one Juan Antonio de la Roca took the Camp Master by the collar, and gave him two stabs, one in the mouth and the other on the breast. Then a sergeant, with a Bohemian knife, gave him another on the side. The Camp Master cried 'Oh, gentlemen!' He turned to get his sword, but the captain (of the galeot) with his wood-knife, nearly cut off his right arm. He fell, saying 'Oh, leave me time to confess!' One answered that 'there was no time. You can well feel contrition.' The wretched man was palpitating, stretched on the ground, and crying 'Jesu Maria!' A good woman came up, and helped him to die in peace. One with a kind heart did no more than draw out the sword, and the woman gave it up. So the body was left and the

Adelantado approved the slaughter. . . . The Camp Master having expired, the drummer, coveting his clothes, left him naked."

It was the signal for a general massacre. One of Mendaña's relations seized a soldier, with whom he had been talking amicably a moment before, and stabbed him with his dagger. "For me? For me?" cried the wounded man, "What have I done?" Brushing Quiros aside as he attempted to intervene, Don Louis ran the man through with his sword. "Death to traitors!" he cried as he rushed into the next tent. "Kill them! Kill them! They deserve it more than the others!" Women came running out as the men rushed about like lunatics, shouting, swearing, killing.

Another boat was seen approaching from the ship. In it stood the Vicar, a lance in his hand, and the crew shouting "Death to traitors!" Then Dona Isabel and her sisters appeared, having heard the news from the captain of the galeot who, flourishing the blood-stained hatchet with which he had just chopped off a couple of heads, added, "Now you are mistress and marchioness and I am Captain!"

We know with what horror Quiros witnessed this "tragedy of the islands where Solomon was wanting." Mendaña was no Solomon, and that sigh of his as he gave the order to kill reveals his attitude clearly enough. At least the royal standard gave him the form of legality, and the Church was on his side too. The slaughter over, everyone was ordered to hear Mass, after which the Vicar told them "not to be scandalised at the deaths, for it was ordained." But the Adelantado returned to the ship sick in body and soul. The outrage he had countenanced, obviously at the instigation of his relatives, solved no problems. Indeed before it began a predatory expedition had started on its way to kill Malope. The friendly chief was shot in cold blood and his skull split with a hatchet. "He is well dead," announced the murderer on his return. "Is there anyone who wants to see my death?" Evidently he did not realise how the balance of power had shifted during the few hours he had been away. He was quickly disarmed and brought before the Adelantado in

chains. Meanwhile Don Lorenzo had summoned the chaplain from the hostile camp.

"Sir Captain," the priest protested, "what is it that you want with me? Remember that I am a priest. Oh, for the sake of the one God, do not kill me!"

"Come with me—just for a little," urged Don Lorenzo.

"Here! Here! I cannot go any farther," cried the unhappy man.

They had great difficulty in explaining to him that he was merely asked to confess Malope's murderer. "Let it be then as God wills!" cried the victim. While he was on his knees before his confessor a black slave cut off his head with one blow.

Mendaña himself was by now a dying man. Realising that his end was near he nominated Don Lorenzo as Captain-General and Dona Isabel as Governess. On October 18 he died. He was not a man of the heroic proportions of others who sailed beyond the sunset, but he showed a persistence in his search after the islands that do not even bear his name which contrasts oddly with his diffident character. He seems out of place as the leader of gold-lusting adventurers and tough *conquistadores*. Quiros' ambiguously worded obituary adds little to our insight into his shadowy personality: "He was a person zealous for the honour of God and the service of the King, to whom all things ill done did not appear good, nor did those well done appear evil. He was very plain spoken, not diffuse in giving his reasons, and he himself said he did not want arguments but deeds." Unfortunately, most of his career was taken up by argument; as Quiros adds, "it seemed to me that he might say with reason that he knew more than he performed, yet he saw nothing that passed by stealth."

They buried him with the honour befitting his rank, nor was his grave left for savages to rifle. When they departed they took the coffin with them to Manila.

The epidemic from which their leader died swept through the ship and the camp. Within a few weeks Don Lorenzo and the Vicar were dead, and so many of the rank and file that a handful of natives could have overrun the settlement. It was obvious

that the remnant must leave this "corner of Hell" or perish. So, leaving Santa Cruz "in the claws of the Devil," they set sail west-north-west in the direction of the Philippines. By now Quiros was convinced that his predecessor had underestimated the distance between Peru and the Solomons. He had, but not seriously so, and if Quiros had continued a hundred miles west he would have reached San Cristoval, which is in the same latitude as Santa Cruz. Indeed he seems to have sighted the most easterly of the Solomons which he mistook for the coast of New Guinea. In what he calls latitude 11° S. he says he shaped his course "to avoid New Guinea, which was very near, and not to get among the islands." Again in 5° S., "we understood that New Guinea was close on board"—probably what he meant was Bougainville Island.

Continuing north-west in a heavy sea which buffeted the rotten timbers of his ship, he crossed the line on what must be accounted one of the most heroic of Pacific voyages. Without a chart and without the authority of supreme command, he had to sail a crazy ship full of sick and discontented men across thousands of miles of unknown sea, and this at the age of thirty. The mainmast of the *Capitana* was sprung, the timbers of the two smaller ships were so rotten that he despaired of them daily, their tackle rotten with rain and damp—some of the ropes had been spliced thirty-three times—their yards warped and their sails patched and torn. Worst of all, the Governess had to be consulted at every turn, and on every point she showed herself a criminally stupid woman. The crew were still dying at the rate of two or three a day; there were not enough able men to hoist the mainsail, which lay flapping in the waist while fever-stricken wretches crawled about the decks. "One of them said to the Chief Pilot, he was tired of being always tired and he would rather die once than many times: they might as well shut their eyes and let the ship go to the bottom." The obvious thing to do was to sink the two smaller ships and combine the crews; but the Governess would not hear of it. She argued that as the Pilot had not paid for the ships he could have no say in what should be done with them, with the result that the

frigate was later found stranded with her sails set and all her people dead, and the galeot made her way independently to the Philippines. She remained in her cabin playing with the keys of the store-room, washing her clothes in drinking water. "Cannot I do what I please with my own property?" she asked petulantly, when Quiros begged her for the hundredth time for some relief for the famished men on deck. "It belongs to all, and it will go to all," he warned her; "it is your duty to curtail your allowance that the soldiers may not say that you wash your clothes in their life blood." With sarcasm unusual in so loyal a man, he pointed out that at her age and in her situation she could not behave like Dido or Semiramis. No wonder he suspected her of planning his death afterwards.

At last they reached Guam in the Marianas, but it proved a disappointment because their tackle was so rotten they could not even hoist the boat away. After taking in what provisions he could he set a course for Cap Espiritu Santo in the Philippines, across waters which, had he but known it, are the deepest in the world. His navigation was so accurate that they soon sighted the cape. "Soon we shall hear Mass and seek God," cried the men, "there is no longer danger of death without confession, for that is a land where Christians dwell."

But the Pilot knew better. The coast was armoured with reefs, he had no chart and no tackle for boat or anchor. The desperate men were on the verge of mutiny when he insisted on skirting the coast. When he tried to force them to work they "turned their backs without answering and made use of bad language." As for the Governess, she washed her hands of all responsibility: "in her retreat she appeared to be making arrangements with death, a book of devotions in her hands, her eyes turned to heaven, making ejaculations and as afflicted and tearful as the rest."

Two miracles saved him. A breeze sprang up to carry them down into an open bay, and a canoe put out in which there was a native pilot who had served Cavendish ten years previously. Provisions were collected and Quiros hoped that there would be time to refit the ship, but now the Governess was all for reaching

Manila without delay. He was in despair. As he told the soldiers, "I know not what steps to take in order to bring this lady to reason." She knew that she had the whip hand, for her pilot could not disobey without risking trial on their return, and so they put to sea once more.

The next canoes they met with sheered off, because they had been warned not to approach strange ships, lest they should prove to be English. Again provisions ran short and again Quiros petitioned in vain for part at least of the twenty jars of water, the two sacks of flour, the calf, or the two pigs which remained on board. "Sir Captain, have you spent 40,000 dollars as I have on this expedition, or have these people undertaken it at their own charge?"

"My Lady, I spent my property, and each one spent what they had; many gave up their lives, and all expended all they knew. . . . That which belonged to the Adelantado, and that which belongs to your Ladyship, must be used for the necessities of the voyage." Driven to the limit of his loyalty, he threatened that the men would take the stores by force. At this she relented to the extent of giving up the calf, but she would not part with her pigs.

However, the end of that dreadful voyage was approaching, thanks to Quiros' skill as a navigator. A few miles out of Manila a boat met them with four Spaniards in it: they looked, he says wearily, like 40,000 angels. When they came up the side they were horrified at the skeleton crew, their tattered clothes and famished eyes, their rotten sails and mouldy gear, the corpses lying in the scuppers because no one had the strength to throw them overboard.

"What do you bring us to eat? Oh, give us food, for we are mad with hunger and thirst!"

Catching sight of the two pigs, the newcomers asked, "Why do they not kill those pigs?"

"They belong to the Governess."

"What the Devil! Is this a time for courtesy with pigs?"

'The Governess then ordered them to be killed, and God was served that all the good wine appeared too.'

Dona Isabel had important relations in the city. They were immediately informed of her arrival and they had the good sense to take out a crew of seamen, clothed in gaily-coloured silks, to work the death-ship into harbour. On the quay they were met with banners flying, soldiers under arms, and a salute of artillery. "All who came on board the ship," notes Quiros, "having seen how little there was, wondered she should ever have arrived in safety, and praised God she should have been spared." We hope they praised him too.

They arrived at Manila on February 11, 1596, having left Peru the previous April. Next year the Governess returned to Peru, having buried one husband and married another. Strange to say, Quiros was again her pilot. After another voyage of "incredible hardships and troubles," they reached Acapulco. "There I, Captain Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, took leave of the Governess and embarked on board a passenger ship for Peru" —with what relief he leaves us to imagine.

IV

AUSTRIALIA AND AUSTRALIA

UNDETERRED by the appalling experiences on his first voyage across the South Sea, Quiros returned to Peru determined to resume his explorations at the first opportunity. He was convinced that the many islands recently discovered in the southwest Pacific gave evidence of a continent in that region in just the same way as Columbus' voyages to the West Indies had preceded his discovery of the mainland. We can imagine him asking the authorities the pertinent question, where would they have been if Columbus had been prevented from sailing a second time?

His arguments carried little weight with the Viceroy or at the Court of Madrid, whither he returned in 1600. That was a Holy Year, so he started off on a pilgrimage to Rome in pilgrim's habit, staff in hand. Here he was well entertained by the Spanish Ambassador, who invited all the leading mathematicians, astrologers, cosmographers and pseudo-scientists to meet him and examine him. They were properly impressed by his knowledge, particularly by what he told them about magnetic variation. At the Papal Court, too, he was favourably received, and Clement VIII gave him letters to the King of Spain urging him to continue the explorations so auspiciously begun.

This pilgrimage marks the turning point in Quiros' life. He had always been a notably pious and loyal individual; he may well have felt that the successful outcome of his last voyage was due to a miraculous intervention of Providence on his behalf, so unlikely had it seemed that they would ever reach land in safety. The sight of the Papal City in all its jubilee grandeur, the blessing bestowed upon him by the Holy Father himself, the gift of a piece of the True Cross (obtained with some difficulty), were enough to turn anyone's head. Henceforward Quiros became a man with a fixed idea; to discover the great Southland, to

bring salvation to the millions of lost souls who must inhabit it. Riches and power were never his aim. His was the holy enthusiasm of the missionary explorer. And the conviction that he died on the point of achieving his high aim was strong enough to win the support of leading geographers even in the Age of Reason. It was the claim made by Quiros, supported by Alexander Dalrymple in England and the President de Bosses in France, which sent Cook and Bougainville upon their voyages.

Quiros returned from Rome to Madrid in 1602. In spite of the Papal letters he carried, his reception was still cool. The King's advisers pointed out that after a long war with England the treasury was not in a position to waste money on another wild-goose chase. An enthusiast like Quiros was not so easily put off. He continued to bombard the Council of State and the Council of the Indies with petitions, until he obtained through the former an order to the Viceroy of Peru to fit out two ships at His Majesty's expense to explore "New Guinea, Java Major and other southern lands and islands, returning by that part of the world to these My kingdoms in Spain." These instructions were strengthened by recommendations showing the high opinion held of Quiros at Rome: "a worker, quiet, disinterested, of decent life, zealous for the service of God and for My service. The mathematicians at Rome affirm that there are few pilots who know so much as he does."

It had taken him five years to get that testimonial, but he was not yet at the end of his quest. He reached Lisbon too late to catch the annual *flota* to the New World. The vessel in which he secured a passage was wrecked on the farther side of the Atlantic. He arrived at Lima without a penny in his pocket, encumbered by two small orphan nephews which he had characteristically picked up on the way. There was no room for them at any inn, nor had he money to pay for a lodging. A few days after his arrival the house from which he was watching a procession collapsed and he retired to hospital with a broken arm; worse still, the Governess was on his tracks, and her second husband was doing his best to dissuade the Viceroy from paying any attention to him.

But royal orders had to be obeyed and ultimately three small ships were made ready for him—one of 150 tons, another of 120 (Quiros' estimates) and a pinnace or *zabra*. He named the *Capitana*, *S. Pedro y S. Paulo*, the *Almiranta*, *S. Pedrico*, and the pinnace, *Los Tres Reyes*. His crew included 300 men, six Franciscans and four friars of the Order of St. John to tend the sick; learning from past experience, he took no women with him. In command of the *Almiranta* he placed Luis Vaez de Torres, a Portuguese about whom little was known, but whose discoveries on this voyage entitle him to be called the last of the great line of Portuguese pilots: Diaz, Da Gama, Magellan and Quiros himself. Quiros' particular friend and admirer was his young secretary, Luis de Belmonte Bermudez, who was something of a poet and who supported Quiros when all the others reviled him. Among the latter were Don Diego de Prado y Tovar, the captain of the *Capitana*, an aristocrat who despised Quiros as a "lunatic" and a Portuguese upstart; and the Chief Pilot, Juan Ochoa de Bilbao, "foisted on me against my will," who had recently been condemned to six years in the galleys, but whose sentence was commuted on the understanding that he would sail as pilot without pay. He proved to be a quarrelsome shipmate and an astonishingly inefficient navigator.

The ships were well stocked for a long voyage when they sailed from Callao in December 1605. In addition to the usual provisions, Quiros took what is probably the earliest apparatus for distilling fresh water of which there is any description: "A brick oven to be built over one of the hearths in order to make sweet water from sea water, with a copper instrument he had with him." Further details about the "instrument" are lacking, but we are told that it provided two or three jars of drinking water a day.

With all his difficulties behind him, Quiros determined to make the day of sailing a memorable occasion. He dressed himself and all his officers in the habit of friars (one can imagine how Don Diego loathed all this fancy dress business). As the royal standard was unfurled, every man in the crew fell to his knees to pray Our Lady of Loreto (whose shrine Quiros had

visited) to send them success. All the artillery and musketry in the ships was shot off, and every vessel in the harbour saluted their enormous banners as they were displayed—"white and blue, all full of waves, with a red cross in the middle and a scroll with *En Solo Dios Va Puesta Mi Esperanza* in white letters . . . the royal standard in crimson damask with a golden fringe . . . the image of the Virgin of Loreto . . . the Prince of the Apostles. . . ." As one of the crew wrote, "With our good will and desire to serve God and spread our Holy Catholic Faith, and aggrandize the royal crown of the King our Lord, all seemed easy to us."

As soon as they were at sea Quiros issued minute instructions for the guidance of his subordinates. They are typical of "that talker," as Prado calls him: high-flown, verbose, pettifogging, but at the same time sensible and humane in what appertained to the discipline of the crew and their behaviour towards natives. There was to be no swearing, no gambling (backgammon boards were to be thrown overboard), no blaspheming; daily services were to be attended by all; everyone was to respect the persons and property of natives, behaving to them "as fathers to children." The course to be sailed was W.S.W. to 30° S. If no land was discovered by then, the ships were to turn N.W. to 10° 15' S. If they still had not sighted land, course was to be set for Santa Cruz, the position of which was set down at 1850 leagues from Callao.

By January 22 they were in 26° S., but the initial enthusiasm had cooled. Quiros himself fell ill soon after the start. Despondent questions were already being asked: "Whither are they taking us, in this great gulf, in the winter season?" It was then that he made a fatal mistake. "We were obliged, by the force of winds and sea, to stand on a W.N.W. course." So Quiros; but the others add more. Torres strongly objected, wishing to continue to 30° S. as originally intended. Prado was convinced (on the evidence of a cloudbank) that they were just on the point of great discoveries when Quiros turned N.W. at the instigation of his crew, who wished to take the ship to the Philippines. When he remonstrated he was told curtly

that he (Quiros) "knew what he was doing. . . . From thenceforward he took the greatest dislike and illwill towards me and said to one of his friends that he would leave me ashore on a desert island."

On their new course they reached Anaa, somewhat north-east of Tahiti, with which early historians confused it. The natives were friendly and willingly replenished their stock of provisions. It was in this island that they set up a wooden cross which was found by the commander of the Spanish frigate *Aquila* when he rediscovered the island in 1774.

Thence they continued west in the direction of Santa Cruz. For many weeks the three ships sailed without sight of land, their wakes making long white tracks through the lonely seas. The men demanded cards and dice, and when Quiros persisted in his Sunday School attitude, murmurings and quarrels begot of boredom disturbed the quiet of the long summer days beneath a blazing sun. The Chief Pilot had to be disarmed after wounding a man. Quiros was a sick man and even more ineffective as a leader than usual; who but he, at this stage of the voyage, would have nailed the following notice to the mainmast—

"No person shall take the name of God in vain, on pain of a fine of one dollar, for the souls."

Fines in the middle of the South Sea proving ineffective, he found himself regretting that he had not brought irons with him from Peru. In the mood of high idealism in which he sailed he appears to have imagined that, as he regarded this as a holy voyage, everyone on board would naturally behave like a saint.

As there was still no sign of the promised island he summoned a council of pilots. He estimated the distance to Santa Cruz as 1850 leagues. The Chief Pilot claimed that by dead reckoning they had already sailed 2300, but an examination of his calculations showed an error of at least 600 leagues. As a matter of fact when, two days later, they sighted Taumaco, 60 leagues east of Santa Cruz, Torres reckoned the distance as 1940, and the new pilot at 1750—striking evidence of the accuracy of Quiros'

original calculations. In consequence of Bilboa's proved incompetence, as well as of his insubordinate character, he was disgraced in favour of de Leza and sent on board the *Almiranta* under arrest. "Presently it was reported to the Captain that the ship was in a state of mutiny owing to what he had said in public." "Is there anyone who objects that I send the Chief Pilot out of the ship?" asked Quiros. "One who spoke in his favour was ordered to hold his tongue, being told that the day before he had just said the contrary."

This was probably Prado who, now that land was in sight, behaved in a very odd manner for one who was supposed to be the senior officer. He says that he informed Quiros by means of the confessional about an incipient mutiny, apparently not venturing to tell him to his face. Odder still is his account of what followed: "The said Don Diego knew who were the mutineers and how they wanted him for a head, but he did not want to mix in such conflicts and lose the honour which he had gained in his Majesty's service, so he at once shifted his things to the *Almiranta*, whereat the Captain thereof (Torres) was very pleased. The next day the surgeon did the same"—in fact they preserved their "honour" by deserting their chief at the moment when they should have been supporting his authority. He goes on to say that Torres told him that Quiros intended to have the Chief Pilot garrotted and thrown into the sea. Yet Torres states that when he demanded severe punishment for Bilboa, Quiros refused to do more than arrest him. In view of what Quiros himself had told the Governess to do in similar circumstances, his weak handling of the situation is all the more curious. Some ambiguous notes which he afterwards wrote on the subject of discipline show that by this date religious mania had got the better of his common sense: "He said that justice was an excellent virtue, and very necessary in the world; but yet let it be exercised by others who have the habit, rather than by him among those who use but little reason, the witnesses (e.g. Prado) being enemies."

Anyhow the discovery of the charming island of Taumaco in the Duff group extricated him from a potentially dangerous

situation. The inhabitants were hospitable and informative; as for their chief, Tumai, "never was there a barbarian who possessed the good sense of this one." He knew all about their previous visit to the neighbouring Santa Cruz, only he begged them to use their arquebuses on his enemies, not his friends. The islanders seemed astonishingly well informed about events in other islands and the geography of the region, as well they might be, to judge from the astonishing system of traffic and exchange among the neighbouring Trobriand islanders, described by Malinowski in his *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*. Indeed, in this book may be found not only the best description of contemporary Pacific craft, but a possible explanation of the reason why nearly all early travellers were welcomed so generously and why that welcome so soon turned to blows. Being ignorant of native customs, they did not understand the natives' attitude to the giving and receiving of presents. When gifts of food were not made with the regularity they expected, they failed to see that the fault lay in themselves, in so far as their own generosity did not measure up to the natives' expectation.

Prado, too, describes the magnificent sixty-foot canoes in which the Polynesians made their incredible voyages. They carried as much sail as the Spanish vessels, though he notes that they can only sail before the wind. Besides a sail deck, they had a sort of covered platform for stores, the water being carried in hollow canes, each tube holding four gallons. As they were of shallow draft they were easily steered by two great stern oars. Every explorer has been impressed by the size, speed and variety of such craft—double canoes, dugouts, with outriggers on one or both sides to give them stability, single canoes which shoot like fish through the water, and great war canoes manned by 60 or 80 men. In craft such as these, still fashioned with stone tools and still navigated by traditional knowledge of weather and stars, the Polynesians had colonised the Pacific before 1000 A.D.

Tumai provisioned them generously and told them what they could find to the south—60 islands and (opening his arms wide) "a very great land, which he called Manicolo." To explain the

distance he pointed to the sun, laid his head on his hand, shut his eyes and with his fingers counted the number of nights the voyage lasted. The continent, thought Quiros, lay just where he expected. Without delay the ships sped south, though it is to be regretted that Tumai's kindness was repaid by kidnapping four of his subjects to act as interpreters. There was no longer need to be particular about the course—"Put the ships' heads where they like, for God will guide them as may be right," he cried.

In this ecstasy of religious enthusiasm Quiros soon found his reward. On May 20, 1606, after passing a succession of islands, they anchored in the widest bay in the South Sea, a bay "big enough for all the fleets in the world." He named it the Bay of St. Philip and St. James, and the new-found-land, with a delicate compliment to Philip III, who was also Archduke of Austria, *Australia del Espiritu Santo*. To Quiros it seemed the climax of his life's endeavour, the continent so long desired. Everywhere to the southward there was evidence of land. Actually, what he saw was the foreshortened line of the mountains of the New Hebrides which, we are told by those who have seen them from the angle their discoverer saw them, do indeed look like a mainland, the successive island ranges overlapping each other for hundreds of miles away to the south.

On such an occasion it was only fit that the landing should be made with due ceremony. Torres' advance party had an unsatisfactory brush with the inhabitants; that must be overlooked. On the eve of Whitsunday Quiros made a speech from the poop announcing the creation of a new Order of his own devising, the Order of the Knights of the Holy Ghost. To each man, even the black drummer, he handed the insignia of his Order, a blue cross to be worn over a robe of blue taffeta. Cynics like Prado might snigger over these "absurdities," but the man's blazing sincerity certainly impressed the crew. "Gentlemen," he announced with emotion, "this is the eve of my long desired day": let each man confess himself and tomorrow let us dedicate the land. As darkness fell, rockets exploded into the sky, fire-wheels and lanterns lit up the banners floating aloft, drums

sounded, all the bells in the ships were rung, and every gun was fired till the echoes pealed across the bay and they could hear the answering shouts of the natives from the shore.

On Whitsunday the formal landing was made, with the Royal Ensign and all the banners proudly displayed. Stepping ashore, Quiros knelt down in thanksgiving—"To God alone be the honour and the glory!" Then, kissing the ground, "O Land! Sought for so long, intended to be found by many, and so desired of me!" The friars knelt as the Cross was erected and Quiros took possession of the land, together with all seas and lands to the uttermost pole, in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Catholic Church, St. Francis and his Order, St. John and his Order, in the name of the Order of the Holy Spirit and in the name of His Majesty.

The colony was to be called the New Jerusalem; the town, Vera Cruz; the near-by stream, Jordan. Of course, the first building, hastily constructed of boughs and leaves, was a church. On that site, he declared, there would arise a church greater than that of St. Peter's at Rome. The officials of a Municipality were announced; his friend Belmonte being one of the magistrates, Torres Master of the Camp, and Don Diego de Prado relegated to the position of Store Keeper General. The latter's comment on the whole proceeding is not surprising: "it was all wind." Never for a moment did he believe this was *Terra Australis*. "We have only found black devils with poisoned arrows," he pointed out to Quiros with some relish; "what has become of the riches? We quite understand that all your affairs are imaginary and as such have gone off in wind." Bilboa naturally tried to take advantage of Quiros' excitement by pleading to be forgiven. But even when the plea was supported by a friar, and though he freed two slaves to mark the occasion, Quiros refused to pardon him. Personal injuries he could forget, but inasmuch as the King's service had been slighted no pardon was possible.

A few days later the feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated in holy exultation with all the traditional pomp of Spain. The natives, peering through the undergrowth, may well have been

impressed by the chanting, the vestments, the incense, the ringing of bells. Nevertheless a shower of poisoned arrows greeted any party which penetrated the hinterland and the sound of distant war drums disturbed the camp every night. Quiros made light of such matters in the rosy pictures he later painted of the land. "I am able to say with good reason, that a land more delightful, healthy and fertile; a site better supplied with quarries, timber, clay for tiles, bricks for founding a great city . . . could not be found. No port could be found more agreeable . . . nor is there any other land that could sustain many strangers so pleasantly, if what has been written is well considered. . . . I have never seen nor have heard of such advantages." In later years its attractions grew in retrospect till there was born that definitive myth of the Great Southland which convinced so many geographers for such an astonishing length of time.

At the first opportunity he tried to explore the coastline and see what lay behind the mountains in the distance. On June 8 the ships put to sea, taking with them some native boys they had captured. As the land receded one of them begged pitifully to be put ashore. "Silence, child," replied Quiros, "you know not what you ask. Greater good awaits you than the sight and communion with heathen parents and friends."

What happened during the next three days is a problem which cannot be unravelled at this date. All the witnesses agree that as soon as the bay was cleared the weather became threatening, and Quiros tried to regain port with a view to settling there for the winter. On the night of June 11 they tried to anchor in the bay, but could find no bottom (nor could Captain Cook when he visited the island in 1774). In the middle of the night, according to Quiros and his pilot, the lights of the *Almiranta* disappeared and next morning their own ship was found to be out of sight of land with a gale blowing from the south. After striving in vain to beat back, Quiros put the helm about and sped north towards Santa Cruz. On the other hand, Torres says that he was deserted by the *Capitana*, which "departed at one hour past midnight without any notice given

to us, and without making any signal." Prado, on the suspect evidence of his own prejudice and what was later told him by some of Quiros' sailors, states definitely that the crew of the *Capitana* mutinied. He quotes them as saying that they were driven out to sea while Quiros was asleep. "He came out at mid-day, as usual from his stern cabin and asked why they had not anchored behind the cape; in reply he was told to shut his mouth and go to his cabin, where they put the Portuguese grocer and his nephews with guards; and they ordered the jars of wine belonging to the Portuguese to be brought out and divided among the sailors." If that was the case, it is difficult to see how the ship could ever have reached Mexico in safety, with only one death to be recorded.

As his ship drove north Quiros describes himself as following the advice of his officers to return to New Spain. His original orders were to return on June 21 in any case, and now there was no time to spare to attempt a dead beat back to Santo. Still under the impression that he had discovered a continent, it was supremely important that he should return with the news as quickly as possible. Torres could be left to continue the work of exploration, acting on the instructions left with him.

As the wind would not serve for Manila, the *Capitana* continued north until she was in latitude 38° N., where she turned east along the normal route of returning galleons. During the long voyage home Quiros made an incoherent will, which shows the extent to which the idealist had by this time lost contact with reality. "In these regions which it has been the will of God to show me," he desired that "no falcons or other birds of prey," such as had despoiled the Indies, should be allowed to enter. "It is money, I say, that they want and more money, though it be torn from men's entrails." From the incomprehensible verbiage of this strange document the one point that stands out clearly is the author's consideration for the lives and souls of those heathen islanders which providence had delivered into the hands of his countrymen. He knew too well how, even with the best of them, it was a case of first falling on their knees and then on the aborigines. But if he was in the habit

of speaking as wildly as he wrote we cannot wonder that he was treated on his return to Mexico in October 1606 as "a fool and a madman."

There are many gaps in our knowledge of the early history of Australia and of the obscure sea captains who first fell in with its western coast, more often than not by accident. Almost every seafaring nation can lay a claim of some sort to its discovery: it all depends on what is meant by the word "discovery." The first sight of a new country? Its recognition? Or its effective colonisation?

The Spanish claim has recently been strengthened, at least as regards the first of these interpretations, by the discovery in a bundle of MSS. offered for sale a few years ago of the "*Relacion*" of Don Diego de Prado. Before its publication in 1929 the only first-hand description of the strait between New Guinea and Australia discovered by Torres after he left Santo was the latter's official letter, sent from Manila in July 1607. So anxious were the Spanish authorities lest this discovery of first-rate importance should become known to the Dutch and English heretics already roaming those seas that the letter remained hidden until Alexander Dalrymple, a clerk in the East India Company, discovered a copy at some indeterminate date towards the end of the eighteenth century (see below, p. 171). Dalrymple gave his copy of the letter to Burney, who published it in the second volume of his *History of the Discoveries in the South Seas* in 1803, and was the first to advance the claim that Torres discovered "The Great Terra Australis," by which he meant Australia. It is not yet certain where the original is to be found, though Quiros certainly knew of its contents when he was in Madrid in 1608.

Such is the story, unique in the history of exploration, of the records concerning the discovery of the Torres Strait and also, as it appears, of Australia. Originally discovered in 1606, no one knew of the existence of the strait until a century and a half later, and no one sailed through it again until Cook did so in 1770. The third European to sail through it was Captain Bligh, when, in 1789, he made his amazing open boat journey after

the mutiny on board the *Bounty* over two thousand miles away to the eastward.

To return to the story of its discovery. After awaiting the return of the *Capitana* for fifteen days, Torres opened the Viceroy's sealed orders to find out what he was to do next. It was somewhat humiliating to find that Prado was to take command in the event of anything happening to Quiros, for Torres had so far played a bigger part in the voyage than had this disgruntled gentleman. However, Prado had the sense to leave all navigational questions to Torres, whom he appointed Chief Pilot. Their instructions ordered them to continue the search for the southern continent as far as 20° S., then to return to Manila via the north coast of New Guinea. Torres was anxious to carry out these orders, though the opinion of Prado and the majority seems to have been against him. At all events, having found that Santo, as it is usually called today, was after all an island, they sailed south-west as far as 21° S., where the condition of the ship and the state of the weather forced them to turn north-west into the Coral Sea. Thereby they missed the opportunity of discovering the eastern coast of Australia.

They were prevented by contrary winds from weathering the eastern point of New Guinea, as they had intended, and were forced instead to follow its southern coastline. As a result they made the most important discovery of the whole voyage. After passing the site of the modern Port Moresby, they followed the coast of the Gulf of Papua as it trended round to the south-west. Here they were in the most dangerous waters in the world—shark-infested, and bristling with half-submerged reefs which compose the northern end of the Great Barrier Reef. Only miraculous luck and the shallow draft of their little vessel saved them from catastrophe. For two months they fought with heat and flies, reefs, shoals and currents for a distance of 300 leagues, until they found the coast of New Guinea turning north-west again and they followed it up into the comparative safety of the Moluccas.

In this way they discovered what Dalrymple was the first to call Torres Strait. The few bare sentences in which Torres

describes the event, the full importance of which he did not realise, because he knew nothing of the existence of Australia, mentions latitudes which have given rise to some controversy. Even in Prado's fuller account, the language is so vague as to make their exact course uncertain. It seems that they went as far south as 11° , which is farther south than the tip of Cape York peninsula. Before turning north again Prado says that on October 3 they saw "other islands towards the north and among them one bigger than the rest"—probably Prince of Wales in $10^{\circ} 46'$, or Thursday Island. Torres adds: "We had to go out (of the Gulf of Papua) turning south-west in the said depth, to 11° , and the bank (the Barrier Reef) goes lower: there were very large islands and they seemed more on the southern part: they were inhabited by very corpulent black people, naked." If "the southern part" means Cape York, the passage they sailed through was not Torres Strait, strictly so called, which lies between New Guinea and the islands, but Endeavour Passage, which lies between Prince of Wales Island and the peninsula.

If Columbus may be said to have discovered America in 1492, when he sighted a West India island which he thought to be Cipangu, so Torres and Prado may be said to have discovered Australia in 1606. There is, however, a possibility that their discovery was anticipated by a few months by the Dutch. The best evidence for this is a route map, showing land as far south as 13° , which records the voyage of a certain Captain Janszoon in the *Duyfken* to the Gulf of Carpentaria earlier that same year. In any case the latter did not realise that a strait existed between New Guinea and Australia, nor did anyone else, save Torres, until the days of Cook.

As in the case of the Magellan Straits, the question arises, did Torres know of the strait before he sailed through it? The answer is, almost certainly not. In some of their maps Ortelius and Mercator mark New Guinea as an island, but they explain that the question is not settled. Wytfliet's Louvain map of 1597 marks it clearly, together with the Solomon Islands. But in all these cases the strait is marked somewhere about 20° S., not 10° . The very conservative map by Molyneux published by

Hakluyt in 1599 shows no land at all to the south of New Guinea. A rarer map, which Torres could not possibly have seen because it was in the Royal Library at Windsor, is that by Jean Rotz of Dieppe, dated 1542. In this mysterious map the north coast of Australia is marked so clearly that many have accepted it as proof of an earlier discovery, possibly by the French or Portuguese. Other early maps of French or Portuguese origin chart this coast with remarkable accuracy.

The rest of the voyage was comparatively uneventful. They reached Manila in May 1607. There they parted company. What happened to Torres, no one knows. Prado turns up again at Goa in 1613, whence he sent home some accurate charts of the bay at Santo and parts of the south coast of New Guinea (which was not surveyed again until Admiral Moresby's expedition in 1873), together with two letters abusing Quiros as "an impostor and a lunatic," "a liar and a fraud," who is not to be trusted on any account. He returned overland via Ormuz and ended his days as a monk in the Order of St. Basil.

Quiros died at Panama in 1614 or 1615, we hope before he knew of this added abuse. The story of his last years is a sad one. He failed to impress the authorities of Peru with his grandiloquent description of his "new world." Back in Spain he besieged the Court for seven years with no more success. In the hundreds of memorials he wrote to press his case *Terra Australis* is painted in ever rosier colours, its size expands, its population multiplies, its resources are exaggerated. In area it becomes a quarter of the globe, a continent far greater than Europe and Asia Minor combined. In importance it exceeds all the Spanish Dominions beyond the seas. Its latitude offers a fairer climate than Spain. "Here may presently be built a very great and populous city, whose inhabitants will enjoy the above-mentioned commodities, as well as those which my small imagination is unable to set forth. . . . I do not exaggerate if I say that it can maintain and accommodate 200,000 Spaniards." He bids his royal master reflect what profit flowed from the discoveries of Columbus. From a native population which he somehow estimates at 30 million, a tribute of at least 20 million

ducats could be extorted. Think what riches such a country could produce in a hundred years' time!

He sang the charms of his continent in vain. The old arguments were adduced; that the treasury could not afford more expeditions, that further discoveries would drain the dwindling man-power of the mother country. The suspicions entertained by the authorities about Quiros' fitness to lead another expedition were fortified by the accounts sent in by Torres and others, long before Prado's denunciations reached them. In the New World Mendaña's heirs provided more scandal, obviously inspired by the fear that if Quiros sailed again their claims to the Solomons would be endangered.

The members of the Royal Council were sufficiently acute to realise that a bare refusal was dangerous in the case of such an enthusiast as Quiros. Already some of his memorials had fallen into foreign hands, two being published in *Purchas his Pilgrimes* and another by a Dutch editor. If they were not careful he would sell his information to a foreign power, as Columbus had been on the point of doing, and "this Pedro Fernandez de Quiros has got it into his head to be another Columbus." Seeing that he was grown "very discontented and suspicious," they recommended giving him "a well paid appointment at court, or where it may seem best."

The decision finally taken was peculiarly faithless to one who had served Spain so well. Quiros was to be promised the command of an expedition if he returned to Peru. At the same time the Viceroy there was secretly advised to keep him quiet with promises which were not to be honoured. Buoyed up with such empty hopes Quiros crossed the Atlantic for the last time, but he died before he reached Peru. With him, it has been well said, died the naval heroism of Spain.

THE DUTCH VOYAGERS

BROADLY speaking, three periods may be distinguished in the history of the Pacific: the Spanish in the sixteenth century; the Dutch in the seventeenth; the English and French in the eighteenth.

“The Prodigious increase of the Netherlands in their Domestic and Foreign Trade, Riches, and multitude of Shipping, is the envy of the present, and may be the wonder of all future generations.” The first half of the seventeenth century, the brief period beginning with their country’s liberation from Spain and ending with its decline in the face of attacks by France and England, was indeed the golden age of Dutch seamen. For proof of their predominance in maritime affairs we need look no further than our own sea vocabulary. “Deck,” “boom,” “yacht,” “sloop,” “skipper,” “cruiser,” are all Dutch importations. Or walk up Charing Cross Road and see the maps of the Dutch cartographers, Plancius, Hondius or Blaeu, hanging in the windows. Indeed their fame has been such as to overshadow the really excellent work done by the English at the turn of the century. Topographical maps by Saxton and Speed (many of whose maps were engraved at Amsterdam) are in every house; but few appreciate the terrestrial and celestial globes of Emery Molyneux, or his extremely accurate world map engraved by Wright and published by Hakluyt in 1599—Shakespeare’s “New Map with the Augmentation of the Indies.” Here one looks in vain for such figments of the imagination as *Terra Australis*, still to be found in most of the Dutch atlases.

Compared with their predecessors, the Dutch are dull fellows. They lack the vision of the first explorers. Their strictly commercial aims are seldom ennobled by the ideals which partially atone for the predatory instincts of the Spanish *conquistadores*: no Dutchman ever sailed *Ad maiorem gloriam*

Dei. Their journals are sober statements of facts, though enlivened by lavish illustrations and beautiful maps. On the other hand, they were far better sailors. They did more than any other people to improve the efficiency of the sailing ship. Being under the necessity of making longer voyages than their Spanish rivals, they were forced to economise in the handling of their ships. No summer cruises for them: every voyage to the Pacific or the Spice Islands meant going half-way round the world. In various ways they so improved the technique of sailing a ship that they were able to cut down the ratio of men to tonnage, and this in turn enabled them to carry more cargo and provisions, to lower freights, and thus capture the carrying trade. On Quiros' last expedition there were 300 men to 280 tons of shipping; on Schouten's voyage there were 87 men to 350 tons, and only three men died in a voyage right round the world. Other commanders were not so fortunate, but there is no doubt that their standards of diet and cleanliness were far superior to those of other nations.

During the last years of Elizabeth's reign there existed a friendly rivalry between Dutchmen and Englishmen for supremacy in Eastern waters. When Philip of Spain prohibited trade with the northern nations, the heretics naturally went to get the spices themselves. During the last decade of the century they pooled their knowledge and sailed in each other's ships. Navigational manuals like *The Mariner's Mirror* or *The Haven-finding Art* were translated from the Dutch. Hakluyt was responsible for the English edition of Linschoten's itinerary to the east. John Davis of Dartmouth sailed as pilot in a Dutch ship on his last voyage, when he was murdered by Japanese pirates. They learnt from each other and vied with each other in finding out the best route to the Moluccas. The English quest for a North-West Passage having failed, the Dutch continued the equally vain search for one in the north-east. Most captains preferred the Cape route, but others tried the Magellan route for trade or privateering (the distinction between the two was equally vague for both nations).

In the end the Cape route won, and the East India Companies

of both nations settled down to a far more efficient exploitation of the riches of the Indies than the Portuguese had ever attempted. Then the English dropped out of the running, partly because no empire builder of the stature of the great Governors of the Dutch East India Company, like Coen or Van Diemen, made an appearance, partly because civil broils at home led to a general deterioration in our efficiency at sea. From the date of the "massacre" of Amboyna in 1623 (a small affair by twentieth-century standards) our attention was diverted from the East Indies to India itself. What at the time looked like a confession of failure, proved in the end a far greater prize.

Of the feelers put out by the Dutch to find the best way to the Moluccas, only the Pacific voyages concern us here. In 1598 opinion was still uncertain about the advantages of the Cape route, so two expeditions were equipped by private enterprise to try the possibilities of the Pacific. The first to leave Rotterdam consisted of five ships under the command of Jacob Mahu, who "died of a flux" early in the voyage, to be succeeded in command by De Cordes. Their orders were to circumnavigate the globe and sell a cargo of woollen cloth on the way. It is typical of the period that the chief pilot was an Englishman, William Adams.

Off South America, the ships scattered, and not one succeeded in rounding the globe. Adams' ship reached Japan with only 24 survivors, and "only 5 men of us able to goe." He made such a good impression on the "Japanners" that the Mikado refused to let him leave the island, though he managed to write some letters home. Before he died at an advanced age, he initiated the savages into the art of shipbuilding, and founded the Dutch trade with Japan which, in spite of periodical massacres, lasted longer than that of any other nation.

Of the other ships, one reached the Moluccas, where it was seized by the Portuguese. Another, under Dirck Gerritsz, was blown to 64° S. after issuing from the Straits of Magellan. He sighted what we call the South Shetlands, but what he thought were the snowy peaks of "the great Zuidland." He was captured by the Spaniards. Still another, under Sebald de Weert,

lost heart and returned via the Falklands. Not knowing that they had twice previously been sighted by Elizabethan explorers, John Davis and Richard Hawkins (who named them "Hawkins-Maidenland as a perpetual memory of her Chastity and my endeavour"), he claimed them as a new discovery under the name of the Sebaldines.

On his return east through the Straits, he passed the second expedition of 1598 on its way west. De Noort, its commander, started life as an innkeeper, but, says an old writer, "he had a strong passion for glory," and he certainly proved more fortunate than his rivals. He picked up another English pilot at Plymouth, together with an odd character, "John Calleway, of London, a musician and player on instruments." De Noort circumnavigated the world on the lines laid down by Drake. He plundered successfully up the coast, and fought an action with a Spanish squadron from Manila under the command of Antonio De Morga, lawyer, historian, Lieutenant-Governor turned Admiral for the occasion. Though one may excuse De Noort's comparative ill-success in the fight on the score that his men were fewer and more exhausted by their long voyage than their enemies, one cannot excuse his cruelties to the Fuegian Indians, or his lack of originality with respect to the route he took. However, he did succeed in being the first Dutchman to sail round the world, though only nine men out of 248 returned alive.

Thus only one ship out of the nine which set out in 1598 ever returned to Holland.

Undeterred by these terrible losses, another squadron set forth in 1614 under Joris Spilbergen (or Spielbergen), a gallant and experienced East India commander. As his mission was primarily plunder, no fresh discoveries were made, the usual northern route across the ocean being followed; but in consequence of its semi-official character, it was better managed and far more successful in fighting capacity than its predecessors. Five out of the six ships which set out—*Great Sun*, *Full Moon*, *Huntsman*, *Aeolus*, *Sea Mew*, *Morning Star*—succeeded in making the second Dutch circumnavigation, a higher proportion

than in any previous voyage. A Spanish squadron was soundly beaten off Callao and three of the enemy's ships were sunk. In 1616 he reached Java, where he met a rival expedition which had sailed under private enterprise a few months after him and had made far more important discoveries. Accounts of both expeditions were published together in a lavishly illustrated book entitled *The East and West Indian Mirror*, which appeared in 1619. (See illustration, p. 27.)

The promoter of the latter expedition was Isaac Le Maire, an old merchant living at Hoorn, surrounded by twenty-two children. He and his fellow burghers sturdily opposed the monopolistic tendencies of the Dutch East India Company. In the face of powerful opposition, he obtained a charter for a Southern or Australian Company to trade in Tartary, Japan, "the great Zuidland" and its surrounding seas. Unfortunately for his "project," as the Elizabethans would have called it, the charter of his rivals gave them control of all known entrances to these seas, both by the Cape and the Straits of Magellan. But what if there was another entrance? In many of the maps of Drake's voyage, particularly that by Hondius, Tierra del Fuego is shown as an island. If it were possible to sail round this island and avoid using the straits he would be able to trick his opponents out of their restriction of what he regarded as legitimate enterprise. An East India pilot named Willem Schouten agreed with him, and offered to share the cost. It was arranged that Schouten should sail as Master Mariner or Patron, the office of Merchant and President being filled by Isaac's son, Jacob. Besides being the first to start the series of ill-starred South Sea Companies, Le Maire's aim differed from all previous Dutch voyagers in that the principal object was not plunder, still less a new route to the Moluccas, but a definite search for the land described by Quiros in the memorial which had found its way into Dutch hands. The fears entertained by the Spanish authorities about Quiros' loquacity were now to be substantiated.

"A big ship and a yacht," the *Eendracht* and the *Hoorn*, sailed from the Texel in June 1615. The *Hoorn* was almost the same tonnage as Magellan's *Victoria*, but her consort was twice

the size. For rations, exclusive of meat and fish, they were allowed

One can of beer per day

4 lbs. biscuit per man per week

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. suet per man per week.

As before, an Englishman, this time a carpenter, was taken on at Plymouth. Instead of making straight for the coast of South America, a call was made at Sierra Leone, where a few beads and some cheap Nuremberg knives were exchanged for 25,000 lemons. Whether the deal was made by chance, or as the result of a knowledge of the causes of scurvy, it is impossible to say; but there can be no doubt that this was the chief reason why only two men died during the rest of their fifteen months' voyage.

Like everyone else, they careened at Port Desire before entering the Pacific, and, like everyone else, they found evidence of giants in the land now usually called *Terra Gigantium*—this time an eleven-foot skeleton under a heap of stones. Unfortunately they lost the *Hoorn* here. While breaming her (another Dutch term, meaning to singe the weed off the bottom with burning furze), her pitch caught fire and she was burned to the water's edge.

After sighting the Sebaldines, as they called them, they held on resolutely, leaving Cape Virgins twenty leagues to starboard in their endeavour to see if Tierra del Fuego was really an island. On January 24, 1616, they found themselves in a narrow strait, eight leagues wide, with high land on either side. That to the east, white with snow and very perilous-looking, they called Staten Land, imagining it to be part of the great Southland. The new strait was named after the family of the leader and promoter of the expedition, though Schouten later contested the honour by claiming that he himself had made the discovery. Soon after, as they turned south-west into "very blue water," in which they saw whales by thousands, they began to battle with the mountainous rollers which are formed by the great Antarctic Drift being compressed into the 600-mile gap known as Drake Strait, between America and the polar regions. Here



THE DISCOVERY OF CAPE HORN

Blaeu map c 1618 showing route of Le Maire

Plate IV



WILLIAM DAMPIER

Portrait by T. Murray

they saw what Drake probably never saw—the massive black cliffs of Cape Horn. They called it Hoorn, after their native town, but to our minds, coloured by a thousand stories of hardships suffered in that passage, the shortened form of Horn aptly symbolises the huge black tooth which terminates the continent. Like many another crew, they were “russelled mightily by a severe storm out of the south-west.” As the first “williewaws,” or lashing squalls of sleet, struck them, and the ship began to pitch in enormous hollow seas and deep troughed swells, they hastened to stow their cannon in the waist, battened down the hatches, and made everything fast. Four men in stout leather jerkins manned the tiller to keep her head into the wind. In such weather no one can blame them for being a hundred miles out in their longitude, with the consequence that academic geographers at home showed a very inaccurate picture of the new coastline. A section of a rare Blaeu map of 1618, here reproduced, shows their route, and the giants they met on the coast of Patagonia.

Gradually the storm subsided. They were able to master the swift current that threatened to carry them back into the Atlantic, and to climb out of these high latitudes, setting a course for Juan Fernandez. Their object was *Terra Australis*, but wind and sea forced them to follow a more northerly route than they had originally intended. None the less, they succeeded in crossing the ocean in a more southerly latitude than that of any previous voyager. The inaccuracy of their reckonings makes it impossible to define many of the smaller islands which they discovered in consequence, but it seems certain that they passed through the southern part of the Low or Tuamotu Archipelago in 15° S., south of the paradisaical Society group, to reach Hoorn Island between Samoa and Fiji, almost on the date line. Le Maire sneered at Schouten for thinking this was part of *Terra Australis*, but he himself confused it with one of the Solomons.

They met with such a hospitable reception at this tiny island that “we got to be as free and easy there as if we had been at home.” For once there was no fighting, probably because the

local chief took it upon himself to maintain discipline. Time passed as in the Golden Age, eating hogs and game and coconuts. The illustrations to the narrative preserve for us the fantastic spectacle of these solid Dutchmen, in broad-brimmed hats and baggy trousers, entertaining the chief and his naked wives in the moonlight with a dance to the accompaniment of the drums and trumpets of the ship's band. They refused only one delicacy: the popular South Sea drink called kava, a potent if pleasant drug which is made by chewing a type of pepper plant and spitting the well-masticated pulp into a bowl. With the best will in the world the visitors could not bring themselves to drink it: "they had more than enough at the sight of it."

Underlying their hospitality there was always a suspicion of the white men on the part of these well-mannered natives. Their relief at the prospect of the departure of the visitors is illustrated by an incident which took place at the farewell banquet held on board. "As we sat at table we showed them that we intended to depart in two days' time, whereat the young prince was so glad that he immediately jumped up from the table and went into the gallery shouting out that we intended to depart in two days' time."

The only mistake of the voyage was made soon after leaving Hoorn. Dalrymple, the eighteenth-century historian who worshipped the name of Quiros, blames Schouten for doubting the truth of his hero's claims, a scepticism "which is the natural conclusion of a little ignorant mind." This may well have been the case, for when a council was held to determine their future course, Le Maire, having "no doubt that *Terra Australis* was very near," was all for continuing due west. But Schouten won the day by pointing out the dangers of falling in with the unknown coast of New Guinea if they did so. He advised stretching away to the north-north-west to sail round the north of it, since at that date no one knew of a passage to the south. Evidently Schouten had lost his nerve for exploration, and Le Maire had to comply with his professional advice. In consequence they missed the larger Solomons altogether, though they discovered and named the most northerly one of the group, Green Island.

Thence they skirted the coast of New Ireland (which they took to be New Guinea) and found themselves among the twenty-five islets now called the Admiralty Islands. Somewhat farther west Schouten Island testifies to their route.

In September 1616 they reached Java, where they found Spilbergen, who had arrived the previous March. Before they left home men had scoffed at them as "the gold seekers." Now Spilbergen and his men sneered at their failure to report anything profitable, "although they pretended that they had discovered a passage shorter than the usual one, which is very improbable, inasmuch as it took them fifteen months and three days to make the voyage to Ternate, though with a single ship." Worse still was the behaviour of that hard man, Governor Coen, who confiscated their ship and sent them home in the charge of Spilbergen for having infringed the monopoly of the Company. It was a singularly ungenerous recompense for so original a voyage. Jacob Le Maire died on his way home, according to his father on account of the "affront put upon him." Old Isaac's pugnacity was once again aroused when Schouten returned to tell the tale. He sued the Company for the cost of the ship, and after two years' litigation won his case. Thus the existence of the Strait of Le Maire was officially admitted as a consequence of an action at law.

Not that this was necessary, for as soon as a report of the supposed discovery reached the ears of the King of Spain, two naval officers, the brothers Nodal, were sent out to settle the question. They confirmed the report by sailing right round Tierra del Fuego and back through the Straits of Magellan. In addition they made their own contribution to geographical knowledge by discovering the most southerly of all islands, the lonely Diego Ramirez group, which they named after the distinguished cosmographer who sailed with them.

Animated by a hereditary hatred of the Spanish, Prince Maurice of Nassau was an indefatigable patron of such enterprises as we have just described. In 1623, in order to "humble the Spaniards by distressing them in their tenderest parts," he equipped a fleet under Admiral L'Heremite for another raid in

the South Seas. This, the Nassau Fleet of 11 vessels and 1637 men, was the largest expedition ever sent out, but it met with very moderate success considering its size. The admiral died off Peru; their plunder was not impressive; their report of yet another glimpse of the elusive continent between the straits and Juan Fernandez has proved illusory, though it found its way on to many maps. Only one ship of the original eleven succeeded in circumnavigating the world.

To make up for the poor showing of this fleet, Maurice sent another under Captain Hendrick Brouwer in 1642. It was equally fruitless, save for their accidental discovery that Staten Land was really an island and not part of *Terra Australis*, the confines of which at that date expand and retract like visions in water. Brouwer died off the coast of Chile and his ships returned via Cape Horn, the first to make the famous wool-clipper passage from west to east.

At this stage of our story we must turn to the one voyage which differs from all the others hitherto recounted in this book, in so far as that it was not from east to west. Alone amongst Pacific explorers before Cook, Abel Janszoon Tasman did not sail "beyond the sunset." Rather, he set new bounds to the southern continent by sailing from Java and making use of the Roaring Forties to carry him eastward into the southern Pacific.

Though the voyage is naturally known by the name of its commander, the credit for its inception goes to Antonio Van Diemen, Coen's successor as Governor, and to the navigator Visscher, who sailed with Tasman, and whose memorandum on Pacific exploration inspired the Company to take its first (and last) step towards opening up a route to Chile. Up to this time the Company had been too busy establishing itself to look farther afield. Every year it paid enormous dividends, and the excellence of its charts, maps and topographical sketches in its Secret Atlas is unrivalled at that date. A lovely map of the whole of the Pacific by Hessel Gerritsz (Blau's predecessor as the Company's cartographer) is said to exist in the archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and there is a copy at Sydney.

Along the bottom of it, instead of *Terra Australis*, we find a raging sea with three-masted galleons tossing on the waves. Ships are seen passing and re-passing on the Manila route; native canoes and the usual mermaids and leviathans enliven any blank spaces. Dutch and Spanish discoveries are gaily marked in yellow and green, and Le Maire's route is boldly shown. Dr. Wieder, the leading authority on Dutch maps, dates it provisionally at 1622, and certainly Tasman used it, because when he discovered the Fiji and Tonga groups he imagined he had found what Schouten called the *Islas de Salomon*, so called on this map.

Visscher submitted a number of possibilities for the consideration of the Company. One was to sail south from Java to lat. 54° , much farther south than the extremity of the west coast of New Holland, the old name for Western Australia, which was comparatively well known by this date. If course was then set east one would be bound to strike the coast of *Terra Australis* at some point; it might be that New Holland was part of the continent; more likely, the long-sought-for land lay farther east. Alternatively, if a base was established on the coast of Chile, one could sail either east or west along the bottom of the world.

The first of these plans formed the basis of the instructions issued to Tasman in 1642. Reduced to its simplest, the idea was to find out how far south the known coast of Australia extended. Was it possible to sail east round the cape discovered by Peter de Nuyts (near modern Perth) and so to Chile?

So Tasman tacked across the Indian Ocean till he found himself within the limits of the Horse Latitudes. Here the Westerlies carried him east until (to quote the first English account of the matter) "the 24th of November 1642, in South Latitude $42^{\circ} 25'$. and their middle longitude of $163^{\circ} 50'$. (16° out according to our reckoning) they saw Land E. by N. distant from them 10 miles, which they named Anthony Van Diemen's Land." Anchoring in a bay near Hobart, "they heard as they thought the noise of Men, but saw none, and the

play which they heard was much like that of the Jews-Trump or little Gom (gong)."

They did not stay long on the shores of what we call Tasmania because they were sure it was inhabited by giants and tigers. So, "on December 5 they went away East with purpose to run away East to the Longitude of 195d. to find the islands of Solomon." What they did find on December 18 was New Zealand. Tasman first named the country Staten Land, for he imagined it was the western edge of *Terra Australis*, of which Schouten's Staten Land was the eastern part. When it was known that the eastern Staten Land had been reduced to the status of an island, the name Nova Zeelandia was substituted. As such it appears on some of the charts of this voyage, and also on the huge pavement map in the new Stadthaus at Amsterdam. The outlines of that magnificent record of Dutch enterprise were speedily erased by the footsteps of the thousands who visited this new glory of the Netherlands; but some idea of it has been preserved for us by a French visitor, Thevenot, who sketched it in his *Relation des Divers Voyages Curieux* in 1664. Here *Zeelandia Nova* is shown as part of an undefined *Terre Australe*, "découverte l'an 1644." Actually the year was 1642, and Tasman sailed right across the area marked *Terre Australe*.

Misliking his entertainment at the hands of the Maoris in Massacre Bay (near Nelson), he tried to continue east, but finding wind and sea against him he went away in a northerly direction. If he had not done so he would have discovered that what he supposed to be an inlet was really a strait, Cook Strait, and that New Zealand was not part of a continent but a land eminently suitable for colonisation.

Thus another opportunity was lost and the Southland remained a very substantial legend. At all events he proved that New Holland was not part of it, however vast it might be, because, by sailing north, he rejoined Schouten's route, discovering the Fiji and Tonga islands on the way. Because he followed the route of his predecessor, he also missed the Solomons, now rapidly fading into the mists of fable.

Tasman returned to Java via the north of New Guinea in

June 1643 after a ten months' voyage which contributed more to the knowledge of the world than any save those of Columbus and Magellan. He was a fortunate, but not a great, explorer. The inspiration of the voyage was not his but Visscher's, and both on this voyage and the next, when he was sent to see if New Guinea was joined to New Holland, he made grievous mistakes. He failed to find Cook Strait and he failed to find Torres Strait. It looks as if he did not have the patience or the curiosity of the true explorer. Because he failed to follow every fold in the coast to make sure an inlet is not a strait, he missed discoveries of the first importance which would otherwise have been his.

The Company was not impressed by his achievement. In their view, exploration was legitimate only in so far as it brought tangible rewards. Tasman, they complained, "has been to some extent remiss in investigating the situation, conformation and nature of the lands and peoples discovered, and left the main part of this task to be executed by some more inquisitive successor." New Holland, boldly identified by some as *Beach Provincia Aurifera*, was nothing more than the haunt of "wild, cruel black savages." Earlier reports were now confirmed, since Tasman "found nothing that could be turned to profit, but has only come across naked, beach-roving wretches, destitute even of rice, miserably poor, and in many places of a very bad disposition."

So Australia remained a scratch on the map—*terre de coste dangereuse*—a fairly accurate scratch as far as the north and west coasts were concerned, but with nothing at all to the east or the south, save the little angle of land seen in 1642 (not until 1798 was it found that Tasmania was really an island). Far to the east of it ran a thread of coastline called New Zealand, generally regarded as the western edge of *Terra Australis*, still *Incognita*. The monopoly of the Company was sufficiently rich and secure to permit them concentrating on the Indies and the lands to the north. "I have heard it said among the Dutch," wrote our ambassador in the reign of Charles II, "that their East-India Company have long since forbidden any further attempts of

discovering that continent, having already more trade in those parts than they can turn to account, and fearing some more populous nation of Europe might make great establishments of trade in some of these unknown regions, which might ruin or impair what they have already in the Indies."

There was a time when the Dutch West India Company bid fair to rival the prosperity of their East India Company. Their ships once captured the Plate Fleet, and their settlements in the West Indies and South America proved highly successful. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, many years after Tasman's voyage had been to all intents and purposes forgotten, "a Gentleman of great Parts and Penetration" named Roggeveen (or Roggewein) submitted to this Company a scheme for discovering "southern lands." The moment was not propitious, for the country was impoverished by prolonged wars against France and Britain. On his deathbed Roggeveen made his son Jacob promise that he would press the project when times improved. Jacob did so, after a long interval during which he rose to high office in the East and retired with a fortune at the age of 62. In 1721, seventy-eight years after Tasman had made the last Dutch voyage in the Pacific, he approached the West India Company again. This time the Company agreed and three ships were commissioned—*Eagle*, *Tienhoven* and *African Galley*. At his time of life Jacob might have retired to smoke his pipe in peace and send others to brave the hardships of such a voyage, but he preferred to honour the promise made to his father, and he himself embarked as commander.

They reached the Straits without incident, save for an example of savage discipline at sea which is remarkable even in that age and that profession. A swabber, suffering from extreme pangs of thirst, broached a cask of brandy and threatened the cook with a knife when reprimanded. For this he was keel-hauled—i.e. thrown over one side of the ship and hoisted up half-drowned on the other—flogged with 300 lashes, salt rubbed into the cuts, then nailed to the foremast with a knife through the palm of his hand to starve to death. If he had not died before land was sighted they proposed to maroon him.

Passing through the Straits they were driven as far south as $62^{\circ} 30'$, where the ships were in hourly danger of being imprisoned by ice floes. But they managed to make Juan Fernandez, about which Roggeveen waxed enthusiastic. Like many another explorer at that date, he thought it an ideal South Sea base, a springboard for attacks on the decadent provinces of Spanish South America. This he considered "the best laid scheme for promoting southern discoveries that ever yet entered the head of man." He decided to follow it up on his return. Meanwhile he pressed on in search of *Terra Australis*, which he estimated to lie between latitudes 30° and 36° S. He had read reports of an island said to have been seen by an English buccaneer, Captain Davis, in 28° S. However, "much to the astonishment of the admiral, we could not find Davis Land." Upon which they came to the correct conclusion that the English buccaneers "must have been rovers from truth as well as rovers after the goods of the Spaniards."

Their first landfall, and their only genuine discovery, on Easter Day, 1722, was the most mysterious of all Pacific Islands, which they named Easter Island: the island of a hundred theories and the home of those sinister, sphinx-like giant faces, two of which used to stand at the portals of the British Museum staring out into London grime, far from the wild waters of their native coast. The Dutchmen were more interested in the heavy ear-rings worn by the islanders, which stretched their lobes down to their shoulders, and their peace offerings of 500 live fowls and as many women as they liked to take on board. Determined to find giants wherever they went, one writer insists that he saw men twelve feet tall. He goes on to describe, with tantalising vagueness, the worship of the monstrous stone idols which dotted the island. When a cannon was fired the natives jumped about, pointing first to the visitors and then to the statues, appealing for vengeance with howls of *Dago! Dago!* None of the early visitors throw much light on these monuments, the origin of which is lost in the prehistoric past. Whence came the labour and the skill and the materials to carve and erect those 70-foot monsters? Why did work upon them stop

so suddenly, the crude tools thrown aside as if the news of a catastrophe suddenly interrupted the sculptors? If we accept the theory of Macmillan Brown, there was indeed once a great southern continent, or at any rate an immense archipelago, stretching from the Marianas to Easter Island, which has since subsided. According to him, Davis Land really existed but was submerged before Roggeveen arrived in those parts. His conclusions have been the subject of much criticism, and Easter Island remains the island of mystery.

Leaving Easter Island, Roggeveen crossed Schouten's track and sailed across the ocean by a parallel but slightly more northerly course. Later he admitted his mistake: "I am firmly persuaded that if we had stood to the S.W. we could not have failed to discover some land." So Schouten's track along 15°-20° S. remained the most southerly yet.

Their course soon brought them among the islets of Tuamotu Archipelago. The *African Galley* ran upon a coral reef surrounding one of these earthly paradises, whereupon Roggeveen named it Pernicious Island. Emerging from what he calls the Labyrinth, they found Recreation Island, one of the islands just north of Tahiti. At this point, as happened so often in these voyages, all thoughts of further discovery were suddenly abandoned. All we know is that Roggeveen read his commission to his officers, by which it was apparent that, if no land was seen in the position they were in, they should make for Java. Many showed their surprise that having come so far to discover *Terra Australis* they should not make more effort to do so. But, like Schouten, Roggeveen seems to have lost his nerve. If more men continued to die of scurvy at the rate they were doing, he feared that the ships would become unmanageable; since they must have provisioned with fresh fruit and vegetables at the islands they had so recently passed, this seems a poor excuse. More likely, as one disgruntled version has it, "the true cause of so sudden a change and so precipitate a return, was the anxiety which the greatest part of the officers had to go to the East Indies. They were afraid to lose their monsoon by further delay."

So they returned via the north of New Guinea, as their pre-

decessors had done in the previous century, making a few fresh discoveries among the lovely Samoan Islands on the way. On arrival at Batavia they met, as they ought to have expected, the same fate as Schouten and Le Maire had suffered a century before. Their ships were seized and they themselves arrested as interlopers by the officials of the rival Company. In this way the voyage of the last of the Dutch explorers ends with old Roggeveen being sent home under arrest. The merchants remained secure in their rich dominion until the coming of the Japanese in our own day.

VI

THE BUCCANEERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BETWEEN Sir Richard Hawkins' *Dainty* in 1594 and Sir John Narborough's *Sweepstakes* in 1670 no English ship sailed into the Pacific. A few schemes, such as Sir William Courteen's petition for a grant of "all lands in ye south parts of ye world called *Terra Australis, incognita*" in 1624, never got farther than the paper stage. Until the appearance of the buccaneers in those seas towards the end of the seventeenth century, the story of English enterprise in that part of the world is a blank.

Narborough's voyage itself is an isolated episode, on account of the hostility it aroused on the part of Spain. Alone of Stuart enterprises in the Pacific it had official backing. None the less it is hard to say who was responsible for it;—possibly Pepys, because we know that he had a great admiration for Narborough among the naval commanders of the day. Two naval ships were used, and according to the printed instructions Narborough's aim was to explore the coast of Chile with a view to laying the foundations of a trade there, though every precaution was to be taken to avoid meddling with Spanish settlements. On the other hand, Greenville Collins, the talented hydrographer who sailed with him, gives an additional objective which savours of Tudor times: a search for the western exit of the North-West Passage. Narborough's failure to make any attempt to do so is excused on the grounds of "the cowardice of our consort," the *Bachelor* pink, which deserted off Patagonia. But his own conduct once he reached the Pacific was so unenterprising we may well doubt if he ever intended to obey his original instructions.

The *Sweepstakes* was well manned, well armed, and well victualled ("4½ tons of brandy in lieu of beer"), carrying a cargo of knives, cloth and tobacco, when she sailed from England in 1669. Her commander was a man of scientific bent, typical of his age. Narborough measured the Patagonians to see if they

were giants, and found them "not above the common bigness of men"; he salted penguins and tried to preserve 100,000 eggs for provisions; he tested the soil, found the climate healthy, and carefully described anything new in the way of fishes or animals. Englishmen were introduced to the skunk, for example, under the name of "huffer," "because when he sets sight upon you, he will stand vapouring and patting with his fore feet upon the ground, yet hath no manner of defence for himself, but with his breech; for upon your approach, he turns about and makes the most abominable stink in the world." The most valuable result of the expedition was a new chart of the Straits of Magellan—so accurate that it enabled the mutineers of the *Wager* on Anson's voyage, seventy years later, to make their way back in a longboat.

Narborough soon found himself on the tracks of his predecessors. At Port Desire he found a leaden plate and a box, containing an indecipherable paper, left by Le Maire half a century before. At St. Julian he found bones which he supposed were those of Drake's mutineers. Through the Straits he used the only chart made by an English sailor, John Davis of Dartmouth. But once in the Pacific his behaviour was far different to that of the Elizabethans. At Valdivia he was politely asked whither he was bound? To China, he replied. But the way he began to press for information about the coast led his Spanish hosts to suspect the honesty of his intentions. A shore party, consisting of four men, was detained and no explanation given when their release was requested under flag of truce. Without making any further effort to rescue his men or fulfil the aims of the expedition, Narborough turned back for home. He had only been on the coast a week. Perhaps yet another Elizabethan precedent was fresh in his mind: the treachery of the Spaniards towards Sir John Hawkins at S. Juan Ulloa.

The real revival of interest in the South Seas was due to the buccaneers, for no official expedition was again sent to these parts before that of Anson seventy years later. These freebooters, *flibustiers*, *zee roovers* (rascals of every nationality except Spain, the traditional enemy) were descended from the pirates

of the Caribbean area. Their behaviour may not have been quite so eccentric as that of the romantic villains who chewed glass, stuck lighted matches in their hair, roasted prisoners over a slow fire, or extorted information by sticking needles down their finger nails. Nevertheless, they were reared in the same nursery; many of them were tried for piracy, and most of their ships were seized from countries with which we were nominally at peace. Their roystering habits, their deep potations of rum punch punctuated by the firing of guns, the way they deposed their captains at will and acted mutinously whenever they felt so inclined, mark them as belonging to the true pirate breed. If they have any common distinguishing mark it is the anti-Spanish feeling which animated all their activities. The true pirate plundered friend and foe alike; the buccaneer, though indeed a sea robber, usually at least confined his depredations to Spanish waters.

Buccaneers are not, however, to be confused with genuine privateers, who carried a government commission in their cabins, and who were responsible to the owners for the conduct of their ships. To a privateer like Woodes Rogers the buccaneers were "a hellish company," though that did not deter him from employing their skill as navigators. Notwithstanding this eminently respectable attitude, it often happened that a ship which sailed from England a commissioned private man-of-war was transformed into a pirate as soon as her commander reached latitudes in which he felt himself secure from the eyes of his owners or his government. Legally, the distinction between pirate and privateer depended on whether a state of peace or war existed at any given moment, and whether the voyage had been sanctioned by a government or not; but to those who sailed the South Seas these were questions of merely academic importance.

Of course, the buccaneers tried to pose as anything but what they really were. One captain who touched at Guam described his band of cut-throats as "employ'd by some Gentlemen of France upon discovery of those unknown Parts of the World." A forged or stolen commission often eased the situation. But

fabricated excuses could be dispensed with when one found oneself in a strong position. When the Governor of Panama asked to see Captain Sawkins' commission, the latter replied: "We would come and visit him and bring our commissions on the muzzles of our guns, at which time he should read them as plain as the flames of gunpowder could make them."

The migration of the buccaneers from the Caribbean into the Pacific begins with the 330 men who crossed the isthmus under Captains Sawkins, Sharp and Coxon in 1680. "Being all Souldiers of Fortune," writes Captain Sharp, "'Twas Gold was the bait that tempted a Pack of merry Boys of us." For the next six years scores of them sailed up and down the coast, using Juan Fernandez and the Galapagos Islands off Peru as bases, plundering by sea and by land whenever opportunity offered. Constantly they broke up into fresh units, regrouping themselves under more enterprising leaders, drifting hither and thither as the scent of plunder attracted them. Sea tramps by nature, they were never satisfied with one captain or one place for long. Some few, like flotsam, drifted across the ocean for no other reason than a desire to see what lay on the other side. One at least went round the world three times.

There was a moment when this international force, nearly a thousand strong, ruled the South Seas, but the usual internecine jealousies made it a brief one. For sheer impudence their letter to the Governor of Panama deserves attention.

If you refuse this last demand and thinke that the imprisonment of three or foure Englishmen is more advantageous to you than the lives of soe many of your Countrymen as are already and what else shall fall into our hands, then you may keep them and we will send you the heads of these for a beginning; and then doe our Countrymen the least hurt in their lives or bodyes and by the helpe of God wee will colour your Land Rivers and sea with Spanish blood of men women and children the whole time that wee remaine in these seas, turning our former Mercy into cruelty, shewing mercy nor giving quarter to any.

wee will bring our ships near your walls that you may have the pleasure of seeing them (the Spanish prisoners) hanged at our yard armes.

wee will make you know that wee are the Commanders of the whole South Seas, so consider what to choose for wee waite your sentence of life or death with impatience, if death you shall certainly have the heads by Monday morning.

From the Comanders of the whole South Seas
Feb. 22. 1685.

As far as exploration is concerned their record is not impressive. They sailed without charts, by guess and by God (or perhaps one should say, with the luck of the Devil). Experience turned them perforce into skilful navigators, and, since their aim was plunder, they preferred the more frequented trade routes, only disappearing into hidden havens when danger threatened. Sailing in haphazard manner, chance must have compelled them to make fresh discoveries if any such remained off these coasts. But the only thing left for them to do was to rename certain earlier discoveries. Thus the group south of the Marianas acquired the modern name of Carolines, and the Falklands became so named from an extension of the name Falkland Sound, which the privateer Strong applied to one of the bays in 1698.

Their taste was for islands, but those they claimed to have discovered invariably proved illusory. We have seen how Davis Land (thought by some of his shipmates to be part of *Terra Australis*) was the will-o'-the-wisp which led Roggeveen to discover Easter Island. Captain Ambrosia Cowley left an attractive description of what came to be called Pepys Island in the Atlantic, and half a dozen later explorers wasted time trying to track down this phantom. Better still, and quite in keeping with his Christian name, was the vision he saw near the Galapagos, "which my Fancy led me to call *Cowley's Enchanted Island*; for we having had a sight of it upon several Points of the Compass, it appear'd always in as many different Forms;

sometimes like a ruined Fortification; upon another Point, like a great City." . . .

"*Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish.*"

The reason why such an irresponsible crowd of drunken profligates had such a tremendous influence on the history of exploration is because there happened to be on board a natural genius, one of the most attractive personalities to be met with in any book of travel. William Dampier is at first obscured by his louder shipmates, for he sailed in a very subordinate capacity with the first invaders of the South Seas. Gradually the figure emerges, until, with the publication of his journals in 1697, he stands out as a person of remarkable charm and talent. As an observer, his accuracy would do credit to any field-working scientist; as a writer, he stands in the very first class.

If ever a man was born a rolling stone it was Dampier. Bred to a trade in a Somerset village, he turned his back on the prospect of so modest a livelihood to go to sea. A voyage to the Newfoundland Banks proved to his own satisfaction that he did not like cold latitudes, so he went on a voyage to India. After service in the Dutch wars he accepted the post of manager of a West India plantation, but he threw it up to join the hard-drinking band of log-cutters in the Bay of Campeachy (Honduras). In this nursery of buccaneers he easily found the opportunity to cross the isthmus to join the rovers in the South Seas. Thence he went round the world, not once but three times. It took him eight years (1683-1691) to make his first voyage. Having left the original band led by Sharp, he returned to Virginia where he shipped with Captains Davis, Cowley and Cook to rejoin their comrades in the Pacific. He tactfully omits to mention that their ship, the *Batchelour's Delight*, "a lovely ship" of 40 guns, was a piratical seizure. It was intended to sail through the Straits of Magellan, but Dampier dissuaded his captain on the grounds that it was too hazardous a piece of navigation for such an ill-disciplined crew. So they rounded the Horn and joined up with a certain Captain Swan, whose ship was named, by a pretty conceit, the *Cygnets*. After cruising about for some weeks Dampier, in

casual buccaneering fashion, decided to shift to the *Cygnets*—“not from any dislike to my old Captain, but to get some knowledge of the Northern Parts,” for, he admits, “I came into these seas this second time more to indulge my curiosity than to gett wealth.”

The Pacific he thought well named, as long as the name was applied to that part of the ocean lying between 4° and 30° S. Compared with other seas, it was innocent of hurricanes and gales, with only the steady Trade winds blowing. As to entrances to it, he favoured the Horn route, though he admits the possibility of a North-West Passage. New Holland, he thought, might prove to be part of *Terra Australis*, and possibly Davis Land was another part of it. The way to settle the question was obviously to go and look for it, and he blames those trading with the Philippines for the continued existence of the mystery. If one was not a Spaniard and one wished to do business in the Philippines he advised a westerly route via the Horn, making use of the S.E. Trades to cross the Pacific. For the return, instead of using the northern Westerlies, as the Spaniards did, the Englishman should sail south into the Horse Latitudes, and so east to Patagonia. “To speak my Thoughts freely, I believe 'tis owing to the neglect of this easie way that all that vast tract of *Terra Australis* which bounds the South Sea is yet undiscovered.” Cook, on his second voyage, was to prove the truth of this observation, and Dampier was thus the first to suggest the famous route by which the wool clippers sailed from Australia in the nineteenth century.

However, buccaneers had to make a living, and to do that they had to follow frequented trade routes. So when Captain Swan found prizes becoming scarce in the coastwise trade off Mexico, he decided to stretch across to the farther side of the ocean to seek his fortune there. Of course Dampier applauded the decision; indeed, as navigator, he may have been partly responsible for it; but Swan had great difficulty in persuading his 150 men to follow him, such was the fear this great gulf aroused even in such hardy hearts as theirs. “Such was their Ignorance,” smiles Dampier, “they thought he would carry

them out of the world." The crossing in the belt of the N.E. Trades proved easier than had been anticipated. "We made great Runs every Day," the best being 216 miles. He gives interesting statistics about the voyage from Mexico to Guam. The time taken was 52 days; and from the sum of their westings, 7323 miles, or $125^{\circ} 11'$, he was able to correct current misconceptions about the breadth of the ocean.

They reached Guam just in time, for they had only three days' provisions left. "As I was afterwards informed, the Men had contrived, first to kill Capt. *Swan* and eat him when the Victuals was gone, and after him all of us who were accessory in promoting the undertaking of this Voyage. This made Capt. *Swan* say to me after our arrival at Guam, '*Ah! Dampier, you would have made them but a poor Meal*'; for I was as lean as the Captain was lusty and fleshy."

Continuing west to the Philippines, they found themselves in a land flowing with milk and honey, the disciplinary effect of which was worse than that of the privations of the crossing. Idleness bred drunkenness, drunkenness led to dallying with native women, and that begot trouble with jealous husbands, as well as quarrels amongst themselves. Dampier's dislike of the "mad crew," and his taste for wandering, forced him to consort with those mutineers who planned to seize a ship and sail away. Without compunction, the majority, including Captain *Swan*, who was now behaving like a swaggering bully, were left to the mercies of the jealous husbands, by whom they were later killed. Quite casually the deserters decided to "touch at New Holland, a part of *Terra Australis*, to see what that Country would afford us."

It afforded them very little. Both on this occasion and on his subsequent voyage in the *Roebuck*, Dampier only visited the inhospitable north-western shores, and, like his Dutch predecessors, he was not favourably impressed by the "blinking savages" who inhabited what he supposed to be the great Southland. A passage in which he describes them is worth quoting, not only because it is an admirable example of his style, but because it gave Swift a hint for the *Yahoos*.

The Inhabitants of this Country are the miserablest People in the World. The Hodmadods of Monomatapa, though a nasty People, yet for Wealth are Gentlemen to these; who have no houses or skin Garments, Sheep, Poultry, and Fruits of the Earth, Ostrich Eggs, etc. as the Hodmadods have: And setting aside their Humane Shape, they differ but little from Brutes. They are tall, strait-bodied, and thin, with small long Limbs. They have great Heads, round Foreheads, and great Brows. Their Eye-lids are always half closed, to keep the Flies out of their Eyes; they being so troublesome here, that no Fanning will keep them from coming to ones Face; and without the assistance of both Hands to keep them off, they will creep into ones Nostrils, and Mouth too, if the Lips are not shut very close; so that from their Infancy being thus annoyed with these Insects, they do never open their Eyes as other People: And therefore they cannot see far, unless they hold up their Heads, as if they were looking at somewhat over them.

They have great Bottle Noses, pretty full Lips, and wide Mouths. The two Fore-teeth of their Upper Jaw are wanting in all of them, Men and Women, Old and Young; whether they draw them out, I know not: Neither have they any Beards. They are long visaged, and of a very displeasing Aspect, having no one graceful Feature in their Faces.

Such were the impressions of the first Englishman to visit Australia: it is not surprising that his readers were more entranced by the glamour of the unknown *Terra Australis* than by the realities of what we call Australia. His subsequent adventures, including dangers with which those he had previously encountered were "but a play-game in comparison," do not concern us. In devious fashion he worked a passage home with nothing to show for all his adventures but his precious journal, which he had somehow preserved, even though, on occasion, it had to be carried in a hollow bamboo; and his *Painted Prince*, a tattooed Malay called Jeoly, whom he "carried about for a shew, till he died of the Small-Pox at Oxford."

For the next few years he lived in obscurity, assiduously preparing his manuscript for publication. When it appeared in 1697 its success was immediate. In consequence of dedicating it to the President of the Royal Society, the ex-buccaneer was lionised by all those interested in the arts and sciences. Pepys asked him to a dinner party at which Evelyn was present. The latter was very favourably impressed by the modest behaviour of this representative of such legendary monsters; unfortunately Pepys was too blind to record his reactions.

As a result of an introduction to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Dampier found himself in the odd position of being offered the command of one of His Majesty's ships of war to go and discover the southern continent. First he was given the *Jolly Prize*, but when this was found to be totally unsuitable for a voyage of this type he was offered the *Roebuck*, a little ship recently fitted out as a fireship. She was in such terrible condition that she "founder'd thro' perfect Age" on the way back. Evidently the authorities were not prepared to spend much trouble or money on the enterprise. Poor Dampier was put in command of a worm-eaten hulk manned by a discontented crew, whose officers were at no pains to hide their disgust at having to serve under an ex-buccaneer. A few weeks out he had to confine his first lieutenant to his cabin, and then left him unceremoniously ashore at Brazil, because he went about calling his captain "old Rogue, old Dog, old Cheat." For this Dampier was court-martialled on his return in 1702 by a court consisting of four admirals and thirty-three captains. A man of his record stood little chance in a court so constituted. But it must be a unique occurrence in the history of courts-martial that the President, Sir George Rooke, condemned a man who had just returned from naming a new island in his honour, to forfeit all his pay. In addition, Dampier was found "not a fitt person to be Employ'd as commander of any of Her Majesty's ships."

On this voyage, which lasted from 1699 to 1702, Dampier had originally intended to follow his own advice and take the Horn route. Delays on the part of the Navy Board made this

impossible, so he reached New Holland by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Thence, using "Mr. Tasman's draught," he coasted round the north of New Guinea until he came to the limit of charted waters. At this point he was off what we call New Ireland. Finding that the coast trended away to the south, he followed it until the rotten state of his ship and the grumblings of his crew forced him to give up the search for the continent. The coast he was following was a fresh discovery. New Britain, he called it, leaving many English names along it.—Cape Orford, Port Montagu, Cape Anne, Cape Gloster. But what he marks in his map as St. George's Bay is really a strait, in which lies the harbour of Rabaul. A century later Carteret discovered this strait, and since Dampier had named the southern island New Britain, he named the northern one New Ireland.

For an island New Britain proved to be. Dampier found that the coast turned sharply west and that he was able to sail between his discovery and New Guinea. New Britain, and the passage between it and New Guinea which bears his name, form the sum of Dampier's achievements, as far as discovery is concerned. But for the accident of being provided with a rotten ship and a worse crew, his name might have been numbered among the greatest explorers of all time. He knew what to look for, and where to look for it, but his inability to surmount the deficiencies put in his way by the authorities prevented him from finding it. However, the proceeds from his *Voyage to New Holland* compensated him for the loss of the pittance he should have been paid.

Fortunately for him, private shipowners of those days were not over scrupulous about the credentials of a commander of a privateer to operate in the South Seas. The War of the Spanish Succession had now begun, so that a year after his return he had no difficulty in finding a ship, the *St. George* of 26 guns, with which sailed the *Cinque Ports* (Capt. Stradling) of 16 guns. But the *St. George* was as rotten as the *Roebuck*, and for the second time Dampier proved himself an incompetent commander, possibly a dishonest one as well.

Of this new venture, which lasted from 1703 till 1707, we

only have accounts by professed enemies and his own intemperate vindication. Both Funnell, who describes himself as a mate whereas he was only a steward, and midshipman Welbe, charge Dampier with failings which do not square with what we know of him from other sources. The face we see in the fine portrait here reproduced (p. 75) is not the face of a bully. But Welbe declares that he was habitually drunk and abusive, calling his men "rogues, rascals, and sons of bitches." For his part, Dampier frequently expresses his abhorrence of drunkenness, and calls his present crew "a parcel of fellows who were perpetually drunk." Perhaps the truth is that the effects of his buccaneering education became apparent once he got to sea, or else that he was incapable of concealing his intellectual superiority over the sort of seamen with whom he sailed. Evelyn was attracted by his modesty; but Swift describes the Captain Pocock (in reality Dampier) whom Lemuel Gulliver meets on his last voyage as "an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction as it had been of several others." Perhaps that was the secret of his ill-success.

Whatever it was, the catastrophic cruise of the *St. George* proved once more that he did not possess what are mysteriously termed "officer-like qualities." To answer the charge of cowardice it is sufficient to recall the state of his ship, through the worm-eaten timbers of which he could push his finger, and the way in which he was deserted by his consort and by the majority of his crew (including Funnell). The incident in which he is specially accused was a brush with some French corsairs off Juan Fernandez. Dampier's explanation of what happened is that the opening broadside "Dismay'd my Men so much, they actually run down off the Deck, and made nothing of it afterwards, so that when I could have boarded her and carried her, the Mate, Cleppington by Name (Clipperton, who later deserted with twenty-two men), cry'd *The Men are all gone*; and Bellhash the Master, whose Office it was to be always upon Deck, was gone also; tho' this Gentleman is now a Valiant Talker, to my Detriment."

Welbe also declares that, had it not been for Dampier's incompetence, they could have captured the Manila galleon farther north. But with the *St. George* in such a state that she had to be abandoned shortly afterwards her captain was well advised not to press an action.

By this date the *Cinque Ports* had deserted, having narrowly escaped capture at the hands of some St. Malo corsairs engaged by the Spaniards "to search for our English enemies which infest the South Seas." At Juan Fernandez her sailing master, the famous Alexander Selkirk, was left behind at his own request, not, as is usually stated, marooned. Stradling himself suffered shipwreck farther north. He was carried back to France, where he lay manacled in a pit in Dinan prison for five years, before he succeeded in fooling his gaolers with stories about buried treasure on the coast of Peru and escaping by a rope of sheets.

After abandoning the *St. George*, Dampier wished to cross the Pacific in a brigantine prize, following the same route as he had taken with *Swan* ten years before. Welbe says he announced the proposal by piping all hands on deck and asking "Who would stay with him to get Money? For his part he came with that Design, and did not intend to go out of the Seas 'till he got some." Someone asked if he proposed to hand over the plunder to the owners, or whether he intended to share the proceeds among the crew? Dampier appears to have implied the latter, claiming that he was protected by a commission from the Queen. The truth is that he had fallen a prey to the very temptation against which he had warned the naval authorities before setting out on his last voyage: "the Temptation our Seamen have had of late to break loose and turn pirate when they came into the nither parts of the World."

Twenty-seven men agreed to sail with him, but fifty-six preferred to leave, declaring that he would never get across with that crew—and indeed, says Dampier, "it is a Miracle in Nature how I did." Nevertheless, he rounded the world a second time, even though his prize was confiscated and he himself imprisoned for a time by the Dutch at Batavia.

His third and last circumnavigation (1708-1711) was more successful, chiefly because he sailed in the subordinate capacity of "pilot for the South Seas." Furthermore, this was the only voyage in which he returned to England in the same ship as he set out.

The ships chartered for this expedition were two well-found and well-armed privateers, named the *Duke* (320 tons) and the *Duchess* (260 tons), commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers. As they approached Juan Fernandez the crew noticed the smoke of a fire, evidently a distress signal. It had been lit by Selkirk, whom they met curiously attired in goatskins. After nearly five years' isolation, says Rogers, "for want of use he spoke his words by halves." An ex-buccaneer named Cook, who was on board as second in command, says that when Selkirk heard that "a certain officer" was with them he wanted to return to his island, and that it was with difficulty he was persuaded to cease being monarch of all he surveyed. The officer in question has been identified with Dampier; but it was Stradling, not Dampier, with whom Selkirk originally quarrelled, and it was Dampier who gave him a testimonial on the strength of which he was signed on as mate on board the *Duchess*.

As with all privateering ventures, their cruise up the coast and across to Guam was carried out in accordance with Elizabethan precedents. The same towns were burned, the same silver looted, and almost the same galleon captured—the smaller Manila ship, the larger one beating off their attack. And just as Drake's habit of dining off silver plate to the music of violins so much endears him to us, so does Rogers' celebration of St. Valentine's Day in mid-ocean. Having drawn up a list "of the fair ladies of Bristol, I sent for my officers into my cabin, where everyone drew and drank the lady's health in a cup of punch, and to a happy sight of 'em all; this I did to put 'em in mind of home." (Captain Cowley did the same thing off the Horn, with disastrous results. While he and his buccaneers were "chusing of Valentines, and discoursing of the Intrigues of Women, there arose a prodigious Storm, driving us into the lat. of 60 deg. and 30 min. South, which is farther than any

ship hath sailed before South; so that we concluded the discouraging of Women at Sea was very unlucky, and occasioned the Storm.”)

Dampier, who had sailed with Cowley, found things better managed in Rogers' ship. Batavia, too, instead of being a place where they threw you into prison as a pirate, proved “a glorious place for Punch.” And alone of his voyages, the expedition was a financial success. It cost £14,000 to fit out, but Rogers returned with “a hundred tons of gold,” besides two silver candlesticks still in Bristol Cathedral. It was a happy conclusion to a rambling life. Dampier was now a man of sixty, with three outstanding books and three circumnavigations to his credit. Clearly, it was time to retire. After an unsuccessful lawsuit to obtain a larger share of the prize money, he died four years later.

Sailors and readers have united in praise of him. The style of his prose has charmed generations of readers from the time of Swift to that of Masfield. Of course, those who look for respectable virtues like leadership and honesty may be disappointed, for what can only be called very bad company in youth can hardly be expected to produce an efficient executive officer. But everything can be forgiven the man who wrote the best book about the South Sea, to the inspiration of which may be traced the final search for the great Southland.

If Dampier put the Pacific on the map again, and Selkirk produced a whole gallery of Crusoes, Shelvocke, the last of the Pacific privateers, was the man who provided the hint for the story of the Ancient Mariner. His voyage was obviously inspired by the resounding success of Woodes Rogers ten years before him. In 1718, taking advantage of a brief state of war with Spain, certain persons of distinction and merchants of the city of London decided to plunder the Pacific Coast, and thus “put their seafaring friends into a promising employment.” Their claim to be animated by a high-minded desire to be better acquainted with the navigation of that part of the world may be discounted in view of the character of the said seafaring friends, for the chief interest of the voyage is the way it illus-

trates how narrow were the bounds which divided privateering from piracy.

Originally Shelvocke, who had seen service in the Navy, was put in command of the ships *Success* and *Speedwell*, but his behaviour proved so unsatisfactory before the start that Dampier's mate, Clipperton, was given the supreme command. Being relegated to the smaller ship, the *Speedwell*, Shelvocke took the first opportunity to part company with his superior officer; of course he blames the weather and the dishonesty of Clipperton's intentions for what occurred. According to him, everything went wrong from the start; unfortunately for his story, William Betagh, captain of marines on board the *Speedwell*, survived to write a damaging commentary on his story when it was published in 1726.

The entry into the Pacific was made round the Horn. His description of the "most uncomfortable landskip" of Staten Island, with its snowy cliffs wreathed in mists, the piercing winds bringing snow and sleet, the icebergs encountered, are concentrated in the crucible of the poet's imagination into

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

It was here that Simon Hatley, late mate of the *Duchess*, shot the albatross. "We had not had sight of one fish of any kind, since we were come to the Southward of the streights of Le Maire, nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black *Albatross*, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if he had lost himself, till Hatley (my second captain), observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that this bird was always hovering near us, imagined, from his colour, that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to

encourage his superstition, was the continual series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppressed us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, he, after some fruitless attempts, at length shot the *Albatross*, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it."

By slow degrees they crept northwards to Juan Fernandez, where Shelvocke professed to think that Clipperton would be waiting. Of course he was not there, so they embarked under French colours on a cruise up and down the coast. Shelvocke's favourite custom was to capture a prize and then demand ransom (in gold or silver) at the point of a gun; sometimes he succeeded, but often the Spaniards merely shrugged their shoulders and watched him burn their wretched ships in peevish disappointment. Payta was sacked, as it had been many times before and was to be again. Then Shelvocke returned to Juan Fernandez in order to refit. However, soon after he got there, the *Speedwell* was cast away on some rocks, according to Betagh on purpose to defraud the owners. Finding that "everything that one sees or hears in this place is perfectly romantick" (an early example of the use of this word in its modern sense), his thoughts may well have turned to the delights of a buccaneering cruise, of doing what Dampier would have liked to have done when he abandoned the *St. George*. According to him, his men decided the question by mutinying, deposing him from his position, allowing him six instead of the customary sixty shares in the loot, and declaring they were their own masters. They then proceeded to quarrel amongst themselves, and each side in turn begged Shelvocke to resume command.

A boat of sorts was built and the pirate band set out to seize the first ship they could find to replace their own crazy craft. Having done so, they looted what was left of Payta and cruised north to the Mexican coast. Here, by the merest chance, they fell in with the *Success*, but met with a very cool reception. It was clear to all those on board Clipperton's vessel that Shelvocke's men had turned pirate. Says the chief mate of the *Success*, "they have quite broke their articles with the owners, and have shared all among themselves." At that date pirates

were being regularly executed at home, so the law-abiding privateers, as Shelvocke complains, "were unwilling to have anything to say or do with me." Having handed over some ammunition; Clipperton sheered off next day, and though they occasionally met during the next few weeks, sometimes passing so near each other that a biscuit might have been tossed from one ship to another, they were no longer on speaking terms. Shelvocke, however, met with more success than he deserved, as one of the ships he captured was found to be carrying 100,000 dollars in coin on board. He was informed by the Spanish authorities that peace had been signed, so he promptly put to sea again with his prize. There was nothing for it but to cross the Pacific.

The voyage took him twice as long as he expected from a reading of Dampier's account, and his men suffered so badly from scurvy that he dared not stop at Guam to refresh them, in case he should be attacked in his present weak state. In November 1721 he anchored in the Canton river, only to find the *Success* already there before him. For a final fling at his rivals, he relates how Clipperton ran his ship on shore in an attempt to take a prize, and that to animate himself against the spirited fire of the enemy he had recourse to brandy to such an extent "that he in an instant became dead drunk, and tumbled on the deck, and snored out his time in a beastly manner, whilst his first lieutenant Davidson undertook the command of the ship, which he bravely executed till he was killed." As soon as the engagement was broken off, his men locked him in his cabin and deserted.

Shelvocke's crew did very much the same, so he sold the ship and took a passage home in an East Indiaman. But that was not the end of this sorry venture, for the owners had him arrested on charges ranging from piracy to fraud. In the distribution of the prize money at Macao each man received 1887 dollars, Shelvocke reserving for his own share 11,325; that left at least 10,000 unaccounted for, apart from the transparently fraudulent arrangement he made with the Chinese over the sale of the ship. Shelyocke obtained bail and fled the

country. To save the family reputation his brother-in-law made some sort of composition with the owners, but Betagh concludes his commentary in the confident hope that his late captain would soon be caught and tried for piracy.

One day in the autumn of 1797 Coleridge, Wordsworth and Dorothy set out to walk over the Quantocks to Lynton. To defray their expenses they proposed to write a poem; casting about for a subject Wordsworth mentioned that he had lately been reading Shelvocke's narrative in which he was struck by the episode of Hatley and the albatross. From Professor Livingstone Lowes' researches we know how extraordinary was Coleridge's appetite for the old voyagers. As if by magic, the mass of miscellaneous knowledge he had gathered in his mind was fired by the hint Wordsworth gave him, and thus Shelvocke's miserable voyage resulted at long last in that lovely mosaic of details from forgotten travel books which is called *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. The argument of that poem is the argument of this book: "*How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storm to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.*"

VII

THE BACKGROUND OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WE have seen how religious and political problems in Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century left little opportunity for further exploration of the Pacific. The hiatus in actual voyages to that part of the world is mirrored by the absence of those collections of travels which form such a distinctive feature of Tudor and Georgian literature. Between *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas his Pilgrimes* in 1625 and the small collection dedicated to Samuel Pepys in 1694 nothing of the sort was published in this country. The importance of such travel literature is not to be underestimated. Not merely does it provide a source of entertainment and information for posterity, but it illustrates the extent of contemporary interest and affords an immediate inspiration to other voyagers. The first great period of our travel literature is, of course, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The second begins about the time of Anne and continues throughout the century. It is the aim of this chapter to show how the popularity of such books of travel turned the minds of Europeans a second time towards the Pacific, until the mysteries of a still comparatively unknown sea were finally elucidated.

Strictly speaking, the revival of serious interest in the South Seas in this country dates from the publication of the 1694 volume, because in it appeared Narborough's journal and Tasman's "discovery of a New World not yet known to the English." But popular interest was first roused by stories of the buccaneers. Esquemeling's classic *History of the Buccaneers in America* was written before their invasion of the Pacific began; but when it was translated into English in 1684 there appeared, as a supplementary volume, Basil Ringrose's account of the activities of his late comrades in arms there. Indeed, nothing is more extraordinary about that profligate

crew than the number who wrote up their adventures on their return to this country. Two of their narratives, edited by their friend Captain Hacke, were presented to the public in 1699. Many other buccaneers, as well as most of the privateers, kept journals which they sold to eager publishers; others still remain unpublished in the collection left by Dr. Sloane to form the nucleus of the British Museum. As for pirates, Johnson's *General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates* gives a spicy account of their already legendary fame. The boom in the picaresque sea story had begun.

Dampier, of course, stands pre-eminent among such authors. His first book was published in 1697, and his voyages are collected in the delightful little four-volume edition of 1729. Unlike the Newgate Calendar style of some of his fellows, or the dull logs kept by others, his work is that of a scientist who can write. "It cannot be expected that a Seaman should affect Politeness," he writes when explaining that he has done his best for the polite reader to remove uncouth seamanlike expressions. Whereupon mean-spirited professionals like Defoe and Swift spread the rumour that he got someone else to write his books for him. Dampier justly retorted that he only did what every author did in asking the advice of friends, and there is no doubt whatever about the honesty of his work.

It is by style a book lives, and it was chiefly on account of his vigorous style that Dampier won such enormous popularity. His success is to be measured, not only by the number of editions his books ran through, but by the imitations which they inspired. Before long, tales of adventure in the South Seas came to hold the same place for the common reader of Georgian times as the detective story does today. Professionals were quick to exploit the new vein. Of course, they affected to disdain a purely seamanlike style, but they were not past borrowing whole paragraphs from nautical writers when they needed colour, as Swift does in Gulliver's first voyage.

However, it was Daniel Defoe, the best liar and the most industrious journalist of the period, who led the field. Using Selkirk (whom he does not appear to have met) and other

travellers for copy, he produced that best-seller, *Robinson Crusoe*, in 1719. He quickly followed it up with similar books, such as *Captain Singleton* (based on legends about the pirate Avery), and *A New Voyage Round the World*, a barefaced synthesis of Schouten, Narborough and Dampier.

Swift pretended to despise both Defoe and Dampier, the one because he was not a gentleman and the other because he was a teller of tall stories. He loftily complains that the country is "overstocked with books of travels"; but it is no accident that Gulliver, like Dampier, goes on four voyages, or that the places he visits are all in that conveniently distant part of the world. Lilliput is placed in the middle of Australia, but no geographer of the time was in a position to contradict the author. The land of the Houyhnhnms is a fantasy of the continent which owes a good deal to Dampier. Brobdingnag and Balnibarbi (the slave state of the floating island of Laputa) are somewhere in the north Pacific. The style, the originality of invention, the scarifying satire displayed in these voyages, puts them far apart from the host of imaginary travels which were appearing at that time. Like his modern equivalent in crime, the imaginary traveller strove to be original, but more often than not he was the slave of a formula—the desert island in the South Sea, the shipwrecked mariner, the bold buccaneer, the escaped slave, the happy return. Imaginary captains like Falconer and Boyle, imaginary lands like Psalmanaazar's Formosa, are but reflections of the real thing as described in previous chapters. Turning on his own kind, as was his wont, Swift satirises the craze in his *Project for the Universal Benefit of Mankind*. "The author, having laboured so long, and done so much, to serve and instruct the public, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in *folio*, an exact description of *Terra Australis Incognita*, collected with great care and pains from 999 learned and pious authors, of undoubted veracity. . . . This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because

it contains exact account of all the provinces, colonies and mansions of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported."

It cannot be an accident that the year in which those words appeared (1704) saw the first of the great folio collections which go marching down the century: Churchill and Harris and Moll's huge atlas, down to those of the age of Pinkerton and Burney, still the best historian of the Pacific. In every case the central interest is the famous continent.

The way in which the published narratives of voyages influenced public opinion is also illustrated by the host of gimcrack financial projects which mark the opening of the century. Of these the most famous is the South Sea Company, founded in 1711 (possibly at Defoe's suggestion), and exploding in the Bubble of 1720. In actual fact it had nothing to do with the South Seas except in name, for it never sent a ship thither and it soon became nothing more than a financial ramp; but it is significant that the name itself should be chosen as typifying the *El Dorado* of the period. According to Harris, the directors adduced in their defence the profits made by Woodes Rogers "when the plan of it was attacked as insufficient and chimerical."

The wording of the Act incorporating the Company should have put investors on their guard. In the first paragraph a South Sea trade is spoken of as already in existence, but in the third it is explained that it is of the greatest consequence such a trade should be established. The area to be exploited consisted of the coasts of South America, no ship being permitted to trade outside a belt 300 leagues broad up the west coast, and no ship was to sail from America to the East Indies. Thus *Terra Australis* lay outside the scope of the project. Meanwhile the terms of its foundation brushed aside the Spanish claim to a monopoly in those parts. At the end of the War of the Spanish Succession Spain agreed to hand over the *asiento*, or Atlantic slave trade, to the Company, but she would not abate one jot of her ancient pretensions in the Pacific.

In 1720 there occurred a similar financial slump in France. This was chiefly due to the collapse of John Law's *Compagnie*

des Indes, which also promised a monopoly in those parts. The French had at least begun to lay the foundations of a trade there, but, once financial interests were allowed to interfere, it collapsed in the same catastrophic way as the English company. By the end of the year, thousands of ruined speculators in both countries had reason to curse the fatal attraction of the South Seas.

The revival of political interest in the Pacific was due to the possibility of the unwieldy empire of Spain breaking up when the death of Charles II in 1700 precipitated the War of the Spanish Succession. Such hopes were dashed by the special clause in the Treaty of Utrecht at the end of the war which reasserted Spanish claims in that ocean. Nevertheless farsighted individuals continued to press upon their Governments the importance of expansion in the southern hemisphere. As far as Holland was concerned, the advice of Purry to colonise Australia, and the voyage of Roggeveen to discover the southern continent, came to nothing. In England and France more definite steps were taken. Both countries had their paper South Sea companies; both had their privateers and buccaneers; both had their semi-official spies to see what prospect there was for trade. At home, geographers and projectors clamoured for renewed attempts to solve the mystery.

The English buccaneers with whom we were concerned in the last chapter were by no means the only ones in the Pacific. There were numerous brushes between men like Dampier and their French rivals, for though French corsairs appeared in those seas a few years later than the English, when they came, they came in greater numbers. Between 1695 and 1726 over one hundred voyages to Peru are recorded; of these eleven continued round the world, though little is known about them. The first expedition was led by an ex-naval captain named De Gennes, and was backed by important personages, but it never reached the Pacific. The aim of the next expedition, under Beauchesne, was chiefly to remedy the defect to which the failure of the first was due: lack of accurate knowledge about the entry into the unknown sea. Beauchesne sailed

with royal authority to spend seven months charting the entries, but, like Narborough, he met with a cool reception when he reached South American waters. On the outbreak of war, however, accredited privateers were made more welcome, since the nominal King of Spain was now Louis XIV's grandson and their services could be enlisted against the English rovers.

In 1701 two St. Malo ships under Pierre Perrée du Coudray, later Sieur de Villestraux, returned with a cargo worth 160,000 *livres*. His success popularised the trade. A *Compagnie de la Chine de Saint Malo* was formed, and many adventurers made a fortune by following his tracks. As the war continued and the Spanish colonies became isolated from their normal source of supply, the trade became immensely profitable: cargoes worth 7 million *livres*, 30 million *livres* began to be reported. Of course only a minute proportion ever reached the royal treasury, but imagine the joy at Versailles over something that really did pay a profit! One authority estimates that between 1707 and 1720 250 million *livres* reached France in this way.

The geographical knowledge thus acquired proved of great value to later explorers. It was these men who named what the Dutch called the Sebaldines, and the English the Falklands, Les Malouines and established the first settlement there at Port Louis. One of their number discovered what he called the Passage de St. Barbe, between Tierra del Fuego and the islands farther west. Another observed more exactly the position of the Horn and the trend of the coast north, so that eighteenth century maps of South America cease to have the stunted appearance which they have in atlases of the previous century.

The most important voyage of all was the official expedition led by Frézier in 1711-1714. His instructions were "to make Hydrographical observations for the use of mariners and for the correction of charts," as well as to find out the position of Spanish strong points, the possibilities of trade, the habits of the natives, etc. Though he sailed as a trader in a merchant ship, he was really nothing more than a government spy. His work is a notable contribution to the topography of this region. The surprising thing is that its publication was permitted, with

the result that it was promptly translated into English, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales as the Governor of the South Sea Company. The translator hoped that it would prove useful to the company; actually it served for a guidebook to men of the stamp of Shelvocke, who frequently refers to it. As to *Terra Australis*, Frézier says "those Southern Lands generally laid down in the old charts are mere chimeras, which have justly been left out of the new charts"; but a glance at one of the atlases published at the time is not reassuring. In the *mappemonde* of M. Delisle, for example, shreds of the southern continent still hang about the bottom of the map; New Guinea is still joined to Australia; there is evidence of a North-West Passage; and the Solomons have by now migrated half-way across the ocean.

The lust for gold and that curiosity which impels men to see what lies around the corner have always been the predominating motives of exploration. Usually both are present, but as the eighteenth century advances the magic word "gold" falls out of use in favour of politer words such as "trade" or "colonisation"; at the same time, in these state-aided expeditions, curiosity and the love of adventure take on a more scientific tone. The turning point between the old period of privileged plunderers and the new period of official scientific exploration is Anson's voyage of 1740-1744.

This famous circumnavigation belongs in strategy and outline to the Elizabethan pattern. It was the last of the type. Henceforward, in naval warfare, predatory expeditions such as this gives place to a strategy pivoting on the blockade of Brest by a Western Squadron. When it was realised how negligible were the effects of this voyage upon the course of the War of the Austrian Succession a sounder strategy, on the base of which British naval supremacy was built, was adopted, the man chiefly responsible for the change being Anson himself. Nor was his voyage important as far as geographical exploration was concerned, for he followed the well-known route—St. Julian, the Horn, Payta, the Mexican coast, the Marianas. Thence the *Centurion* made her way to the Canton river, being the first

British warship to visit China. As the result of intercepting the Manila galleon near the Philippines, £480,000 worth of treasure was taken; but the cost in terms of human life was very heavy.

The consequences rather than the course of the voyage concern us here. In the first place, it is the classic example of the deadly effects of scurvy. Before the introduction of canned provisions and the frigidaire, a diet composed exclusively of salt meat and biscuit, washed down with rum, resulted in a deficiency of vitamin C, the vitamin found in fresh vegetables. Immunity to diseases like scurvy and dysentery was further weakened by low standards of cleanliness and living conditions. Scurvy itself affected sailors in different ways: pains in the joints; a swelling of the gums; hæmorrhages; brittle bones; an extraordinary lassitude, combined with an access of low spirits. "A strange dejection of spirits, with shivering, tremblings, and a disposition to be seized with the most dreadful terrors on the slightest accident," notes one of the narrators of Anson's voyage. "Many of our people though confined to their hammocks, were cheerful, and talked, with seeming vigour in a loud, strong voice; yet, on their being in the least moved, though it was only from one part of the ship to another, and that, too, in their hammocks, they have immediately expired. Others who, confiding in their seeming strength, have resolved to get out of their hammocks, have died before they could reach the deck." The mere smell and touch of mother earth seems to have revived some; others pathetically lay about the decks, rolling from side to side with the motion of the ship, until they were swept overboard.

Every long voyage was marked by a recurrence of the disease, but on some voyages it was worse than others. Anybody who took the trouble to study the incidence of the disease (and the naval authorities were the last people to do so), could say definitely that the longer the voyage, the more certain was scurvy; the dirtier the ship, the more exhausted the men, the greater the number of deaths. The chief lesson to be learned from Anson's experience was that overcrowding was fatal. The statistics collected by Vice-Admiral Boyle Somerville in his excellent account of the voyage put this beyond question.

Naturally the 500 decrepit Chelsea pensioners, which a criminally stupid administration sent to sea, never stood a chance of withstanding the rigours of a long Pacific voyage. But hardly a single officer died. In the *Anna* pink of 400 tons, with a crew of 16, not one died from scurvy. In the *Tryall* of 200 tons, 57 out of 96 men died before reaching Juan Fernandez. While in the *Gloucester* which carried a number of soldiers, 278 out of 396 died. Out of the 1955 men who sailed from England in 7 ships, 1051 died from scurvy. Only 145 returned in the *Centurion*, the one ship which succeeded in sailing round the world. Pizarro's squadron, which was sent out to intercept Anson, seems to have suffered even worse: only 100 out of 3000 Spaniards ever returned.

In the face of such catastrophic losses one asks why, if the disease was so well known, had nothing been done about it? Something had, outside the Navy. East Indiamen, for example, were generally known as "lime-juicers" (possibly the origin of the American word "limey"), on account of their issue of lime juice. This appears to have been a misnomer, for it is the lemon and not the West Indian lime which possesses the requisite anti-scorbutic properties. As early as 1634 Captain Boteler describes it as "excellent against the scorbute." Every seaman knew the value of fresh vegetables, and good commanders made use of the islands they touched at to collect a supply. But islands are not common in the north Pacific. The only medicine provided for Anson and his men was a violent purgative called "the Pill and Drop of Dr. Ward." Moreover, the worst casualties occurred before he ever reached the Pacific proper, on account of overcrowding and the exhausted state of his men resulting from a singularly difficult passage round the Horn. The correct diagnosis of the disease begins, not with Cook, as popular legend has it, but with Dr. James Lind's treatise on the subject in 1753, his researches being inspired by what Anson's men had suffered. In spite of the example set by Cook and his contemporary, Sir Gilbert Blane (principal medical officer in Rodney's fleet during the American war), lemon juice was not officially issued to all H.M. ships until the very end of the century.

Anson's disastrous passage round the Horn leads us to a second aspect of this voyage. So little progress had been made in the art of navigation since the time of the first explorers that the master's mate on board the flagship was capable of making an error of 9° in his estimated longitude, in consequence of which the ships turned north too soon after passing Cape Horn. In the darkness the signal gun of the leading ship gave warning of breakers ahead; the squadron was 350 miles to the east of the estimated position, and Anson had to turn his ships south again to avoid the rocky cliffs of Cape Noir. More gales, ever increasing in fury, had to be fought to increase his westing, so that scores of exhausted men fell a prey to scurvy in consequence of a navigational error. At least 70 more died on board the *Centurion* because, even when they reached the latitude of Juan Fernandez, their ignorance of longitude was such that they spent eleven days finding out if they were east or west of the island. The men of the *Gloucester* were so weak that she took no less than fourteen days to reach her anchorage after sighting it. As for the *Severn*, her captain declared on her return that when he thought he was steering for the rendezvous in Chile he found himself off the coast of Patagonia on the opposite side of the continent.

These incredible facts were solely due to the absence of chronometers. Here again the century saw a notable advance, but the invention was adopted too late to benefit any of the voyagers whose exploits are recorded in this volume. Other countries had offered prizes for an efficient marine timekeeper before the English did so in 1714 (shortly after the Board of Longitude had been established at Greenwich). John Harrison ultimately won the prize, or part of it, for the Board was mean enough to deny him the full sum. His first timekeeper was tested on board the *Centurion* in 1736, but it was not regarded as sufficiently accurate to be taken with her round the world. The first commander to do so was Cook, who carried the prize-winning watch with him in 1772 on his second voyage and found it "our faithful guide." Thus none of his predecessors possessed the means of determining their position accurately,

and none of them had the benefits of medical knowledge which would have diminished the casualties they suffered on account of the errors in navigation they inevitably made.

Another thing that the voyage made clear was the necessity of a southern base. During Anson's long tenure of office at the Admiralty he was fully alive to this need. The much maligned Sandwich was a member of the Board during most of that time, and it was probably due to his contact with Anson that, when the semi-official voyages to the Pacific began, their secondary objective was invariably the reconnaissance of a base, either in the Falklands, or at Juan Fernandez, or somewhere on the coast of Chile.

Next to *Robinson Crusoe*, accounts of Anson's voyage achieved more international popularity than any other book of travel of the period. The description of island paradises, such as Tinian in the Marianas, must have had a good deal to do with the vogue of the myth of the Noble Savage and the State of Nature. At this date Rousseau was just beginning his attack on the dangers of civilisation, and it is said that his disciple, Bernardin de St. Pierre, knew his *Robinson Crusoe* off by heart. To such readers nothing could be more romantic than the description of the pleasure with which Anson's scurvy-ridden crew viewed the green lawns of Tinian, where herds of milk-white cattle grazed beneath fruit-bearing trees. Well might the poor wretches have exclaimed with Marvel—

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

All of which was nearly literally true, if guavas and oranges are substituted for the nectarine and curious peach.

The year Anson returned to this country a certain John Campbell began to issue a new edition of Harris' collection of

voyages. It is to monumental collections such as this that we must turn if we wish to see the background against which the last stage of Pacific exploration was carried out. In these huge volumes lie the seed of the final discoveries. The patriotic Campbell addressed his book to the "Merchants of Great Britain" in an attempt to convince them of riches as yet undiscovered. To do this he had to touch up the depressing picture of Australia drawn by earlier visitors, though the known facts did not in the least warrant his optimism. None the less it is fascinating to see how he anticipated the discovery of rich gold-fields in Australia and the strategic importance of New Britain. He advised his countrymen to lose no time in appropriating countries which the Dutch had failed to exploit. As to *Terra Australis* (which he imagined to lie farther east), he urged that its position at least should be finally fixed: its western seaboard was no doubt Tasman's New Zealand, and its northern promontories had been seen by men like Quiros and Schouten and Roggeveen. To this end, the Falklands and Juan Fernandez were the obvious bases.

Meanwhile French opinion was moving in the same direction. Distinguished *philosophes* like Buffon, the naturalist, and Maupertuis, the mathematician, were saying much the same thing at the same time. In the forefront of the programme of the Academy of Science, over which Maupertuis presided, was a project for the discovery of *Terra Australis*, and the most important French work on the subject grew out of a paper read to one of its discussion groups.

This was the two-volume work of Charles de Brosses, President of the *Parlement* of Burgundy, which appeared in 1756. Its title gives the scope of its contents: "*Histoire des Navigations aux Terres Australes, contenant ce que l'on sçait des mœurs et des productions des Contrées découvertes jusqu'à ce jour; et où il est traité de l'utilité d'y faire de plus amples découvertes, et des moyens d'y former un établissement.*" Lytton Strachey has given us a delightful portrait in miniature of the only man to get the better of Voltaire, and whom he in revenge prevented from becoming a member of the Academy. As the first of a

distinguished band of French archaeologists and anthropologists, De Brosses richly deserved a seat. The work under discussion was by far the most original and scientific approach to the problem of the Pacific which had hitherto appeared. Writing on the eve of the Seven Years War, he warned his countrymen that "a neighbouring power is aiming at the universal monarchy of the seas," and that unless France acted quickly the richest prize—*Terra Australis*—would fall into British hands. Instead of aiming at the conquest of some wretched ravaged province, of two or three cannon-shattered fortresses, the discovery of such a continent would be "the grandest, noblest, most useful enterprise a sovereign could undertake." It was not necessary to conquer it in the ruthless Spanish manner, but rather to establish forts and factories on its coasts, as the Dutch had done in Africa, whence the seeds of French civilisation would spread amongst its benighted inhabitants. As the first step, some island like Juan Fernandez must be occupied. We shall see how Louis XV, after his discomfiture in the Seven Years War, acted on this advice.

The *Terres Australes*, as De Brosses understands them, are not one continent, but a collection of huge islands which maintain the equilibrium of the globe. He neatly divides these territories into three parts, inventing the names which we still use for those parts which really do exist. Everything lying to the south of Asia he calls Australasia; the lands he imagined to lie in the South Atlantic he calls Magellanica; while to "everything which the vast pacific ocean contains, I shall give the name *Polynesta* on account of the number of islands to be found there." Proceeding to a detailed description, he estimates that the territories cover an area of eight to ten million square miles, with a proportionately huge population. The potential value of the fruits, minerals, fish, etc., to be found there staggers even his imagination. In order to stake out a prior claim to the southern lands he cites the legendary voyage of the Sieur de Gonneville in 1503. (Actually Gonneville discovered Madagascar, or it may have been Brazil.) In these days, he concludes, an overseas empire is the destiny of great nations. "One cannot

too frequently repeat in France, that he who is master of the sea is master of the land."

There were those in France, notably the Duc de Choiseul and M. de Bougainville, who heeded his words. The French Empire in the Pacific is what remains of his dream. The outcome of the Seven Years War decided which nation was to win the prize of empire, and it is significant that when an unacknowledged translation of his work appeared in England at the end of the war his translator, John Callandar, was in a position to brag of the might of his country at the expense of a defeated rival. "United among ourselves, respected by foreigners, with our marine force entire, and (humanly speaking) invincible, aided by a set of naval officers superior in every respect to those of the nations around us, etc., etc. . . ." With even more assurance than the man whose argument he plagiarises, Callandar entitled his work *Terra Australis Cognita*, for "these seas are known, the latitude and longitude of the principal lands are ascertained." Who could doubt it?

This was the question to which the final group of Pacific explorers attempted to find an answer. We must imagine them as setting out, as so many had done before them, to sail beyond the sunset for a prize painted for them in glittering colours by geographers at home. Unlike the first lonely wanderers, they had behind them, not only the newly awakened interest of a wide public, but the prestige of great powers brought to the edge of conflict by their rivalry to find and claim that which had remained hidden for so long. The stage was set for the last act.

VIII

FOUL WEATHER JACK

AT half-past four in the morning of May 14, 1741, His Majesty's ship *Wager* struck the rocks of a barren island 90 leagues north of the western exit of the Straits of Magellan. She had lost touch with the other ships of Commodore Anson's squadron in the gales encountered off the Horn, and her loss was particularly serious since she carried most of the equipment for the intended landings in South America. Like the other ships, she was manned by a pressed crew and "a poor detachment of decrepit and inferior invalids from Chelsea Hospital." One of the three midshipmen on board was the Hon. John Byron, grandfather of the poet. This was his first encounter with the sort of weather which he was destined to meet in every one of the seven seas, earning him his service nickname of Foul Weather Jack.

The wreck of the *Wager* was a terrible initiation to the South Seas. As soon as the ship struck on the fangs of that desolate coast all semblance of discipline vanished. Anyone who could move immediately rushed on deck, leaving those victims of scurvy who were confined to their hammocks to be drowned below. Those of the sick who succeeded in reaching the deck were many of them so weak that they were washed overboard by the waves sweeping over the ship. Some went mad with fear, falling on their knees and praying for mercy, or jumping over the side into the boiling surf. One poor fellow rushed about waving a cutlass calling himself the King of the Country and cutting down everyone within reach, until somebody knocked him overboard. Few kept their heads beside the helmsman, who stuck to his post though rudder and tiller were gone, and the mate, who did his best to recall the men to a sense of their duty. In vain, for the ship was breaking up under them as the seas pounded her upon the rocks.

When the clouds lifted they could discern the snowy peaks

of the Cordilleras rising to the east beyond the rocky island. The officers put off in the barges and yawl to establish a camp on shore. That was the signal for pandemonium to break out among those left behind in the ship. Led by the bo'sun, the men rushed below, staving in casks and chests, wantonly smashing everything they could find. Many were soon so drunk that they reeled across the sloping deck into the sea. When the bo'sun thought fit to recall a boat to take them off, he fired two shots from the quarter-deck gun directly at the Indian hovel where the Captain had established himself. In obedience to this summons, the latter came on board, found the men dressed up in officers' finery rifled from below, and knocked their leader down.

It was unfortunate that at the time of the wreck Captain Cheap had dislocated his shoulder. At the best of times he had nothing to commend him save his courage. But from the moment the ship struck he showed himself utterly incompetent to maintain discipline in the face of the catastrophe which had befallen him. A hundred and forty men were saved from the wreck, but the number was soon reduced by a third in consequence of the murdering and pillaging on shore. Whatever the Captain could do, the store tent was robbed daily. Two marine culprits were sentenced to 600 lashes each; 200 were given them, but the ravenous crew demanded their instant death. Starvation soon reached such a point that a ship's boy was with difficulty restrained from eating the liver of a drowned sailor.

The problem of maintaining any semblance of order was complicated by the fact that in those days a captain's authority ceased with the disappearance of his ship. In consequence of Cheap's experience the law was changed, but his behaviour was such that he could never have won the loyalty of his men, even if the law had been on his side. The event which precipitated what we should call a mutiny was his inhuman treatment of a midshipman named Cozens, recently promoted from the lower deck and extremely popular with the men. Cozens was rolling a cask of brandy up to the store tent. Finding it heavy for him, he paused to straighten his back. At that moment the Captain appeared.

“You’re drunk!” he shouted.

“With what should I get drunk, unless it be with water?” replied Cozens.

“You scoundrel, get more hands and roll the cask up,” answered Cheap, striking him with his cane. Cozens muttered something about Shelvocke to the disparagement of the Captain. “Tho’ Shelvocke was a rogue he was no fool; and by God you are both!” shouted Cheap. He then attempted to strike Cozens again, but was prevented by a bystander.

Two days later Cozens quarrelled with the purser, in the course of which he attempted to shoot him, and would have done so had not the pistol been knocked out of his hand. Emerging from his tent at the sound of the shot, Cheap ran up and, without so much as asking a question, shot Cozens through the jaw. The boy was not dead, but Cheap refused to allow anyone to attend him, in consequence of which he died after lying weltering in his blood for some days.

The Captain’s headstrong behaviour on this occasion profoundly shocked the crew. At the same time a scheme was being propounded of which Cheap totally disapproved. Mr. Bulkeley, the gunner, a man of a strong and independent mind, came across young Byron reading the narrative of Sir John Narborough, which had somehow been saved from the wreck. Looking at the plan of the Straits which the volume contained, the idea occurred to him that the best way out of their present predicament was to return through the Straits in the ship’s boats. Several of the officers agreed with him, but when it was suggested to the Captain the latter strongly opposed it, though he was unwise enough not to admit this openly. The idea of an open boat journey like that seemed to him to be crazy. His suggestion was that they should make for the rendezvous at Socorro to the northward; failing that, that they should give themselves up at the nearest Spanish settlement, which he mistakenly imagined to be not far off. The discussion dragged on for several weeks, the men becoming increasingly exasperated by hunger and Cheap’s temporisations.

On October 9 Captain Pemberton of the marines made the

decisive move. Accompanied by a body of supporters, he surprised Cheap in his tent in bed.

"What are you about? Where are my officers?" shouted the Captain. The gunner and others coming in, he repeated the question, "Gentlemen, do you know what you are about?"

"Yes, sir; our assistance was demanded by Captain Pemberton to secure you as a prisoner for the death of Mr. Cozens."

"Gentlemen," replied Cheap, "Captain Pemberton has nothing to do with me; I am your commander still; I will show you my Instructions." As they refused to be impressed, he gave up. "Gentlemen, you have caught me napping; I do not see any of you in liquor; you are a parcel of brave fellows, but my officers are scoundrels."

He asked Lieutenant Beans what he proposed to do with him. Beans replied that he was to be put under guard in the purser's tent. "Hum!" says the Captain, "I should be obliged to the gentlemen if they would let me stay in my own tent." His request was refused. "Well, gentlemen, you must excuse my not pulling my hat off, my hands are confined." Turning to the lieutenant, he said ironically, "Well, *Captain* Beans, you will be called to an account for this hereafter." As they marched him off the bo'sun struck him in the face, saying "Then it was your time; but now, God damn you, it is mine!" With some dignity Cheap replied, "You are a scoundrel for using a gentleman ill when he is a prisoner."

Four days later the mutineers made ready the cutter and the longboat, which they christened the *Speedwell*. Leaving Cheap and a handful of officers with meagre provisions, 81 of them made sail to the southward, taking Byron with them. However, he and a few others took an early opportunity to slip back in the cutter to rejoin the marooned party.

The voyage of the *Speedwell*, while not so famous as Bligh's later exploit, is one of the most remarkable open boat journeys on record. With nothing but the assistance of Narborough's old chart, they made the passage through the Straits and up the coast of Patagonia to Montevideo in four months. Only thirty men got there alive, for almost daily Bulkeley records the death

of one or more of their number, first the boys and then the older men. The cook, however, aged 82, lasted until they were within sight of safety. Entries like this are frequent—

“The Night departed this Life Mr. Thomas Caple, Son of the late Lieutenant Caple, aged twelve Years, who perish’d for want of Food. . . .

“The 6th died Thomas Harvey, the Purser. This Gentleman died a mere Skeleton for want of Food, and was probably the first Purser, belonging to His Majesty’s Service, that ever perish’d with Hunger.”

Some of the more fortunate secured a passage back to Europe in January 1743. The first news they heard in England was that their late captain was a prisoner in Chile. Since, in the eyes of the law, they were not mutineers, and since Bulkeley had kept a journal in which he was careful to take every legal precaution, he and the others were permitted to go to their homes and the case was suspended until the return of their officers.

Captain Cheap, Lieutenant Hamilton and Midshipmen Byron and Campbell were the only survivors of the score of men originally marooned on Wager Island. They reached a Spanish prison after a journey of unparalleled hardships which are described in Byron’s *Narrative of the Loss of the Wager*, published over twenty years after Bulkeley’s narrative appeared. As one of the best tales of adventure ever written, it deserves to be better known than it is.

Before they were driven north by hunger they were all of them seriously ill in consequence of what Byron calls “the vile stuff I eat”—mussels, limpets, sea-urchins, herbs and dead dogs bought off visiting Indians. Their first journey in the barge and yawl lasted two months and brought them back to their starting point, Mount Misery; they had even eaten the shoes off their feet. Some Indians then took them off with the intention of handing them over to the Spaniards. Cheap’s selfishness increased with his illness. His clothes were so crawling with vermin that he looked, says Byron, like an ant hill and his beard was as long as a hermit’s. But as leader of the party he was

treated better than the others, for whom he showed no consideration whatever. He allowed the Indians to treat the midshipmen like slaves, not even permitting them to share a fire or lie under cover after pulling all day. He even refused to give an exhausted man a piece of seal's meat when the latter collapsed under the thwart of the boat.

A year after the wreck Byron describes his own appearance as follows: "What we suffered at this time is not easily to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment, but the wretched root I mentioned before. I had no shirt, as mine was rotted off by bits; and we were devoured by vermin. All my cloaths consisted of an old short grieko, which is something like a bear-skin, with a piece of a waistcoat under it, which had once been of red cloth, both which I had on when I was cast away; I had a ragged pair of trousers, without either shoes or stockings. . . . After working like a galley slave all day, toward night, when we landed, instead of taking any rest, Mr. Campbell and I were sometimes obliged to go miles along shore to get a few shell fish; and just as we have made a little fire in order to dress them, he (the Indian) has commanded us into the boat again, and kept us rowing the whole night without ever landing."

Before they reached the nearest Spanish settlement they were handed over to a more friendly tribe which took them to the island of Chiloe. The first European they met was a Jesuit. Seeing the Captain produce a gold watch (heaven knows how he had preserved it), "the first thing the good father did was to lug out of his pocket a bottle of brandy, and give us a dram, in order to open our hearts. He then came roundly to the point, asking if we had saved no watches or rings." Upon which Cheap ordered Campbell to hand over his silver watch. The Jesuit at least took them to prison, where Byron filled his belly for the first time in thirteen months.

The two midshipmen made a rapid recovery and were soon allowed to live on parole with an old lady. Young Byron won many hearts with his handsome looks and romantic story. A priest's niece even expressed her willingness to marry him, but

before matters reached such a conclusion the annual ship called to transfer the prisoners to the mainland. Thence a St. Malo ship took them back to France, narrowly escaping capture at the hands of British cruisers. Though the War of the Austrian Succession was still in progress, they were permitted to find their way back to England. In the autumn of 1745 young Byron reached his sister's house in Soho to find the capital in a state of alarm on account of the Jacobite invasion, and to hear news of the return of the mutineers and of the Commodore himself. He was at sea again in command of a sloop the next year.

The dominant theme of international affairs in the eighteenth century was the colonial rivalry between France and Britain. Successive wars were merely continuations of that policy by other means. The Atlantic and Indian oceans were the chief theatres, but after the conclusion of the Seven Years War the Pacific became the scene of a more peaceful, and hence a more neglected, rivalry. The point at issue was not only the discovery of the long-sought continent, but the possession of a base from which to pursue such discoveries either to the east or to the west. The Falkland Islands off the coast of Patagonia seemed to be cast by nature for this part in the drama. No wonder that another European war nearly broke out over the question of their control ten years after the conclusion of the Peace of Paris in 1763.

The British, on Anson's recommendation, had made the first move as far back as 1749, when our ambassador at Madrid informed the Spanish government that the Admiralty proposed to send a ship for "the full discovery of Pepys and Falkland Islands; . . . there is no intention of making any settlement in either of these islands." Strange to say, the innocence of these intentions was misunderstood, so, to calm the ruffled feelings of the Spanish Government, the matter was dropped for the time being.

It was revived as soon as the Seven Years War was over, and the man chosen to carry it out was John Byron. Apart from having suffered shipwreck at the entrance into the South Sea at the age of seventeen, and having proved himself a competent

commander of a line-of-battle ship in the late war, it is difficult to see exactly what were his qualifications for the task. However, the Admiralty meant business, for Byron's ship was exceptionally well fitted out, in contrast to his previous experience. She was the *Dolphin*, a sixth rate mounting 24 guns, with a crew of 150 men, 3 lieutenants and 37 petty officers; though not actually the first copper-bottomed vessel, she was the first to be fitted with copper braces and pintles to her rudder. She carried a "machine" for distilling water, "fearnought jackets" for high latitudes, and plenty of "portable soup," the latest specific against scurvy. Her consort was the *Tamar* sloop of 16 guns and a crew of 113 commanded by Captain Mouat, with Philip Carteret as first lieutenant. A storeship was sent out to meet them off South America.

When matters of high diplomacy are involved, published aims are seldom explicit. So, when the two ships sailed and the Commodore hoisted his pennant as Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, it was generally supposed that such was their destination. But Byron's Secret Orders, preserved in the Public Record Office, show that the real objective was very different. It is interesting to note the strong Elizabethan flavour about them, showing whence the inspiration came for this second great age of discovery. In the preamble Byron is ordered to search for any islands, such as Pepys and the Falklands, "unvisited by any European power (which) may be found in the Atlantick Ocean between the Cape of Good Hope and the Magellanick Streights, within Latitudes convenient for navigation and in the Climates adapted to the Produce of Commodities usefull in Commerce." After that he was to examine New Albion, unvisited since the days of Drake, and, like him, to search for a Pacific entrance to a North-West Passage between latitudes 39° and 54° N. (Parliament had recently revived this old quest by offering a prize of £20,000.) You are in consequence, the Orders continue, to proceed to Brazil; thence stretch across to the Cape, and having provisioned there to work back in a westerly direction in search of Pepys Island in 47° or 48° S., "stretching occasionally in your way thither as far to the Southward as the Latitude of 53°, and

searching diligently for any Land or Islands that may be situated between the Cape of Good Hope and Pepys Island within the Latitudes of 33° and 53° South."

It then appears to have occurred to Their Lordships that this course might not be possible in the South Atlantic in the latitude of the Roaring Forties, so Byron is given the option, if he thought the season was too advanced when he left Rio, to proceed first to Pepys Island. "Having done so you are to proceed Southward to His Majesty's Islands called Falkland Islands, which are described to lie between the Lats. of $50^{\circ} 00'$ and $53^{\circ} 00'$ South, about the same distance from the Continent as Pepys Island: And having made the like Surveys at those Islands you are to proceed Three Hundred Leagues to the Eastward between the Lats. of $33^{\circ} 00'$ and $53^{\circ} 00'$ South in order to make discovery of any Lands or Islands that may be situated between these Latitudes."

After taking possession, he was to winter at Pepys Island—presumably at Cowley's famous harbour which would accommodate a thousand ships—where the *Florida* storeship would await him. In the event (which they appear to have thought unlikely) of the anchorage being unsuitable, they were to meet at Port Desire on the coast of Patagonia, where search was to be made for any possible survivors of the *Wager*. When the season permitted he was to proceed west in search of New Albion. If he could not find a passage back via Hudson Bay, he was "to proceed to the Coast of Asia" and so home. Then comes the final proviso, of which Byron took full advantage:

But forasmuch in an undertaking of this important Nature several Emergencies may arise, not to be foreseen, and therefore not to be provided for by Instructions beforehand, you are, in all cases, to proceed as you shall judge may be most advantageous to the Service on which you are employed.

Given under our hands the 17th of June, 1764.

Egmont
Carysfort
Howe.

Four days later the *Dolphin* and *Tamar* sailed from the Downs. At Rio the Commodore met Clive on his way out to India in a slow East Indiaman. He begged Byron to take him on board and give him a quicker passage. What reason Byron gave for refusing him this service we shall never know.

On October 20, they weighed and made sail from Rio in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope. Two days later a signal was made for the Captain of the *Tamar* to come on board, and all hands were piped on deck. To everyone's surprise the Commodore announced that they were bound for the South Seas. The secret had been so well kept that the men had sold all their warm clothing, so new slops were issued. When it was announced that by order of Their Lordships every man was to receive double pay, "they all expressed the greatest joy imaginable"; and when, a few weeks later, the storeship was sent home and anyone who wished to take a passage in her was permitted to do so, only one man took advantage of the offer. If Foul Weather Jack was unlucky in the weather, he was fortunate in the men and the ship he commanded; nor was it merely a question of luck, for at every crisis he showed himself most considerate as a leader of men.

So far the weather had been perfect, but as they ran south they were so buffeted by storms that they were glad to struggle into the anchorage at Port Desire. Here they found one of those odd mementoes which are always cropping up as one explorer follows another: a broken musket "with the King's broad arrow upon it," probably from the *Sweepstakes* or the *Speedwell*. Having refreshed themselves they made sail in search of their first objective: Pepys Island. It did not take Byron long to decide that there was no such place. Indeed, his search for it was so perfunctory that it is obvious, even at this stage of the voyage, that he had not got the temperament of the true explorer. Not for him the tacking to and fro, the lying-to at night, the sedulous care with which clues of land are followed up. He did what he had to do as quickly as possible, taking advantage of every loophole his instructions afforded to push on

with all speed, ever anxious to avoid the calamities which haunted him from his knowledge of Anson's experiences.

They returned to sight the opening of the Magellan Straits soon after Christmas (midsummer, if such a name can be given to the wan sunlight of those desolate regions). In consequence of traffic with the Patagonians, the old story of their gigantic size receives what appears to be remarkable confirmation. Byron himself was six feet tall, but he says of the chief of these "enormous goblins" that, though "I did not measure him, if I may judge of his height by the proportion of his stature to my own, it could not be less than seven feet." His first lieutenant was six feet two, but when the chief patted him familiarly on the back, "it affected his whole frame." Of course this story made a tremendous stir on their return. "The nation of Brobdingnags" had at last been found, according to Horace Walpole.

Soon after the New Year orders were given to weigh and set an easterly course for the Falklands, of which English seamen had still only the vaguest idea. Byron made his landfall on the western side near a magnificent bay, one of the finest natural harbours in the world, where "the whole navy of England might ride in perfect security from all winds." Port Egmont he called it, in honour of the First Lord of the day. The surrounding country was bleak and treeless, but birds abounded, so that the deck soon looked like a poulterer's shop. The object being merely to survey the place, no settlement was made, but Byron took possession in the name of His Majesty with such ceremony as the occasion permitted, his men making "very merry, a large bowl of arrack punch being carried on shore, out of which they drank several loyal toasts."

After a short stay he coasted round the north of the island, strewing English names along the bays and headlands, and surveying the coast in his perfunctory fashion. Indeed, when he opened a great bay on the eastern side of the island he did not so much as trouble to sail into it. Had he done so, he would have found that a flourishing French settlement had been established at the head of it for the past nine months. On returning to the Straits he sent home the *Florida* with a despatch

announcing what he had done. So the first step in the Falklands dispute was made, with representatives of each nation taking possession in perfect ignorance of each other's existence in the locality.

Yet when Byron re-entered the Straits in February some inkling of what was happening may have crossed his mind. A strange sail was sighted, which he at first took to be a Spanish man-of-war. Preparations were made to give her a warm reception, but darkness fell before they closed. Next day she was seen following the *Dolphin* at a distance, and even put off boats to go to the assistance of one of the English ships which had taken the ground. Boats from the *Dolphin* anticipated them, and it was found that the ship was French, but her name and business could not be ascertained. When the *Dolphin* and *Tamar* resumed their course they left the stranger anchored in a cove. Not till many years later did Byron learn that she was the *Aigle*, with Bougainville on board, bringing stores to his colonists on his second visit to the Falklands.

With all its discomforts, and with only Narborough's old chart and Bulkeley's observations to guide him, Byron was convinced that the passage of the Straits was preferable to that of the Horn. Here were at least anchorages like Port Famine, which belied the name Cavendish had given it, in so far as it offered an opportunity to take on wood and water. If the passage was made about Christmas time, Byron reckoned that it ought not to take more than three weeks. He himself took 42 days from Port Famine to Cape Pillar, a distance of about 200 miles as the crow flies, but involving a thousand tacks on account of head winds. Two years later Wallis took his advice, but had to spend over four months in the Straits, though his ship was also the *Dolphin*.

Issuing from the Straits on April 9, 1765, he met the full force of the westerly gales, just the sort which had wrecked the *Wager* hereabouts a quarter of a century earlier. We can imagine with what feelings of anxiety he struggled on to Masafuera, near Juan Fernandez. He succeeded in reaching it, and what is more, the *Tamar* was still in company and there

was little sign of scurvy. Compared with Anson, he thought himself immensely fortunate. Here he made several changes among his officers: Mouat and Carteret were transferred to the *Dolphin* as Captain and First Lieutenant; Cummings, the first lieutenant of the *Dolphin*, was given the command of the *Tamar*. Furthermore, he changed his plan. Instead of making for California, and looking for Davis Land on the way, he altered his course in 26° S. to N.W., in order to catch a trade wind and stretch across to the area where the Solomons were reported to lie. In doing so he was following almost the same track as Roggeveen. Like him he skirted the Tuamotu Archipelago and could not help falling in with some of its thousand islands. The first he called the Island of Disappointment, because no bottom could be found there, though he sounded with 140 fathom of line. However, 67 leagues to the westward he found what he called King George's Island, where some refreshment was to be had. It was all very well taking possession, but one of the first objects his men found was a broken Dutch rudder, perhaps from Roggeveen's *African Galley* which ran on a reef hereabouts. Prince of Wales and Duke of York's islands soon showed up, and so numerous were the atolls that he would soon have run through the names of the Royal Family had he not emerged from the archipelago. It is typical of the limitations of geographical knowledge that he at first mistook these for the Solomons, for it was here, half-way across the Pacific, that they were marked by the French in charts such as the *Neptune Français*.

As his water was running low and sickness was increasing he decided, in 8° S., to haul away to the northward in order to shape a course for the well known Marianas, Anson's luscious description of Tinian becoming daily more desirable in his eyes. In doing so his route begins to diverge from the general direction of the later Dutch voyagers which he had hitherto been following. He was able to add one small island to his small store of genuine discovery when he sighted what he called Byron Island, probably Onotoa or Nukunau in the south-east of the Gilbert group. It was inhabited by friendly copper-coloured

natives from whom coconuts were obtained and proved an astonishingly effective cure for scurvy: those whose limbs were as black as ink, and who could not move without excruciating pain, were soon so far recovered that they could go aloft. But as they continued northward, crossing the line in intense heat, the disease began to increase once more. None of the cases proved fatal, but it was with immense relief that early in July, four months and twenty days from the Straits, the *Dolphin* anchored in the same bay at Tinian as the *Centurion* had done twenty-three years earlier.

Byron's men looked forward eagerly to tasting the delights of the island. Water, fruit, and the invaluable coconut were abundant, but their predecessor's account of orchards and lawns and milk-white cattle appeared to be in the nature of a mirage. "I am indeed of the opinion," says Byron, "that this is one of the most unhealthy spots in the world." The heat was worse than anything he had experienced in Africa; the undergrowth was so thick they could not catch the cattle; the place swarmed with scorpions and ants; whenever those on shore opened their mouths, flies and mosquitoes darted down their throats. Nine weeks they stayed there, until nearly all the sick (including Byron himself) were restored to health, in spite of the climate.

Since he was now convinced that his work in the South Seas was done, Byron made all speed for Batavia, in order to take advantage of the monsoon. Just before he got there he spoke with a snow belonging to the East India Company, the captain of which gave him a sheep, a dozen fowls and a turtle; "this was a most acceptable present, for we had nothing to eat but the ship's provisions, which were become very bad. Our beef and pork stunk intolerably, and our bread was rotten and full of worms."

At Batavia, a "cockswain, a very ragged, dirty fellow," boarded the ship on behalf of the naval authorities. Pulling out ink and paper, he proceeded to ask impertinent questions about Byron's route. This was not the way to speak to a British officer after the naval triumphs of the last war. "As I was impatient to save him the trouble," remarks the Commodore, "he was

desired immediately to walk over the ship's side, and put off his boat, with which he was graciously pleased to comply."

An official visit to the Governor went off better, and Byron's officers were comfortably lodged in the single palatial hotel the place boasted. But, making the climate his excuse, he embarked again without delay. Three men died of a "putrid fever" in the Straits of Sunda—exactly half the total casualties of the whole voyage. It did not deter the rest from celebrating Christmas Day with such zeal that an officer complains "our people were in high spirits, and not a little troublesome." One of them, a gunner, fell asleep afterwards with a pipe in his mouth and tumbled overboard, never to be seen again. On the whole, however, Byron was justified in boasting on his return that more men would have died had they stayed at home.

The rest of the voyage was made without incident, save that the *Tamar's* rudder was damaged and she had to be sent to the West Indies for repairs. After nine weeks' passage from the Cape the *Dolphin* returned home on May 9, 1766. She had gone round the world in 22 months, the fastest voyage yet recorded, but also, it must be confessed, one of the most fruitless. Except for the experience it gave to future explorers like Carteret, little had been done of any value. Byron never had the patience or the curiosity of the true explorer. Having been told to survey the Falklands, all he did was to sail round the north coast; having been told to visit New Albion, he took the shortest way home instead. With his reputation for bad luck, and with the memory of the last English circumnavigation fresh in his mind, he congratulated himself on carrying out such a difficult task with such a remarkable absence of casualties or incident.

Certainly the most important result was the staking out of the British claim to the Falklands. The anchor of the *Dolphin* had hardly rattled out before the emissaries of the French and Spanish embassies were on the spot to bribe the crews into telling them something. They got little for their efforts. Agog for news, the Spanish Ambassador called on Lord Egmont, "the Chief of the Admiralty," only to be told that the *Dolphin* had

gone in search of survivors from the *Wager*. "There is a mystery in it," he wrote to Madrid, "because all the logs have been impounded." He knew that a frigate and two smaller ships had sailed on another mysterious errand the previous October, but he could not discover their names or their destination. (Actually they were the *Jason* frigate, *Carcass* sloop and *Experiment* storeship, which sailed on the return of the *Florida* in 1765 to lay the foundation of a settlement at Egmont on Byron's advice.) A month later the Ambassador was still fishing for information in a conversation with the Duke of Richmond. His Grace "replied in a bantering tone that they had been looking for giants."

"We could have saved them the trouble," replied His Excellency.

"Is the whole world Spain's?" inquired the Duke, somewhat nettled.

"I replied that, as to that portion, Yes."

Officers and crew being sworn to secrecy, the two Ambassadors could only work themselves into a frenzy of agitation about the destination of these expeditions: the Gallapagos off Peru? a North-West Passage? Juan Fernandez? the Falklands? It would be well, they warned their governments, to send out ships to see what was happening. But already, on the remote shores of the Falklands, matters were moving to a climax.

The paths of Byron and Bougainville first crossed when the *Dolphin* sighted the *Aigle* in the Straits of Magellan in February 1765. Though the two men never actually met, their subsequent careers are strangely parallel. Six months after Byron's return Bougainville, as we shall see, set out round the world by much the same route, though with greater good fortune. Both rose to the rank of admiral in their respective navies. Both were on the American station in the War of Independence. Their fleets met at the battle of Grenada in 1779, where Byron was in command of the British and Bougainville was one of his opponent's senior officers. Neither side acquitted itself well, Byron attacking in an impetuous manner and only escaping defeat by the incapacity of his opponent. This was Byron's last

command, but Bougainville lived to run away at the battle of the Saints three years later. Both numbered poets among their descendants who made use of the exploits of their ancestors in their works: the shipwreck in *Don Juan* and *La Bouteille à la Mer* by Alfred de Vigny.

Bougainville was personally the more successful of the two. He forestalled Byron in the Falklands and found Tahiti, which the latter missed, and in spite of the Revolution he lived to an honoured old age. But when Byron died in 1786, he died, says an obituary notice, "with the universal and justly acquired reputation of a brave and excellent officer, but, of a man, extremely unfortunate." Foul Weather Jack was unfortunate not only in the weather, which on two occasions nearly terminated his career—the wreck of the *Wager* at the age of 17; and at the age of 55, when the fleet he commanded was almost totally dismantled in one of the most catastrophic Atlantic gales in naval history. He was also unfortunate in his family. While the *Dolphin* was in the South Seas his drunken father, "the wicked Lord Byron," killed a man after a club dinner. In a state trial he was convicted of manslaughter and only escaped punishment by virtue of his rank. He retired to Newstead Abbey a marked man, hated by his tenants, his wife and his children. Admiral John's eldest son, Mad Jack, was the handsome profligate who became the father of the poet. In four generations of Byrons, Admiral John was the only one who escaped the taint of insanity. And even he was of all men accounted the most unfortunate.

IX

THE *DOLPHIN* AND THE *SWALLOW*

IN the list of famous ships which have sailed across the widest ocean in the world—*Victoria*, *Golden Hind*, *Centurion*, *Adventure*, *Endeavour*—the *Dolphin* deserves to be remembered. In the space of four years, with the briefest interval to refit, she sailed twice round the world on two of the happiest voyages ever recorded. On her first voyage, in spite of a diversion to the Falklands, she took 688 days. On her second, in spite of an exceptionally slow passage of the Straits, she took only 637 days. The casualty list of both voyages numbered under a dozen. One would have thought her record a sufficiently good advertisement for copper bottoms, but not for more than ten years to come was the whole fleet so equipped.

Byron returned at the beginning of May 1766. Next month the *Dolphin* was recommissioned for another voyage to the Pacific, this time under the command of Captain Samuel Wallis, a phlegmatic individual who was ill for most of the voyage. His narrative, written in the polished impersonal style of the day, shows neither the observant eye of a Dampier, nor the colourful turn of phrase of an Elizabethan. His first lieutenant was Cummings, late captain of the *Tamar*, and his second lieutenant was Tobias Furneaux, later to command the *Adventure* under Cook. With him sailed Philip Carteret, Byron's Number One, in command of the *Swallow* sloop.

When it was hinted to Carteret that he was to take this thirty-year-old vessel in company with the *Dolphin*, whose sailing qualities he knew well, he could not believe it. He was sure that when his sealed orders were opened at sea he would find that he was to replace the *Jason* at the Falklands, for she was another coppered frigate of the same class as the *Dolphin*. Furthermore, Wallis' ship was exceptionally well equipped; even the captain's cabin was stuffed with stores: three thousand

weight of portable soup, a bale of cork life-jackets, rolls of "fear-nought" cloth, and "an extraordinary quantity of medicine." Apart from being an exceptionally slow sailer (if ever a ship was mis-named she was the *Swallow*), with sheathing that was totally inadequate for a long voyage, not even a forge for repairs or a skiff for emergencies were provided. When her captain complained about the inadequacy of her equipment he was told that the *Dolphin* would provide. It did not occur to the inept administration of the day that two such incompatible ships were bound to get separated.

Carteret accepted his destiny with a fine equanimity—"I determined at all events to perform my duty in the best manner I was able." The crew, of course, sailed in happy ignorance of their fate; but once at sea rumours began to fly about, and Carteret was not surprised when nine of his best men jumped overboard at Madeira and swam, stark naked, to the shore. When they were brought back on board again, still without a stitch of clothing on them, Carteret demanded to know the reason for this attempt at desertion. They explained that they never meant to desert the ship; they only wanted to get a skinful of liquor before it was too late. With uncommon good sense the captain accepted this excuse, and for the rest of her long and hazardous voyage he never had the slightest difficulty with his men.

The news that the *Dolphin* was fitting out at Deptford soon reached the interested embassies in London. On July 25, 1766, a dockyard spy reported that she was destined for the Falklands, with other ships as storeships. All of which was pure invention. True, the *Prince Frederick* storeship was to sail to the Straits with Wallis, where she was to be detached to revictual the settlement at Port Egmont. But a letter from Their Lordships, dated August 16, shows that the destination of the *Dolphin* and the *Swallow* was far otherwise. "In case you shall meet with any Officer whose Seniority may render it proper for you to shew the Orders you are under, you are to carefully avoid letting him see the said Secret Orders, and to shew him only the said first mentioned Order directing you to proceed to the Leeward Islands."

The main objective was really *Terra Australis Incognita*. The relevant passages in the Secret Orders, which have not hitherto been printed, are as follows:

You are to proceed with the *Dolphin* and the *Swallow* round Cape Horn, or through the Straights of Magellan, as you shall find most convenient, and stretch to the Westward about One Hundred or One Hundred and Twenty Degrees of Longitude from Cape Horn, losing as little Southing as possible, in search of the Lands or Islands supposed to lie in that part of the Southern Hemisphere which is before mentioned (i.e. between Cape Horn and New Zealand), unless you shall discover such Lands or Islands in a shorter run, or shall have been farther to the Northward than you might reasonably have expected. . . .

But if contrary to expectation you shall not have discovered the Land or Islands supposed to lye in the Southern Hemisphere as before mentioned, in stretching to the Westward as before directed, you are then either to return to England round Cape Horn or to stand to the North West until you get into the Latitude of 20° South in search of the Lands or Islands that have not hitherto been discovered, and upon your arrival in that Latitude if you find the condition of the ship and sloop, and the State of their Provisions and the Health of their men will admit of your proceeding any farther upon Discoveries of the like nature, you are at liberty to do so, taking care to reserve a sufficient quantity of Provisions to enable you to proceed to China or some of the European Settlements in the East Indies, which you are in that case to do, in order to give your Men such Refreshment as they may stand in need of, and to put the ship and sloop into condition to return to England round the Cape of Good Hope, and transmit to our Secretary for our information an Account of your arrival and proceedings.

On August 22, 1766, the two ships weighed and made sail down river. Before Christmas they were off the coast of Pata-

gonia, *Terra Gigantium* according to Byron. But Wallis, who measured the natives without their shoes on, found the tallest was 6 feet 7 inches and the majority about 6 feet. The crew, of course, would not willingly allow such a story to die. The ship's carpenter wrote home a letter which found its way into print, telling his brother that he had been "at the land of giants, of whom the biggest are 8 feet in height, but their ordinary stature is $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet."

On December 17 they entered the Straits, diverting the storeship with her decks loaded with saplings, their roots wrapped in earth, to the treeless Falklands. As Carteret was the most experienced officer, he was told to lead the *Dolphin* through the Straits. Continuous contrary winds delayed them to such an extent that theirs was the longest passage on record: 82 days from Port Famine to Cape Pillar, four months in the Straits as a whole. Seamen were allowed to explore the desolate shores, but found the habits of the Fuegians so disgusting that they "stunk like foxes." To Wallis' civilised eye the western reaches "had the appearance more of a chaos than of Nature. . . . As this seems to be the most dreary and inhospitable country in the world, so the people seem to be the lowest and most deplorable of all human beings."

On more than one occasion Carteret begged to be allowed to take the *Swallow* home; alternatively, in view of his experience in the South Seas, to come aboard the *Dolphin* and send his own ship home under the command of her first lieutenant. It was obvious to him that she could never cross the Pacific: already she was leaking badly and her rudder was damaged. But Wallis refused to take the responsibility of such a decision. Perhaps he hoped that circumstances would compel Carteret to turn back, as so many had done before. Indeed, when they neared the exit and an easterly breeze sprang up, the *Dolphin* shot past her consort and was soon lost to sight. Wallis' excuse for not shortening sail to wait for the *Swallow* was that the current was sweeping him back into the Straits. If, indeed, he did deliberately desert her, he was certainly mistaken in his estimation of Carteret's sense of duty. The captain of the *Swallow* was not

made of the same stuff as those renegades who parted company with Drake and Anson hereabouts on much flimsier excuses.

The Humboldt current prevented Wallis from carrying out his instructions to sail due west after issuing from the Straits. As others before him, he was swept north, though he managed to keep well to the west of Juan Fernandez. In spite of every precaution—a pint of pickled cabbage a day, wine instead of spirits, hammocks aired and decks washed with vinegar, portable soup, “sweet wort and salop”—scurvy began to affect the crew. The disease never became serious, but they were glad enough to sight their first Pacific islands in the Tuamotu Archipelago. He named them after members of the Royal Family—Queen Charlotte, Gloucester, Cumberland, Osnabrugh (the Duke of York had become bishop of this see at the age of seven months). After setting up the flag, he made the pleasant gesture of leaving a collection of hatchets, nails, glass bottles and coins “as presents to the natives, and an atonement for the disturbances we had given them.”

The morning of June 19, 1767, dawned misty. When the fog lifted, those on board the *Dolphin* found themselves surrounded by hundreds of canoes of all types, and as visibility increased an entrancing prospect opened before them: the wooded peaks, with the morning mist still wreathing them, of the island of Tahiti. Wallis gave this, the largest island of the Society group, the inappropriate name of King George III Island, but even his dull soul was touched by its beauty.

“A fine, stout, lively boy” was the first up the ship’s side, followed by a swarm of other equally magnificent physical specimens. They were all over the ship in a moment, stealing things right and left. One jumped overboard with an officer’s lace hat. Another, butted in the stern by the ship’s goat, took a flying leap in terror of the strange animal. “All the rest, upon seeing what had happened, followed his example with the utmost precipitation.”

The *Dolphin* sailed leisurely along the southern coast in search of an anchorage, but the canoes seemed determined to attack. Showers of stones rattled down on the deck, and the

flotilla had to be dispersed by firing a gun. Both Wallis and his first lieutenant were ill at the time, so Furneaux had to lead the watering party to take possession and hoist the flag. They were welcomed by a crowd of women, who proceeded to dance in such a remarkably indecent manner, with "wanton gestures, the meaning of which could not possibly be mistaken," that even sailors accustomed to orgies in port were properly shocked. When their enticing postures appeared to have no effect on these phlegmatic strangers, the women pelted them with bananas and apples, "shewing every mark of derision and contempt." In this garden of Eden, it was certainly Eve who tempted Adam.

The throb of drums at night gave warning of another attack. At dawn Wallis saw through his telescope that the flag had been pulled down. Everywhere he could discern groups of natives creeping into ambushes. Divisions of canoes swept into the bay, some with a new form of diversionary warfare on board: "ladies practising their allurements." Meanwhile an assemblage of children and civilians collected at a point of vantage to see the fun. Operations appeared to be conducted from a large double canoe, a sort of gondola with a canopy at the stern, in which sat persons of obvious importance, entertained by a band of flautists. When about 300 canoes, manned by at least 2000 men, had collected Wallis gave the order to fire with small shot. The canoes dispersed, and then collected again. So the "great guns" were directed at the chief's canoe and split it in two. The report of the guns echoed round the bay. Women ran screaming inland, and the canoes paddled rapidly round the cape.

It is surprising that amicable relations were restored so soon after this encounter. But watering parties met with gifts and every sign of welcome. Tents for the sick were erected on shore, and the surgeon went duck shooting. When, to the amazement of the spectators (and not least to the surgeon himself) three duck fell to one barrel, the superiority of the white man was definitely established. The mere sight of a musket was enough to deter the most mischievous islander. For the rest of their stay the visitors fared sumptuously every day.

After food and water, women, of course, were the principal

attraction, those fatal beauties whose daughters proved the undoing of the *Bounty* twenty years later. Indeed, had there been a Fletcher Christian in the *Dolphin*, the same fate might have overtaken her. Chastity, Wallis remarks dryly, does not appear to be a virtue among them. A nail was enough to purchase their favours. In a few days every scrap of iron in the ship had vanished, and the men were even pulling the nails out of the planks. "To preserve the ship from being pulled to pieces, I ordered that no man, except the wooders and waterers, with their guard, should be permitted to go on shore." Defaulters had to be flogged and discipline was visibly weakening. Midshipman Ibbot gives some description of the attractions of those dusky beauties in his unpublished diary, but nothing like so lively an account as that provided by the French visitors next year, or by Surgeon Hamilton in his journal of the voyage of H.M.S. *Pandora* in search of those of the *Bounty* who had succumbed to them. Ibbot was intrigued by the tattooing of the belly and the thighs—"having their Backsides Black'd." Though the common sort of girl sold herself for a nail, "Yet I must say yt, the Girls wh. were of the whiter sort would admit of any freedom except the last, which they would not, every one having a Man or Husband."

The land of sunshine and syphilis. . . . Who was responsible for the introduction of the latter? Bougainville, arriving eight months later, accuses Wallis. Wallis returns the charge, exculpating himself on the evidence of his surgeon's log, which proved his crew to have been entirely free for the six months preceding their arrival and for six months after. The Tahitian whom Bougainville took on board was riddled with it and appeared to think nothing of it; perhaps, it has been suggested, he mistook the symptoms of yaws, a common disease in the Pacific. The evidence is so contradictory that we can never know the truth.

"On Saturday, July 11, the gunner came on board with a tall woman, who seemed about five and forty years of age, of a pleasing countenance and majestic deportment." This was O Berea the queen, "the stoutest woaman I ever saw," says

Midshipman Ibbot. She had been away in the interior when they arrived. In spite of the Captain's indisposition she insisted on his visiting her on shore, carrying him over streams and rough places as if he had been a child. When they reached her palatial hut, four girls were ordered to massage him and his lieutenant. This delightful treatment was interrupted by screams from without. The surgeon, finding the day warm, had removed his wig. Nothing so shocking had ever been seen on the island before. Meanwhile Furneaux and the mate were conducted on expeditions inland, as a result of which they confirmed the impression that this was a paradise indeed. Everywhere fruit, flowers and water abounded. There were no signs of beasts of prey or reptiles. Life would have passed as happily as in the Golden Age if it were not for the ubiquitous ants.

It was time to be moving on, after tasting the delights of the island for a month. When O Berea was told of their intention, she burst into a flood of tears. We will be back in fifty days, promised Wallis; but it was Bougainville, not Wallis, who next appeared, and O Berea was not there to welcome him; and when Cook met her a year later she had fallen from her high estate.

As they ran westward through the fringe of the Society group they discovered so many islands that Wallis, having exhausted the Royal Family, had to fall back on distinguished admirals. The names of Keppel, Boscawen, Saunders, as well as the Scillies, are here commemorated. It was at this point that the Captain made up his mind to continue round the world and not return the way he had come, as he seems to have intended at first. Tinian was his next objective, which he reached by sailing to the west of the Marshall and Gilbert groups, not to the east as Byron had done. Wallis Island (Uvea, north of the Tonga group) marks his track. Tinian, of course, was a disappointment after Tahiti, but most of the sick (though not he himself) recovered there. When the ship reached Batavia at the end of November there was only one sick man on board. It was as happy a crossing of the Pacific as has ever been made — in striking contrast to the experience of the *Swallow*, as will be seen.

In spite of the curiosity of the Dutch, Wallis strictly obeyed the secrecy imposed upon him. His crew was forbidden to land on the excuse of the danger of getting drunk on arrack. The Captain's restraint had a pathetic consequence. Near the harbour he found the derelict *Falmouth* man-of-war, damaged after the attack on Manila during the late war. Her crew had never been able to get a passage home. They had no money, and the Dutch refused to allow them to spend a single night on shore. In that rotten hulk the poor wretches lived for eight years, robbed by the Malays, insulted by the Dutch, dying of disease, and, most intolerable of all, neglected by their own government. Wallis promised to do his best for them on his return, but nothing came of it.

As Byron found before him, and Carteret after him, the Dutch at the Cape were far more hospitable than the jealous merchants of the East. Having watered there, the *Dolphin* sped home. She anchored in the Downs on May 20, 1768, after beating Byron's record for a circumnavigation, and that in spite of the fact that Wallis always lay to at night in order not to miss making fresh discoveries.

The news of the discovery of Tahiti, the most important yet made by an Englishman in the Pacific, was soon out. *Lloyd's Evening Post* of May 23 announced the discovery of "a large, fertile and extremely populous island in the South Seas." Believers in *Terra Australis* were much encouraged, and the Spanish Ambassador expressed his usual misgivings. Wallis, he reported, had seen the King; it was probable that a colony had been founded in seas "where the ships of that nation used formerly not to go"; he had bribed a seaman to get news, but the logs were impounded; meanwhile it was up to his government to argue that what Wallis had found had previously been discovered by Quiros.

We left Captain Carteret watching the topsails of the *Dolphin* disappearing over the western horizon. Studding sails too; it looked as if Wallis did not intend to wait for him. No rendezvous had been agreed upon, and it was vain to think of

catching up with the *Dolphin*. The unlucky *Swallow* was too heavy a sailer to take advantage of the momentary easterly breeze which carried the *Dolphin* out of the Straits. When the wind shifted to the west again, she had the greatest difficulty in weathering Cape Pillar. As a wise captain, Carteret took the crew into his confidence, and appealed to their loyalty to work the ship home: "I had the satisfaction to see no marks of despondency among my people, whom I encouraged, by telling them, that although the *Dolphin* was the best ship, I did not doubt but that I should find more than equivalent advantages in their courage, ability, and good conduct."

He soon encountered far worse weather than he ever experienced under Foul Weather Jack. "A prodigious swell from the north west" sent seas crashing over the fo'c'sle, sweeping along the decks. Constantly the bowsprit buried itself in mountainous rollers, so that they shipped it green at every impact, but they managed to break the force of the water by erecting bulkheads along the decks. For days they lay under bare poles, not daring to show any canvas, "and the water at times was torn up, and whirled around in the air, much higher than the masts heads." Surely she must founder, but "with all her defects, we must acknowledge that she was indeed a good sea boat."

Juan Fernandez they found to be fortified, probably in consequence of suggestions on the part of the Spanish Ambassador in London. So they turned away to the neighbouring Masafuera. Here surf forbade the approach of a boat. Their need for water was desperate, so the captain called for volunteers from among his Madeira swimmers, who stripped and jumped into the boiling sea with casks lashed to their shoulders. The surf increasing, they were unable to swim back to the ship and had to spend the night on shore, naked and shivering, without fire or food. They were taken off the next morning none the worse for their privations.

As soon as weather permitted they continued on a north-westerly course in search of Davis Land. Just as Roggeveen had discovered Easter Island on such a search, so Carteret discovered

the rocky islet of Pitcairn, named after the junior officer who sighted it. It achieved notoriety thirty years later when the *Bounty* mutineers settled there with their Tahitian mistresses. Turning west, so that his route took him well to the south of Tahiti, Carteret found various atolls which, like Wallis, he named after members of the Royal Family; but they afforded him no refreshment, and he was forced to rely on an awning stretched across the deck for his supply of water. Rain water, mixed with spirits of vitriol, was an excellent anti-scorbutic, affirmed the surgeon.

He was wrong. Scurvy casualties soon reached dangerous proportions among the exhausted crew. Carteret was compelled to turn north in search of a trade wind. His route was, in fact, almost the same as Schouten's, and somewhat to the south of that followed by the *Dolphin*. He expected daily to find the Solomons, but, like Byron, he could find no trace of them in the position given by French cartographers. They were now in mid-ocean, with a quarter of the crew down with scurvy, the captain and the first lieutenant ill, the ship refusing to answer the helm, and leaks below the water-line increasing daily. In this desperate situation they had the good fortune, on August 12, 1767, to find what Carteret rightly guessed to be the Santa Cruz islands. He renamed them Queen Charlotte's Islands, and the best anchorage, New Guernsey, after his native land. The names have not survived, but those of Howe and Swallow are still to be found on the map. As in the days of Quiros and Mendaña, the natives proved extremely hostile, advancing resolutely with bows and arrows in spite of the proffered beads and ribbons. The Master returned from the first boat party with three arrows sticking into him. Like the Spaniards, they had to water by force, dispelling the lurking savages with musketry. Instead of enjoying the delights of the island, as their friends were doing at Tahiti over 2000 miles to the east of them, the crew of the *Swallow* had the mortification of sailing along palmy shores, seeing the bananas, the coconuts, the hogs and poultry on shore, without being able to get at them. Like Quiros, Carteret seems to have been convinced that land lay to

the southward of the group, but in view of the state of his ship there was nothing for it but to make for Dampier's New Britain, which he estimated to lie about 10° north-west of his position.

On this course, two days after leaving Santa Cruz, he re-discovered the Solomons, though he did not recognise them as such. From the day Mendaña bid them farewell in August 1568 to the day Gower Island (Ndai, off S. Isabel) was sighted and named after the *Swallow's* first lieutenant in August 1767, the Solomons had been lost to view. Of the scores of expeditions which sailed to rediscover them, only the forlorn *Swallow*, in search of life itself, succeeded by accident. Carteret could not afford to lose time surveying them, so he failed to realise what he had done. He seems to have had no conception of the size of the islands on his port bow, though he says "there is certainly much land in this part of the ocean not yet known." One, which was named Carteret Island, must have been Malaita or S. Isabel, to judge from the position he gives. Of Bougainville he saw not a trace. Another, which he supposed to be Tasman's Ong-tong Java, was probably Green or Buka, the most northerly of the group. Unfortunately, for want of a chronometer, his longitudes are nearly always inaccurate in this area of strong currents.

Keeping on in the direction of New Britain, he unwittingly sailed right through the northern part of the Solomon group. But as far as latitude was concerned, his navigation was extremely accurate, for, on August 26, he opened what Dampier called St. George's Bay. As the current swept him into it he soon discovered that this was not a bay at all. So he gave the name of New Ireland to the coast north of him, leaving Dampier's New Britain to the south. The islets he found in mid-channel, opposite Rabaul, he called the Isle of Man and Duke of York's Island. Besides gaining succour from friendly natives, he was now in a position to make valuable discoveries. He was sailing west along the southern shores of New Ireland, whereas Dampier had been sailing east along the northern shore. Carteret's names for the western extensions of New Ireland—

New Hanover, the Admiralty Islands — are still the names used.

At Mindanao in the Philippines he found out for the first time where he really was. To the amazement of all on board, they had actually crossed the ocean. As fast as he could, he turned towards Macassar, the most southerly of the Dutch settlements in the Celebes. Here, he thought, would be a chance for rest and repairs. The *Swallow* arrived there in December with 13 dead and 30 others on the point of death, out of a crew of 90. The Dutch officer who came on board, finding she was a British man-of-war, worked himself into such a state of alarm that he could not bring himself to enter the cabin. He refused permission, not merely to land the sick, but even to work the ship into harbour. In vain did Carteret point out that his ship was on the point of sinking, that men lay dying on the decks, that his victuals were rotten and his water putrid. In the end he informed the Dutch that if they persisted in their uncivilised attitude he would run the ship ashore and fight it out on land. At this he was allowed to land under a Dutch guard.

After five months of this enforced hospitality he took the ship to Batavia, where once more he hoped to find facilities for repairs, since, owing to the ineptitude of the Navy Board, he could do nothing for himself. Exactly the same comedy had to be played out before he could gain permission to heave her down. On examination the state of the ship proved to be even worse than had been imagined. Her bowsprit and mainmast were perfectly rotten, her sheathing eaten away by worms which had attacked the planking itself. The Dutch carpenters wanted to give her a new bottom, but knowing her age Carteret feared that if her planks were moved the whole ship would fall to pieces. All he demanded was a new sheathing. The carpenters agreed, provided they did not have to take the responsibility of sailing in her, for they openly expressed their conviction that she would never see England again.

It took another seven months for these repairs to be carried out, by the end of which time the number of fatal casualties had

risen to 24, apart from those dangerously ill. Had he not taken on some of the *Falmouth's* men he would never have worked the ship home.

On February 19, 1769, more than a year after reaching Macassar, the *Swallow* was overhauled in mid-Atlantic by a strange sail. A boat pulled across and a French officer came on board. After saluting Carteret by name, he said that his ship was a French East Indiaman from Mauritius, commanded by a M. de Bougainville. Carteret could not understand how the Frenchman was so well acquainted with him, until he was told that a bottle containing particulars about the ship, which had been left at Ascension, had been picked up by him a few days previously. Even then the Frenchman's curiosity seemed excessive. "He began to propose his questions in direct terms, and desired to know on which side of the Equator I had crossed the South Seas. As I did not think proper to answer this question, and wished to prevent others of the same kind, I rose up somewhat abruptly, and, I believe, with some marks of displeasure." Instead of information, the visitor was given a Santa Cruz arrow as a present for his captain.

Meanwhile the boat's crew had got into conversation, from which it appeared that the ship was not an East Indiaman at all, but the frigate *La Boudeuse*, returning, like themselves, from a voyage round the world. Not till much later did Carteret learn how closely Bougainville had followed him across the Pacific, and he expressed his extreme annoyance at the underhand way in which his rival had contrived to get information out of him.

Soon after, "though the French ship was foul after a long voyage, and we had just been cleaned, she shot by us as if we had been at anchor, notwithstanding we had a fine fresh gale and all our sails set." Bougainville was equally impressed by the state of the *Swallow*. "His ship was very small, went very ill, and when we took leave of him, he remained as it were at anchor. How much he must have suffered in so bad a vessel may well be conceived."

The little *Swallow* reached Spithead on March 20, 1769.

Carteret's determination in sailing her round the world on his own initiative, when he could so easily have turned back, does him the highest credit. His pluck and well-deserved good fortune in making such valuable rediscoveries puts his voyage on a level with the heroic enterprises of the sixteenth century, than which there can be no higher praise.

BOUGAINVILLE AND THE NOBLE SAVAGE

THE figure of Count Louis Antoine de Bougainville has already crossed these pages. In his contacts with the British, in Canada, in the South Seas, in the West Indies, he was indeed invariably unfortunate; but in his own country he won great fame as soldier, sailor and author. Today his memory is recalled, if at all, by the ostentatious *Bougainvillea* creeper, which the botanist he took with him on his voyage round the world discovered at Tahiti; and by the island in the Solomons which bears his name. In his own day his fame rested chiefly on his achievements as the first French circumnavigator. The success of his narrative was enormous, and those pages in which he describes his visit to Tahiti reached a much wider public than that normally interested in geographical matters. In consequence, they exerted considerable influence on the evolution of social and political ideals, particularly those connected with the state of nature and the noble savage.

Evidently Bougainville was a man of great charm and versatility. His plump figure, his unflagging enthusiasm for food, women, mathematics and adventure makes him an endearing figure. No book of travels in English, apart from Dampier and the Elizabethans, can equal his penetrating and lucid account. Contemporary English narratives are dull and provincial compared with the elegance of this, for its author represents the main stream of European culture at a time when French influence was predominant. He was, indeed, very much more than a sailor, which is more than can be said of his English rivals. At twenty-two he published a treatise on the integral calculus; at thirty he was aide-de-camp to Montcalm and assisted at the defence of Quebec; soon after, he helped to negotiate the peace treaty. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and a Member of the Institute. Not content with a

reputation as a soldier, diplomatist and scientist, his far-ranging enthusiasm led him to embrace the career of a seaman.

If men of his stamp had received the support they deserved, the story of French colonial enterprise in the eighteenth century would have been far different. Moreover, if the Court was apathetic, the opposition was definitely hostile. "France can be happy without Quebec," wrote Voltaire after the struggle: if there was anything on which the Encyclopaedists were agreed it was the vanity of colonies. They attacked the imperialists with every weapon in their formidable armoury, though that did not stop them from playing at savages at home in order to castigate the sins of society. To a man like Diderot, Bougainville was merely a "leader of brigands," fouling the innocence of the South Seas. Yet today Tahiti is part of the French empire, and the nonsense that was talked about the noble savage is forgotten, except perhaps among the followers of D. H. Lawrence. Of course, as far as Bougainville and his like were the precursors of that horde of expropriators which were soon to descend like a blight upon the Pacific, the attack is justifiable. But was the state of nature so very enviable? The Marquesas may have been ruined and depopulated by the white man, but what about Fiji and Samoa?

After the loss of Canada Bougainville was the first to appreciate the importance of the South Seas as an alternative. To him, as to Anson, the key lay in the Falklands. Well aware of British pretensions in those parts, he determined to forestall them. In 1763 he fitted out at his own expense two ships at St. Malo to transport some families of Acadian loyalists, now dispossessed by the British. On the first voyage Port Louis in Berkeley Sound was founded, and when he returned next year he found his colony in a flourishing condition. It was on this visit, while engaged in bringing timber from the Straits of Magellan, that he encountered Byron's *Dolphin*. Before he could visit his colony a third time Captain Macbride of the *Jason* (sent out in pursuance of Byron's advice) had discovered his settlement. He brusquely demanded of the French governor, on what authority he had erected a settlement on British territory. The latter,

having been there for three years, showed some surprise; whereupon Macbride changed his tone and explained that he had only come to survey the islands.

Meanwhile the barren outpost had been drawn into the web of international politics. The official French policy adopted by the Duc de Choiseul involved the collapse of Bougainville's whole scheme. Nursing schemes of revenge against the British, and realising the insecurity of his position at the Court of Versailles, de Choiseul was prepared to go to any lengths to prove that his talents were indispensable to France. The first step was to win Spain to his side. The next, to use her as a stalking horse to provoke a quarrel with Britain. Bougainville's colony was the obvious bait. For some time Spain had been mildly protesting at the presence of the French off the American coast. The easiest way to win her favour was to send Bougainville to Madrid to sell his settlement.

The unfortunate founder discovered that his colony was worth exactly 618,108 *livres*, 13 *sols* and 11 *deniers* in the international market. Having completed the sale, Choiseul waited for the British to commit the inevitable act of aggression. In August 1766 Wallis sailed, presumably for the Falklands, according to information received from the French embassy. In November Bougainville sailed to hand over the colony in person to the Spanish authorities in South America. Having done so, he was instructed to continue across the Pacific, evidently with the aim of claiming any new discovery as a substitute for the lost islands. Wallis, however, never went near the Falklands, thereby gaining a big start on the French expedition, with the result that he succeeded in making discoveries which would otherwise have been Bougainville's.

The two French ships were *La Boudeuse*, a 26-gun frigate with a crew of 200, and *L'Étoile*, which had previously taken Bougainville to the Falklands. He preferred the latter as a more seaworthy vessel as she carried less weight of guns, and he originally intended to sail round the world in her, sending back any of his colonists who wished to be repatriated in the *Boudeuse*. But *L'Étoile* was so badly damaged by an

Atlantic gale that he decided for safety's sake to take both ships with him.

The first official French expedition to the Pacific was of a new kind—a scientific expedition of the type familiar to us from the examples of Cook and Darwin and Shackleton. Two notable scientists were on board: the botanist Commerson and the astronomer Verron (or Véron). Philibert Commerson did not relish the prospect of such a voyage. Of an eccentric and unsociable temperament, he disliked everything about the sea and those who sailed on it. About Verron we know little beyond the fact that his mission was to discover a better method of finding longitude at sea. He brought on board an instrument called a megameter, but Bougainville admits that Hadley's quadrant was a far more efficient means of discovering time by means of "lunars." Since this meant measuring "the distances of the moon from the sun, or from the stars in the zodiac" and then calculating with lunar tables, the result was far from satisfactory. Unknown to the French, Harrison had just perfected the true solution with his marine time-piece; nor did the new English *Nautical Almanac* (composed by the Astronomer Royal, a firm believer in lunar method, and hence the chief stumbling-block in Harrison's path) appear until after they had sailed.

There were also several distinguished volunteers on board. The Prince of Nassau, for example, a soldier of fortune aged 21, who had already sold his sword to most of the European powers. There was also Pierre Fesche, another young man of good family, an ardent Rousseauist of a highly inflammable temperament. Most of these gentlemen, together with Vivès the surgeon and St. Germain the ship's writer, left journals which have gradually come to light in recent years to corroborate Bougainville's official account and add something about what went on behind the commander's back.

Having handed over his colony to the Spanish authorities in South America, Bougainville reached the opening of the Straits of Magellan on December 2, 1767. Using old charts, Narborough's in particular, he made a safe passage through them

in fifty-two days. Traces of the English were found wherever landings were made: knives and pieces of red cloth left by Byron, the initials of Wallis' men carved on trees. Objects dated 1766 and 1767 were found among the debris of a recent encampment. Bougainville could no longer have any doubt that he was following his rivals into the Pacific. Like them, he measured the Patagonians and found their height to be between 5 ft. 10 ins. and 6 ft. 2 ins. Nor did he have any more use for the "troublesome and disgusting" Fuegians. His observations on this race—their "insupportable stench" and "hideous women"—are interesting because the Rousseauists discreetly omit mentioning them. They focussed their attention on the noble creatures of Tahiti, whom they viewed through rose-coloured spectacles. But Bougainville is careful to point out that the Fuegians also lived "exactly in what may be called a state of nature." (Or, as Darwin put it, "I believe in this extreme part of the world man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other.") From which Bougainville concluded that, after all, civilisation may be said to have conferred some benefits on the human race—a highly unpopular observation at the time.

Emerging from the Straits towards the end of January 1768, he disposed his two ships so as to cover as much of the ocean as possible without losing touch with each other. During the day *L'Étoile* was to sail on a parallel course to the southward, closing up astern of the *Boudeuse* when darkness fell. At first course was set for Juan Fernandez, but finding a trade wind in a higher latitude than he expected he put before it in the direction of the supposed Davis Land. Like Carteret, he soon concluded that it did not exist. Turning west, he first sighted land in the shape of numerous atolls forming the northern part of the Tuamotu Archipelago, which he identified with Roggeveen's Labyrinth and Quiros' Sagitaria.

The disciples of Quiros supposed these islands to be the outliers of the southern continent. On that subject the sceptical Bougainville makes a comment worthy of such a representative of the Age of Enlightenment. While agreeing that the existence of so many islands and "drowned lands" supported the

theory, he adds, "Geography is a science of facts; in studying it, authors must by no means give way to any system, formed in their studies, unless they would run the risk of being subject to very great errors, which can be rectified only at the expense of navigators." No wonder that Dalrymple, who had just compiled a collection of voyages to prove the existence of a continent, disapproved of Bougainville.

On April 4, 1768, came the climax of the voyage: the sight of the northern shores of Tahiti. Unknown to the French, Wallis had sailed from his anchorage on the southern side exactly eight months previously.

From the sea the beauty of the island was indeed *saisissante*—the emerald of the coastal vegetation fading into the amethyst of the mountains inland. Their initiation to this new home of Venus, *La Nouvelle Cythère* as it came to be called, was entirely in character. From the scores of canoes that put out to greet them beautiful youths pointed with unequivocal gestures to the radiant *café-au-lait* coloured young women who accompanied them. "It was very difficult," says Bougainville benignly, "amidst such a sight, to keep at their work four hundred young French sailors, who had seen no women for six months. In spite of all our precautions, a young girl came on board, and placed herself upon the quarter-deck, near one of the hatchways, which was open in order to give air to those who were heaving the capstan below. The girl carelessly dropped a cloth which covered her, and appeared to the eyes of all beholders such as Venus showed herself to the Phrygian shepherd, having indeed the celestial form of that goddess. Both sailors and soldiers endeavoured to come to the hatchway; and the capstan was never hove with more alacrity than on this occasion." *Nous tombons en extase*, writes the impressionable Fesche; *une chaleur vive et douce s'empare de nos sens; nous brûlons. . . .*

The chief who met Bougainville as he stepped ashore was not O Berea, the queen of the south, the friend of Wallis and Cook, but a dignified old man named Ereti. He appeared to be in two minds as to how to receive his visitors, for he retired to his hut when they bowed before him. "His thoughtful and suspicious

air seemed to show that he feared the arrival of a new race of men, who would trouble those happy days which he had spent in peace." What an opening for the anti-imperialists!

However, the polished manners of the Frenchmen soon overcame his natural hesitation. Nails and iron were asked for and liberally distributed. (How was it, Bougainville asked himself, that the word was pronounced in such a remarkably English manner?). The strangers were asked how long they intended to stay. Eighteen days, replied Bougainville. That was too long, said Ereti; nine days will be quite enough. Bougainville shook his head, nor would he agree to a request to spend the night on board ship, for the sick had to be brought ashore. In point of fact he only stayed eight days; but what a carnival week that was!

As they returned to the boats "we were stopped by a fine-looking islander who, lying under a tree, invited us to sit down by him on the grass. We accepted his offer; he then leaned towards us, and with a tender air, he slowly sung a song, without doubt of Anacreontic kind, to the tune of a flute, which another Indian blew with his nose: this was a charming scene, and worthy of the pencil of a Boucher."

Another Garden of Eden, a veritable *champs élysées* they called it. Commerson the Rousseauist went into raptures about it: *cette isle me parut telle que je lui avois déjà appliqué le nom d'Utopie ou de fortunée. . . . Et quelles femmes encore! Les rivaux des Georgiennes pour la beauté, et les sœurs des Graces sans voiles. Là, ni la honte ni la pudeur n'exercent point leur tyrannie.* In his eyes, gifts of knives and scissors were themselves crimes; as for the thieving proclivities of the islanders, that was a mere game. Bougainville, who lost a pistol while enjoying the hospitality of the chief's wives, could hardly be expected to see things in that light.

All agree that Tahitian wives remained faithful to their husbands on pain of death. But what was so delightful to these Frenchmen was that jealousy seemed to be unknown. It was not so much a question of obtaining the husband's permission, as of refusing his solicitations. As for the unmarried, chastity was

definitely not regarded as a virtue. The young Prince of Nassau, suffering from an *embarras des femmes*, was forced to complain that, however pretty the girl, *les préjugés européens exigent plus de mystère*.

The more they saw of the island the more unblemished did its innocence appear to be. Even when four natives were accidentally shot by some soldiers, their compatriots begged the commander to spare the lives of the culprits. But, in Bougainville's considered opinion, there was something wrong with this paradise. The islanders' mode of existence was altogether too easy. It made them beautiful and healthy, but it made them lazy. Like children, they were the slaves of their passions: they could not concentrate on anything for long. He learnt more of the other side of the medal in conversation with Aotourou, the islander he brought back with him to France. Aspects of life which were not in evidence during a week's visit of untrammelled happiness began to cast shadows over the bright picture formed by first impressions: constant war with neighbouring islands, infanticide, the killing of prisoners, syphilis, human sacrifice. When Aotourou came across natives who did not understand his language he petulantly ordered Bougainville to exterminate them. So much for the noble savage. The unwelcome conclusion that man is *not* born good forced itself on his mind.

Aotourou was responsible for a very curious episode that occurred soon after they left Tahiti. When the young man came on board on their arrival he found himself the centre of an inquisitive crowd of sailors. Amongst them was Commerçon's valet named Baré. At the sight of the latter he immediately shouted the Tahitian word for "girl," and began making what can only be called indelicate advances in the direction of the valet, who fled, blushing furiously. Some weeks later Baré appeared before Bougainville to confess what most of the crew already suspected, that she was a woman. She told the captain a hard-luck story about being an orphan reduced to a state of destitution, which had compelled her to adopt her present disguise. The truth was far otherwise. She was really Com-

merson's mistress—the unsociable Commerson who left a large sum of money to found a *Prix de Vertu*!

The first to guess the existence of a mystery was the surgeon Vivès, who could not understand why the seasick botanist should insist on his valet sharing his cabin. The hairless chin and retiring habits of M. de Commerson's valet soon led to rumours on the lower deck, rumours which Baré strove to dispel by excessively mannish behaviour. So it was not until she was mobbed by the women of Tahiti on her first landing there that these suspicions were taken seriously. "It must be owned," comments Bougainville, "that if the two ships had been wrecked on some desert isle, Baré's fate would have been a very singular one." She followed her master ashore when he was left behind at Mauritius, benefited by his will, and returned to die in France. Jeanne Baré has, therefore, the honour of being the first woman to sail round the world.

After leaving Tahiti Bougainville sighted any number of small islands. What he calls the Archipelago of Navigators must have been the Samoan group. Emerging from this, he discovered the lonely atoll of L'Enfant Perdu, still to be found by that name on some maps. Passing north of Fiji he reached the northern Cyclades, now the Anglo-French condominium of the New Hebrides. Just to the east of what he correctly identified as Quiros' Santo he named various islands—Isle d'Aurore, Isle de Lèpres, Isle de Pentecôte. Unfortunately, as others had found before him, the inhabitants were squat, ugly and hostile. Each island in turn refused him the refreshment he so anxiously demanded. As he sailed down their coasts "the negroes howled excessively in the woods, whither they had all retired, and where we could hear their drums beating." He was forced to continue west through the strait between Santo and Malekula which now bears his name.

At this point of the voyage the vital question arose as to whether this land of Quiros' was really a part of the continent, as its discoverer asserted. Was Santo connected with New Holland, as De Brosses suggested, or with New Guinea? It was certainly not joined to lands farther south. Only Dalrymple

could have told him that Torres had already proved that, and had shown that a strait did really exist between New Guinea and Australia. Had Bougainville known the results of Torres' voyage his own would have been far easier but far less important.

To solve the problem he decided to continue west along the fifteenth parallel, if necessary for a thousand miles. What he hoped to find was the eastern coast of Australia, and he got within a hundred miles of doing so. But on June 4 breaking seas dead ahead of the *Boudeuse* forced him to turn sharply north. The obstacle which robbed him of the honor of discovering the eastern coastline was that section of the Great Barrier Reef now known as Bougainville Reef, a hundred miles east of Cooktown, Queensland. Like Cook, he very nearly lost his life there. Though many on board were convinced that land lay to the south-west, and he himself guessed that the reef was "nothing less than the eastern coast of New Holland," it was essential to turn north in order to save their ships and their lives.

The situation on board was becoming desperate. They had had no chance to refresh themselves for two months. Scurvy was rife, though its incidence was checked by a liberal issue of lemonade mixed with wine. The distilling apparatus they carried saved them from the extreme horrors of thirst, but of food there was hardly any. "I ate a rat yesterday with the Prince of Nassau," writes the surgeon; "we found it excellent, and wish there were more of them, provided no one else wants to share them. . . . We had a stew for supper, made from our leathern flasks, but it was not nearly so good as the rat."

As they steered north through the Coral Sea a delicious smell announced the vicinity of land. It was the southern coast of Papua. But they were fearful of anchoring in uncharted waters, and they could discern no break in the sweep of coast slanting away to the south-east. Bougainville thought it too risky a business to steer west, though wind and current impelled them in that direction, for it was very far from certain that New

Guinea and New Holland were separated. "Nothing, indeed, was more probable than the existence of such a passage," yet it was safer, in his view, to beat to windward to get out of the gulf and resume the run north to the safety of New Britain, with which he was familiar from Dampier's account. Cook, on the other hand, persisted in sailing west to escape from a similar predicament, and thereby rediscovered the Torres Strait.

But Bougainville found his own reward. After battling for fourteen critical days against wind and water to escape from the ring of breakers which threatened to embay them, they at last rounded the easterly cape of the Louisiade Archipelago and were able to resume their course northwards. "All the navigators who ever came into these parts always dreaded to fall to the southward of New Guinea, and of finding a gulf there corresponding to that of Carpentaria, which it would have proved difficult for them to clear. Consequently they have all in good time got into the latitude of New Britain (as Carteret had done the previous year, and as Schouten and Roggeveen had done earlier). They all followed the same track; we opened a new one, and paid dear for the honour of the first discovery."

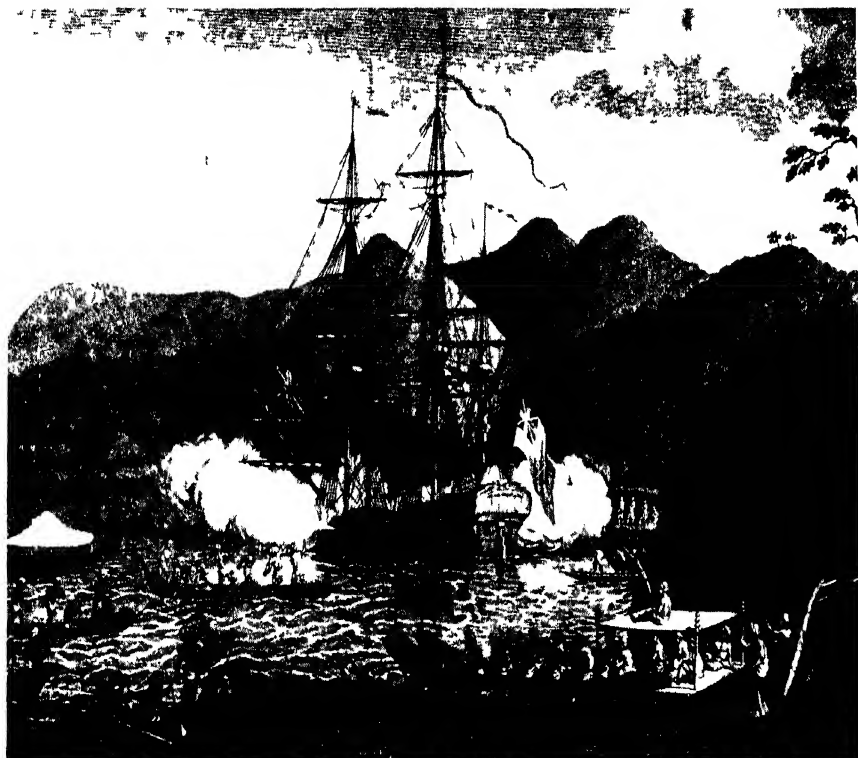
Bougainville, in fact, was now sailing up the western shores of the Solomons, whereas Carteret had been sailing up the eastern coast. Both were making for the same haven, and both were ignorant of the true character of what they discovered on the way thither. The first land Bougainville sighted on his starboard bow was the island he named Choiseul. Sailing between it and the island which now bears his name, he passed through the Bougainville Strait, the pre-war boundary between the Australian and British mandates in the Solomons. He does not seem to have had the least idea of the size of his island. All he says is that "on July 3 in the morning we saw nothing but the new coast which is of a surprising height, and which lies N.W. by W."

On the next day a smaller island appeared, from which frizzly-haired natives of a remarkable blue-black pigmentation put off in canoes shouting, *Bouca, Bouca*, by which they appeared

to mean coconuts. So the island was called Buka. Steering round the north of it (as Carteret had done), Bougainville reached New Britain two days later.

Such is the story of the re-discovery of the Solomons. But their identity had not yet been proved. The next year the French explorer Surville, on his ill-fated voyage eastward across the Pacific, visited the northern islands without recognising them for what they were; nor did Lieut. Shortland, R.N., when he visited the southern islands in 1788.¹ Thinking them a new discovery he named them New Georgia, which remains the name of one of the largest islands. Soon afterwards, in 1793, D'Entrecasteaux, in search of La Pérouse who had mysteriously disappeared hereabouts, sighted them once more. Neither he, nor Surville, nor La Pérouse, ever returned, but before his death he had achieved the secondary aim of his voyage: the identification of the Solomons. Their restoration to the map was really due to the brilliant hypothesis of two academic geographers: Philippe Buâche, "*premier géographe du roi*," and Captain Claret de Fleurieu, an important figure in French naval administration at that date. In a contribution to the Academy of Sciences in 1781 Buâche wrote, "I think I can with confidence assert that the Lands of the Arsacides (Surville's name for the inhospitable inhabitants of the central islands; he meant 'assassin') and Choiseul Bay (Bougainville's name) are parts of the archipelago discovered by Mendaña; and consequently that the Islands of Solomon are actually about 1850 Spanish leagues distant from the coast of Peru, and in the vicinity of New Guinea, as the early charts had indicated." The Ortelius atlas of 1589 (see frontispiece) shows them approximately in this position. But Robert Dudley's map of 1644 transferred them to the Marquesas, also discovered by Mendaña. In the next century Delisle followed him in this, Danville suppressed them altogether, and Dalrymple confused them with New Britain. By detecting these errors Buâche was able to restore the probable position of the islands to the spot where the earlier maps had shown them. Ten years later, in a study of the French voyages of 1768-9, published

¹ See page 167.



WALLIS AT TAHITI

From Hawkesworth's *Voyage* 1775

in 1790, Fleurieu presented the chart which is here reproduced opposite page 163. It shows all that was then known of the one area in the Pacific which Cook omitted to visit; but, as Fleurieu admits, the theory was far from proven and "all this part still offers a vast field to the researches of navigators." Fortunately he was able to prepare the instructions for D'Entrecasteaux, and the officers who returned from that voyage were able to confirm the accuracy of his charts which had been based on Buâche's hypothesis. Thus, after an interval of two hundred years, the Solomons were restored to their rightful place on the map; but the interior of the islands (as of New Guinea) remained largely unexplored at the outbreak of the present war. Even the eastern coasts of New Guinea were not charted until 1873, when Captain Moresby visited the area in H.M.S. *Basilisk*.

At Dampier's St. George's Bay, near the modern Wide Bay, Bougainville found the rest and refreshment he had sorely needed for the past three months. But he had not been there forty-eight hours when a sailor, searching the shore for shellfish, made the unwelcome discovery of a lead plate half buried in the sand. On it these letters could be traced:

- - - HOR'D HERE
- - - ICK MAJESTY'S

The marks of the nails seemed to be recent, and further search revealed pieces of rope and timber recently cut. Bougainville estimated that the English had been there about four months before him. Actually Carteret had reached the same anchorage exactly a year previously.

On leaving the bay the routes of the two explorers diverge once more, only to meet again at Batavia. Carteret had sailed south of New Ireland. Bougainville fetched round to the north, along Dampier's track, but in the opposite direction. Like Carteret, he was anxious to reach civilisation as soon as possible, for twenty-five of his men were down with scurvy, and the remainder were exhausted and half-starved. But he did not permit their morale to suffer. "The officers set the example,

and the seamen never ceased dancing in the evening." Nor "has it been necessary to double their pay"—a dig at Byron which infuriated the translator of the French narrative.

Making his way into the Spice Islands by way of the northern coast of New Guinea, he reached civilisation in the shape of a Dutch factory at Boeroe in the Moluccas. He had intended, he explained, to sail to the Philippines, but the state of his crew compelled him to seek hospitality here. On September 28, 1768, after a voyage lasting nearly two years, he anchored at Batavia. His description of the Parisian-like capital and its rich dependencies is a valuable economic document, in which he warns his countrymen of the infiltration of British traders into these forbidden waters.

Here he received news of his predecessors, Wallis and Carteret, though owing to their silent service tactics he got little information about their routes. Carteret indeed had left Batavia only twelve days before Bougainville arrived, on account of the lengthy stay necessitated by repairs to the *Swallow*. The rest of the story really amounts to a chase after Carteret, in order to find out what he had discovered before Bougainville reached home to make his own claims. At the Cape he was found to be still a few days ahead. At Ascension they found the bottle hidden in a rocky cleft, according to the custom of all ships returning from the East. The paper inside informed them that the *Swallow* had just sailed. On February 25 they caught up with her. Needless to say, there is nothing in Bougainville's narrative about the ensuing interview.

On March 16, 1769, after a voyage lasting two and a half years with the loss of only seven men, *La Boudeuse* and *L'Étoile* anchored in St. Malo roads. A month later Cook reached Tahiti on his first voyage to the South Seas.

Naturally the first French circumnavigator was received with extravagant acclamation at Paris and Versailles. But he had to share the limelight with Aotourou—a real, live savage in their midst! The sort of person they had been reading about for the last twenty years. The latter's every action became the subject of gossip in the *salons* and *cafés*. Like a sensible man, he won

all hearts by his appreciation of French wine and food. He loved to haunt the boxes of the opera to watch the nightly spectacle of the ballet. *Mais sa grande passion*, notes a diarist, *est celle des femmes auxquelles il se livre indistinctement*. Soon he became homesick and begged to be taken back. Like the honest man he was, Bougainville kept his promise, though it cost him a third of his fortune to do so. But Aotourou died of the small-pox on the voyage south. The fate of Omai, Cook's Tahitian, who was shortly to be the season's wonder in London, was more fortunate. He did at least return to the Pacific, though it is doubtful if his glimpse of civilisation improved him in any way. A lively description of his sojourn here is given in Fanny Burney's diary. In her memoirs of her father she also tells how Cook saw a copy of Bougainville's narrative lying on Dr. Burney's table, and obligingly marked therein his own route. This copy, with Cook's pencilled route fixed with skim milk by Dr. Burney, is now one of the most precious possessions of the British Museum. Fanny's memory, however, played her false when she adds that Cook "made some curious remarks on the illiberal conduct of that circumnavigator towards himself when they met and crossed each other," for they never met; he must have been referring to the Carteret incident.

Bougainville's narrative appeared in 1771 and soon gave rise to a number of interesting speculations. Aotourou's presence had, of course, given a fillip to the gospel according to Jean Jacques. It was now generally felt that Bougainville's account of Tahiti confirmed it beyond a doubt. With complete disregard of the Fuegians and other unpleasant savages, all attention was riveted on the island where free love appeared to be the rule, and the peculiar French vice of jealousy was so noticeably absent. Philosophic minds compared the innocent caresses of the islanders with the etiquette of seduction as then practised in Europe. Voltaire smacked his lips with vicarious enjoyment and wrote a pastiche entitled *Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield*, a scabrous, anti-clerical tale to which the new information about Tahitian morals gave considerable zest.

Diderot, who had helped Rousseau to compose the famous

Discourse on Inequality, produced what he called a *Supplement to the Voyage of M. de Bougainville*. A conversation between two Frenchmen on the moral problems raised by the circumnavigator's narrative introduces a long farewell address by an old islander, who prophesies that the visitors will return with a cross in one hand and a gun in the other. They will enslave your bodies and poison your minds with unnatural notions of right and wrong. He implores Bougainville to sail away and leave them in peace: *l'idée du crime et le péril de la maladie sont entrés avec toi parmi nous*. In fact Diderot even accuses the unhappy leader of teaching the natives how to steal.

What interested him was that here in Tahiti there appeared to be no sense of shame or sin or that sense of guilt which poisoned civilised minds. It raised the question of the origin of modesty, nay, the whole problem of morals. Love was here reduced to a physical appetite without its attendant spiritual disorders. Our European laws, he argued, are thus noxious and unnatural. *Voulez-vous savoir l'histoire abrégée de presque toute notre misère? La voici. Il existait un homme naturel; on a introduit au dedans cet homme un homme artificiel, et il s'est élevé dans la caverne une guerre civile qui dure toute la vie.*

Here was the Romantic message in a nutshell—the *Homo Duplex* of Buffon, Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre, the gospel of Chateaubriand and Pierre Loti. Bougainville's Tahiti stimulated that deep-seated desire for escape—*fuir là bas*—of which Paul Gauguin and D. H. Lawrence have been the modern exponents.

Since the *Supplement* was regarded as such a bombshell of immorality, its criticisms striking at the whole edifice of western ethics, it did not appear in print until 1796, long after its author's death. Even then the edition was strictly limited. But Bougainville must have seen it before he died in 1811. Probably he regarded it as just another manifestation of that revolutionary decadence for which men like Diderot had been so largely responsible. He himself belonged to the *ancien régime*. Somehow he had survived the Terror to meet Napoleon as the young conqueror from Italy. The latter conceived a great esteem for

this distinguished relic of a vanished age. He made him a Count of his Empire, a Member of his Senate, and even talked of appointing him Minister of Marine. But Bougainville was too old for such duties. At the age of eighty-three he died, and was buried in the Panthéon among the most honoured of the sons of France.

Note.—Lieutenant Shortland was in command of two transports which had carried the first batch of convicts to Botany Bay; he sailed through the centre of the Solomons group on his way to China *via* Tinian. Two other transports, under Captains Marshall and Gilbert, discovered the groups named after them by following a more easterly course to Tinian. A fifth, the *Lady Penrhyn*, suffered so severely from scurvy after leaving Australia that she stretched across to Tahiti, discovering the Kermadec group on the way. Her first lieutenant being recognised as one of Cook's officers, they were royally entertained there. On her way N.W. to Tinian Penrhyn Island was discovered. (See *Voyage of Governor Phillip to Botany Bay*, 1789.)

XI

THE END OF A DREAM

WITHIN ten years of Bougainville's return in 1769 almost every problem which had perplexed Pacific explorers for the past three centuries was solved.

He came home just in time to witness the culmination of the dispute over his beloved Falklands. The inevitable incident (which Choiseul had been anticipating for so long) occurred when the *Tamar* stopped a Spanish merchant vessel and told the Spaniards to leave the islands. After which her Captain unwisely returned home, leaving a wretched force to guard the settlement. "The most detestable place I ever was at in my life," writes the disgruntled lieutenant who was left in charge. "I have a serjeant, a drummer, and ten; my brother officer a corporal and eight, with which we are to defend a blockhouse that has not a gun in it, or a loophole cut." Of course a greatly superior Spanish force soon appeared to turn them out. Now, thought Choiseul, France will have her revenge.

But from thenceforward everything went wrong from his point of view. George III's government behaved in a most unexpected way for a British government in the eighteenth century. Lord North refused to bully Spain, or indeed to make a stand of any kind. The Whig Opposition had its chance in the great debate of November 22, 1770, but Chatham's periods thundered in vain; Burke in the Commons, and Junius in the press, continued his attack on this policy of appeasement, which was dictated solely by gross neglect of the armed forces. The King's Friends hired the redoubtable Dr. Johnson to defend them, which he did very well though he knew nothing at all about the subject. He ridiculed the idea of going to war over "the empty sound of an ancient title to a Magellanick rock . . . an island which not the southern savages have dignified with

habitation . . . a nest of smugglers in peace, and in war the refuge of future Buccaneers.”

In the end North did go as far as to break off diplomatic relations with Spain and another European war seemed imminent as the year drew to a close. But at that moment Choiseul himself, the prime instigator of the whole business, fell from power owing to the intrigues of Mme. Du Barry. Once he was out of the way a settlement was soon announced: the Egmont colony was to be restored, but the Spanish sovereignty was admitted. Again there was an outcry from the Whigs, but more important matters in the American colonies soon claimed their attention and the whole question was forgotten. Soon afterwards Egmont was evacuated and the islands faded from public attention until they were re-settled in 1841. The Argentine government still claims sovereignty over them.

Much the same three-cornered contest occurred at Tahiti. The British denied Bougainville's claim to the island, and the Spaniards sent three expeditions to assert theirs as soon as they heard that “*el famoso capitan Kook*” had been there. Every time Cook visited what his countrymen called King George III Island he found that rival naval officers had pulled down English symbols of authority and erected their own. Of course the old *Dolphins* who sailed with him dealt with the Spanish claims in the same way. Having found a Spanish cross inscribed “CHRISTUS VINCIT. CAROLUS III IMPERAT. 1774,” they added on the back of it “GEORGIUS TERTIUS REX. ANNIS 1767, 1769, 1773, 1774 ET 1778.” But the island soon ceased to be of any importance to anyone, for it was too far away for any power to make its claim effective. Before the end of the century English whalers are reported from those parts, harbingers of a new age. Ultimately it passed into French hands, and it was one of the earliest of their overseas possessions to declare for Free France in our own day.

There remained the much larger question of *Terra Australis Incognita*, as distinct from what was still called New Holland. That the prestige of the unknown continent never stood higher than when Cook sailed in the *Endeavour Bark* in July 1768, and

that this was his main objective in his first two voyages, is chiefly due to the work of Alexander Dalrymple. History deals hardly with the unsuccessful, and that is why Dalrymple's name is forgotten today. But had it not been for the intransigence of Admiral Hawke, Dalrymple would have received the command of the *Endeavour*, not Cook.

He had many qualifications for the task. On the recommendation of the Astronomer Royal, the Royal Society nominated him as their representative, and it was the Royal Society who originally suggested the voyage. When in the employment of the East India Company Dalrymple had done a good deal of cruising and survey work in eastern waters; later he became the first hydrographer to the Admiralty; and certainly no one living knew more about the history of the Pacific and its problems than he did, though he had never been there. But he would not have been a good leader to work under. He was by nature obstinate, opinionated and cantankerous. His eccentricity, which ultimately led to his dismissal by the Admiralty, is illustrated by the fact that though he issued thousands of charts he never would give naval officers the ones they demanded. As an historian his books are spoiled by the fact that they were produced with the sole aim of proving the existence of a southern continent—"the great Passion of my life." The result is that they are marred by distortion of fact and extreme credulity. Above all, Dalrymple suffered from the fatal deficiency of not being a naval officer. He refused to sail unless he was given the command. Hawke refused to allow anyone but a member of the service to take command of one of His Majesty's ships, for the last time a scientist (Halley) had been put in command the crew mutinied. Neither side would give way, so when Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser recommended Cook, whom he had met on the North American station, Hawke gave the latter a commission which raised him from the rank of Master to that of Lieutenant. It was thus with some reason that Dalrymple spent the rest of his life grumbling about "the influence of narrow-minded men," which had robbed him of his great opportunity.

He was always, he claims, with his Victorian love for italics, "inflamed with the ambition to do *something* to promote the general benefit of mankind, at the same time that it should conduce to the glory and interest of my country." In a way he did, though that "something" was not the discovery of *Terra Australis*, as he had intended. While still a clerk at Madras he began his researches into the history of the Pacific. Chance, and the scholar's persistent curiosity, led him there and at home to make discoveries of first-rate importance at a time when the seamen we have been following in the last few chapters were making their voyages. His first find ("early in life" is the only date he provides) was the original of the Memorial of Dr. Arias (c. 1620), which alludes to the voyages of Torres and Juan Fernandez. Later, at some equally undetermined date some time after 1790, there came into his hands the original of Torres' letter of 1607, describing his Strait, which Dalrymple gave Burney to publish in 1806. It was on the strength of the Arias memorial, a thoroughly inaccurate document, that he confidently marked Torres Strait on his map which, as we shall see, helped Cook to rediscover it. Another of his finds was the Rotz map of the time of Henry VIII, which marks the northern and north-eastern coastline of Australia with such inexplicable accuracy. Indeed it was Dalrymple (rather than Flinders who popularised it) who revived the use of the name "Australia," apparently first used by a bookseller named John Dunton in 1693.¹ Thus out of the wreck of his *Terra Australis* all that he salvaged was part of the name.

His first book, which was printed at his own expense in 1767,

¹ Owing to war-time restrictions I have been unable to trace this allusion, which is made by Cmdr. F. J. Bayldon in R. Australian Hist. Soc. *Proceedings*, XIII, 1927. Flinders was evidently unaware of any previous use of the word, and, while suggesting it, did not use it himself: "Had I permitted myself any innovation upon the original term (*Terra Australis*), it would have been to convert it into Australia; as being more agreeable to the ear, and an assimilation to the names of the other great portions of the earth." (*Voyage to Terra Australis*, 1814, Vol. 1, Introduction.)

As there has been persistent confusion over the date of Dalrymple's finds it may be as well to quote what he says, in view of the rarity of his books. In 1767 (*Account of the Discoveries* . . . p. xxvii) he writes: "This memorial was presented to the King of Spain by Juan Louis Arias. It is contained in a very

was *An Account of the Discoveries made in the South Pacific Ocean previous to 1764*. Though not actually published till after Cook had sailed, Dalrymple swallowed his pride and gave an advance copy of it to his friend Banks, who finally sailed as the representative of the Royal Society. On the map which it contains Dalrymple marks Torres' track from Santo through the strait between New Guinea and Australia. Cook had this map on board when he turned north-west instead of north-east, as Bougainville had done, when off the Queensland coast. None the less it is extraordinarily inaccurate for the rest of the Pacific. Dalrymple refused to believe in the existence of the Solomons, probably because his hero, Quiros, had been unable to find them. So Guadalcanal is marked as the south-east portion of New Guinea, and a few vague dots and circles represent "New Britain or the Solomon Islands." No wonder he says that Carteret expressed his surprise on being shown "that what he thought New Discoveries were well known before," and no wonder that Buâche violently attacked him for this false identification of the as yet unlocated Solomons.

The aim of this thin book, which he later withdrew from circulation, was the same as that of his larger *Historical Collection of the Several Voyages and Discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean*, which was published in 1770. It was to prove the existence of a continent which "has been seen and once visited" (presumably by Quiros). This continent had, of course, nothing to do with what we call Australia. Its western side was seen by Tasman (i.e. the western coast of New Zealand), its eastern by Fernandez, its northern by Quiros and others. In bulk it is of

curious collection of original papers, in 2 vols., taken from the archives of Spain, formerly belonging to M. Colbert's library: the papers are without order or connection; some of them MSS., some the printed memorials laid before the Councils of the Indies. Arias' memorial is in print, but without date: it appears, however, to have been presented about 1620." In 1790 (*Considerations on the Memoir of M. Buâche*) he writes: "Early in life I saw at Madras a Spanish MS. of these parts (N. Guinea, etc.) which, to the best of my recollection, contained the discoveries of Torres in 1606 on the South of New Guinea. It was amongst the papers of Mr. William Roberts, who had been a Supra Cargo to Manila and who lost his life in the siege of Madras, but on my return there in 1762 I in vain endeavoured to trace it: I am assured that the original letter of Torres dated at Manila, 12th July 1607, is still existing in Spain."

“a greater extent than the whole civilised part of Asia, from Turkey eastward to the extremity of China.” The Dedication is typical, with its digs at Byron and Wallis and Bougainville, who had expressed their scepticism.

Not—to HIM—who
 Discovered scarcely any thing
 But
 PATAGONIANS.
 Not—to HIM—who
 From 20° South Latitude,
 Thinking it *impossible* to go
 On DISCOVERY
 Into 30° South.
 Determined to come—HOME—round the World
 Into 50° North.
 Nor—to HIM—who
 Infatuated with Female Blandishments,
 Forgot for *what* he went *abroad*
 And
 Hasten'd back to amuse
 The EUROPEAN WORLD
 With stories of *Enchantments*
 In the
 NEW CYTHEREA ;
 But
 To—THE MAN—who
Emulous of MAGALHANES
 And
 The HEROES of FORMER TIMES,
Undeterr'd by DIFFICULTIES,
 And
Unseduc'd by PLEASURE,
 Shall *persist* through *every* Obstacle,
 AND
 NOT by CHANCE,
 But
 By VIRTUE and GOOD-CONDUCT
Succeed in *establishing* an *Intercourse* with
 A
 SOUTHERN CONTINENT,
 THIS HISTORICAL COLLECTION
 OF FORMER DISCOVERIES
 IN
 THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
 IS PRESENTED
 BY
 ALEXANDER DALRYMPLE.

The amount of solid research the book represents puts its author in a strong position when Cook returned from his first

voyage and Hawkesworth edited an inaccurate account of it, as well as of the preceding English voyages. Dalrymple fell upon this unlucky man with the acrimony of a disappointed scholar. In his *Letter from Mr. Dalrymple to Dr. Hawkesworth occasioned by some groundless and illiberal imputations in his account of the late Voyages to the South* (1775) he tore his rival to pieces with such ferocity that, as we learn from Fanny Burney's early diary, the wretched man went into a decline and shortly died. Not only was he treated as an ignoramus and all his shortcomings mercilessly underlined, but on the strength of the evidence in his possession Dalrymple was able to say about Cook's discoveries, I told you so! Here were most of the vaunted discoveries in northern Australia well known in the sixteenth century.

Enough of these arrogant acerbities. Let us see briefly what Cook actually did. The best way to appreciate his achievement is to compare the map of the Pacific before his day and after. In the north Pacific everything of importance had been discovered, save the Sandwich group, many of the Marshall, Gilbert and Caroline atolls, and most of the American coastline north of California. In consequence of the voyages of a Dane in Russian service named Vitus Behring, in 1728 and 1740, the strait which bears his name, as also the Aleutian Islands and part of the coast of Alaska, were discovered. Some, indeed, have claimed that a mysterious Cossack trapper named Deshnev sailed through those straits a century earlier; at all events, their existence was not known publicly before the time of Behring. In the south Pacific most of the islands between the Equator and 30° S. had been sighted by one traveller or another, but their position, shape and identity was not known with any exactitude. In Dalrymple's map of what was known before 1764, the Solomons, Fiji, Samoa, most of the New Hebrides and the Societies, are omitted; furthermore, we have to distinguish between the real and the imaginary—threads of coast like Tasman's west coast of New Zealand, and hypothetical "signs of continent," "land discovered by J. Fernandez," etc. Of course, as has been seen, much was done by the explorers of the next four years, subse-

quent to the publication of that map; but the outstanding problems of the eastern coastlines of Australia and New Zealand, and the existence of a continent lying in the region of 30° S., had yet to be solved.

It is curious that the Secret Instructions for Cook's voyages were not printed until 1928, though they are in the same bundle at the Record Office as those for Byron and Wallis. He followed them scrupulously, because, in the light of the previous experience which it has been the object of this book to describe, they showed him what to look for and where to look for it. Everyone knows that the public aim was "to observe the Passage of the planet Venus over the disk of the sun on June 3, 1769," a matter of importance both for astronomy and navigation. When Wallis returned early in 1768 his advice was taken to make the observations at Tahiti. But this scientific aim was the excuse for far-reaching colonial ambitions, and it is these which the Secret Additional Instructions describe: "Whereas there is reason to imagine that a continent or land of great extent, may be found to the southward of the tract lately made by Capt. Wallis in His Majesty's ship *Dolphin* (of which you will herewith receive a copy), or of the tract of any former navigator in pursuits of the like kind; you are therefore in pursuance of His Majesty's pleasure hereby required and directed to put to sea with the bark you command, so soon as the observation of the transit of the planet Venus shall be finished, and observe the following instructions . . . to proceed to the southward in order to make discovery of the continent above-mentioned until you arrive in the latitude of 40° , unless you sooner fall in with it; but not having discovered it in that run, you are to proceed in search of it to the westward between the latitudes before mentioned and the latitude of 35° until you discover it or fall in with the Eastern side of the land discovered by Tasman and now called New Zealand." It was left open to him to return either by the Horn or by the Cape of Good Hope. A covering letter warns senior officers not to demand sight of this most secret enclosure.

When Cook was entrusted with this task he was a man of

forty, of obscure origin and unknown to the public, though he had made a high reputation for himself in his own profession. On the other hand, Joseph Banks was a young millionaire and a well-known patron of science and the arts. He equipped the expedition so generously that a contemporary scientist writes: "No people ever went to sea better fitted out for the purpose of Natural History, nor more elegantly. They have got a fine library of Natural History: they have all sorts of machines for catching and preserving insects; all kinds of nets, trawls, drags and hooks for coral fishing; they have even a curious contrivance of a telescope, by which, put into the water, you can see the bottom at a great depth, where it is clear." Besides all this gear, Cook had the advantage of the experience of the many old *Dolphins* who sailed with him on this and subsequent voyages; Tobias Furneaux, Wallis' lieutenant, captain of the *Adventure* on the second voyage; Robert Molineaux, master of the *Endeavour*; Lieut. John Gore; Charles Clerke, who had sailed with Byron, mate in the *Endeavour*, lieutenant in the *Resolution*, and in command after Cook's death.

This was by no means the only way in which he was indebted to his predecessors. He had carefully studied conditions on board ship with a bearing on the scurvy problem, so he carried with him all the latest remedies, insisting above all on cleanliness and a balanced diet. Indeed he had to flog a couple of men at the start to force them to eat their ration of fresh meat instead of salt pork. As he wrote later, "Every innovation whatever, tho' ever so much to their advantage, is sure to meet with the highest disapprobation from seamen." The success of his precautions is well known, though his ship, like the others, suffered heavy casualties from malaria and dysentery at Batavia, and he had a good deal of trouble with scurvy on his second voyage. Like his precursors, he carried no chronometer on his first voyage; but, unlike them, his lunar observations, made with the assistance of the new *Nautical Almanac*, were astonishingly accurate. The *Endeavour Bark* was not a frigate like the *Dolphin*, nor had she a copper bottom, because Cook feared repairs might be difficult: she was a North Sea coaster, bluff in

the bows, wide in the waist. She was not only of a more seaworthy build, but she was not overmanned or overgunned as previous ships had been. Finally, he had the advantage of the very latest knowledge of what had been done in these seas before him: the books of De Brosses and Dalrymple, extracts from the logs of Tasman and Wallis (Carteret and Bougainville had not returned when he sailed).

Following his instructions, Cook sailed through the straits of Le Maire, and keeping a more direct course than that followed by the *Dolphin*, reached Tahiti on April 13, 1769, a year after Bougainville had been there. They anchored in Wallis' southern anchorage and stayed there for three months. Many old friends recognised the *Dolphins*, but O Berea seemed to have fallen from her high estate. From his own observations, and from conversations with Omai, the islander he brought back to London, Cook shared Bougainville's belief that the island was not the paradise casual observers took it for. As to love affairs, he did not share the French taste for publicity in such matters. "With respect to the amours of my people at Otaheite and other places," he informed the editor of his second voyage, "I think it will not be necessary to mention them at all."

As soon as their observations were completed, the most important part of the voyage began. Instead of continuing west, as all his precursors had done, Cook, in obedience to his instructions, struck due south to 40° 22' S. "Having not the least visible signs of land," he then worked west in broad tacks until, at the end of the year, he discovered the eastern coast of New Zealand. Banks, who had all along been sceptical about the continent, announced with satisfaction "the total destruction of our aerial fabric called Continent."

Since his route was now left open to him, a conference was called at which it was decided to continue west to strike the coast of New Holland. This was done at a point south of Sydney, from which they sailed up the whole length of the eastern coast inside the Barrier Reef. This formidable obstacle being unknown to them, the *Endeavour* nearly came to grief near where the *Boudeuse* had struck a few months previously. But Bougain-

ville was on the outside of the Reef, Cook on the inside, and in order to extricate himself, as well as to look for the passage marked by Dalrymple, Cook continued N.N.W., whereas his predecessor had sailed N.E. After "the most dangerous navigation that ever perhaps ship was in," he found the passage in $10^{\circ} 30' S$. He named it Endeavour Passage to distinguish it from Torres Strait north of Prince of Wales Island, and took possession of the whole coast he had sailed along under the name of New South Wales. He returned home via Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope.

This was the most important voyage ever made in the Pacific as much for what it did not discover as for what it did. "Although," wrote Cook, "I have failed in discovering the much talked of southern continent, which perhaps does not exist, and which I myself have much at heart, yet I am confident that no part of the failure of such discovery can be laid to my charge."

Of course that did not satisfy the continental enthusiasts. True, Quiros' land of Manicolo, south of Santo, had ceased to exist; true, there was evidently no land between Tahiti and New Zealand; but, argued men like Dalrymple, something must exist to the east of the longitude of Tahiti, viz. $150^{\circ} W$. in that untraversed part of the ocean where Juan Fernandez and Theodore Gerrards (of which so much had been made by the "continentalists") claimed to have seen land. Even Cook, who kept an admirably open mind about the whole business, admitted the possibility of large islands, and there were French stories about land in the south Atlantic.

So the southern continent was also the aim of the second voyage (1772-1775). Perhaps Cook had in mind Dampier's advice about crossing the South Seas in the reverse direction to that invariably followed by his predecessors, making use of the westerlies to sail from New Holland to Chile in the Horse Latitudes. Anyhow he was instructed to take the *Resolution* and *Adventure* sloops via the Cape of Good Hope as far south as lat. $54^{\circ} S$, in long. $11^{\circ} 20' W$. (the supposed position of Bouvet's island south of Africa). Thence he was to stretch eastward and circumnavigate the globe, returning to the same spot, and

“keeping in as high a latitude as you can, and prosecuting your discoveries as near to the South Pole as possible.” This Cook did, reaching latitudes as high as 67° and 71° S., skirting the ice-floes of Antarctica, and twice circling the southern Pacific to give his men some relaxation from the gripping cold. By so doing he rediscovered many long-lost lands — Mendaña’s Marquesas, Quiros’ Santo and the New Hebrides to the south of it, Roggeveen’s Easter Island. Though he searched deliberately for them, nothing could be found of the lands seen by Fernandez and Gerrards. Returning via the Horn, he had definitely disposed of a legend which had held credence for close on two thousand years. “I have now done with the Southern Pacific Ocean and flatter myself that no one will think that I have left it unexplored.” And again, in one of his official letters: “If I have failed in discovering a continent, it is because it does not exist in a navigable sea, and not for want of looking after.”

The aim of the third and last voyage (1776-1780) harks back to that of the Elizabethans: the western exit of a North-West Passage and a rediscovery of Drake’s New Albion, Byron’s unfulfilled objectives. He again sailed via the Cape of Good Hope and made use of the westerlies to reach New Zealand, paid his last visit to his friends at Tahiti, and set off in search of land in 45° N. Because he followed a fresh diagonal route across the North Pacific he discovered on his way thither Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands. He made his landfall of the American continent on the coast of Oregon, followed the coast up in a vain search for a way home, until he reached the Behring Strait between Asia and America. I sailed through, he writes in his last letter, “flattered with the hopes of having at last overcome all difficulties, when on the 17th of August, in lat. $70^{\circ} 45'$ N., long. 198° E., we were stopped by an impenetrable body of ice.” He returned to Hawai where, like Magellan, he was killed covering the retreat of his men. Clerke took over the command and tried again to penetrate the Strait, but he also died before they reached home. However, Lieutenant James Burney, “my friend the Admiral” of Lamb’s essays, did return to become the Pacific’s first real historian.

Thus in ten years, in consequence of sailing 70,000 miles between 70° N. and 71° S., throughout the whole expanse of the Pacific with the exception of the Gilberts-Solomons area, Cook had effectively exploded the ancient myth of *Terra Australis Incognita*, and had replaced it with the realities of Australia and New Zealand. How fruitful that myth was can be judged by the discoveries he and his predecessors made in their search for the substance which underlay the dream. The map of the Pacific is his monument.

It only remained to correct the details, a long and arduous task carried out chiefly by officers of the Royal Navy. How that was done, and how the ocean was invaded by a horde of whalers, missionaries, blackbirders, beachcombers, remittance men and copra merchants, does not concern us here. We have surveyed the first heroic age of European enterprise in the Pacific. After a century of commercial exploitation, which, on the whole, has done us small credit in those parts, we are fortunate to have lived to see the dawn of a second heroic age.

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