ANTHROPOPHAGI IN NEW-YORK AND OTHER VOYAGERS

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In 1844, Harper and Brothers, of 82 Cliff Street, New-York (as the city's name was then written), published a now nearly forgotten book, *Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Pacific Ocean*. The account of a three-year voyage to the South Pacific was written by a young native New Yorker, the evocatively named Thomas Jefferson Jacobs. He begins:

> About ten years ago, as many of my readers may recollect two savages, named Sunday and Monday, and advertised as cannibals, were publicly exhibited in New-York and other cities of the American Union. They were brought to this country by Captain Benjamin Morrell, who represented that he had taken them from two groups of islands which he had discovered in the Pacific Ocean, the precise position of which, for private reasons, he declined to disclose. Each spoke a language peculiar to himself and unintelligible to the other; and neither of them had ever seen a white man until Captain Morrell accidentally discovered their native islands while on a trading voyage in the schooner Antarctic, in quest of bêche-de-mer.
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> His object in bringing them to this country was to instruct them in the English language, and thus to make them useful to himself as interpreters and pacificators in the intercourse with their respective islands which he proposed to open (Jacobs 1844, 13).

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This chapter explores maritime cultures of contact by tracing the complicated voyages of Sunday, Monday, Captain Morrell, and his crews to Manhattan, unmapped Pacific archipelagoes, Botany Bay, Canton, California, and beyond, polyglot participants in the early rise of a global Pacific. A global culture of contact between Europeans and indigenous peoples, with regional and temporal variants, dates at least to the time of Cortéz, I suggest (ML, Cannibals of New York and other voyagers: Islanders, Europeans, and the rise of a global Pacific, unpubl. data). A key example would be cultures of encounter in the Atlantic World (Rediker 1987, Linebaugh and Rediker 2000), heavily inflected by the intercontinental slave trade and colonial plantation economies. My focus is on the Pacific World: its maritime frontiers, ideologies, argots, trade relations, flows of persons and objects, and—highlighted in this chapter—global, transgenerational representations of islands, islanders, and shipboard visitors.[1] To that end, I trace the movements of Captain Morrell, the two kidnapped islanders, and two young American sailors, the author Thomas Jacobs and his companion Selim Woodworth.

Key representations of Pacific islanders have been remarkably persistent, although perennially contradictory and contested, since the voyages of Wallis, Cook, Bougainville, and those who followed: tropes of discovery and first contact, lotus-eaters on island paradises, and treacherous cannibals. It seems islander perceptions of Europeans have been equally persistent: possible ancestral spirits, wealthy (if erratic) exchange partners, rapacious invaders. Europeans who sailed to New Guinea, and elsewhere in the Pacific, to seek tortoiseshell, bêche-de-mer, pearlshell, and, later, gold dust—forms of wealth highly prized in London, New York, or Canton—encountered people who were themselves actively engaged in voyaging for wealth. As islanders sailed outrigger canoes to distant islands seeking their own valuables, and as they sought to attract (or repel) newcomers bearing steel axes, glass beads, and calico, islanders and the Europeans mapped multiple, intersecting geographies of desire. Starting with the earliest contacts, each set of geographies, customs, and material cultures of exchange began transforming the other, reshaping the ethnographically known Pacific Islands as well as the social life of metropole and empire. Chinese teas, porcelains, and silks, for which Pacific traders often bartered their tortoiseshell and bêche-de-mer in Canton, as well as mother-of-pearl buttons and copra-based soaps, became either commodities for the urban working poor or luxury items of consumption for a growing bourgeoisie (cf. McClintock 1995).

European and American traders and naval officers sailed to the Pacific with pre-existing expectations of how to approach and engage island "natives" and extract wealth, fame, or professional advancement from the voyages. These

derived from personal preconceptions, official orders from the Admiralty, a captain's history of trading successes and disasters, and direct orders. They brought with them as well a conventional set of trade goods, tested by trial and error on previous voyages to other "savage lands" or Pacific Islands—iron hooping, hatchets, Turkey red calico, handkerchiefs, looking-glasses, and beads. Islanders transformed their own exchange repertoires, techniques, and expectations about encounters with others—including possibilities for wealth and fame—to deal with these volatile strangers on their beaches. I explore these themes by drawing on the overlapping genres of voyagers' accounts and travel narratives as they cross the blurry boundary between fiction and nonfiction. I begin my own narrative with the two Pacific islanders kidnapped by Captain Morrell, renamed Sunday and Monday, billed as anthropophagi, and exhibited to the public in 1830s New York, whose significance as a Pacific port is often overlooked.

The display of two alleged cannibals, surrounded by their native implements, and the subsequent "outfit and departure of the brig Margaret Oakley under Captain Morrell, on an exploring and trading voyage to the islands of the East Indian Seas, some years since, created quite a sensation among our citizens" (Jacobs 1844, iii). Newspapers took note. Poet, playwright, and newspaperman Samuel Woodworth (1815–71) ghostwrote Morrell's (1832) two-volume narrative of his four Pacific voyages from 1826–30. Woodworth also wrote and staged a play, *Massacre Islands*, based upon Morrell's alleged experiences of savage attack in what he insinuated were Sunday and Monday's home islands. It opened early in 1833 at The Bowery and ran until May before enthusiastic audiences, garnering at least one generally favorable review, although there was criticism of such anomalies as actors with white faces in "calico frocks" or "green jackets" playing "*perfect* savages" (Anonymous 1833; cf. Pollin 1976, 169).[2]

Benjamin Morrell was already both a celebrity and a figure of notoriety. He is still remembered (if at all) as "the biggest liar in the Pacific," most spectacularly for his reported discovery, in suspiciously temperate latitudes, of the continent of Antarctica, which he named New South Greenland (Morrell 1832a).[3] Two years after his latest return from the Pacific, he remained unsuccessful in gaining financial backing for his next venture. Intent on exploiting the trading possibilities for tortoiseshell and bêche-de-mer near certain tropical islands, he formed a joint stock company in New York to attract investors for a future mercantile voyage.

His broadside prospectus announced, in large bold letters, "To commercial men!! An important enterprise" (Morrell 1832b). But as Jacobs politely described it more than a decade later, Morrell's proposal for a "mingled trading and exploring voyage to the islands of the South Pacific . . . was

frustrated by a misunderstanding which arose among the stockholders, and led to the entire abandonment of the expedition" (Jacobs 1844:13–14).

More bluntly, Morrell was accused of swindling his investors, but Captain Morrell, "though at first disheartened . . . did not relinquish his design. He had indulged too long in exaggerated dreams of the wealth and fame that lay within his reach" and "applied himself, therefore, with renewed energy, to the device of some new plan by which he might prosecute his intended voyage" (Jacobs 1844, 14).

That device was the exhibition, especially in New York, home to the wealthy investors he hoped would back his next expedition, of the two abducted Pacific islanders. John Keeler, a crewmember on the Antarctic in 1829–30, when Sunday and Monday were captured, contributed his own account (a year before Morrell), directly tied to the captain's celebrity and to "[t]he two South Sea Islands who were brought to this country by Captain Morrell." He praises their appearance and character, comparing them favorably with Sandwich Islanders, the "cannibals of New Zealand, "Chinesemen and women . . . seen in the streets of our city," and "Indians of the Osage, Menominee and Wyandott tribes, with their calumets, silver rings, and uncouth features. . . . The elder, who at home sways the sceptre of a Chief, is much better shaped for a warrior and a general. His hair is not like that of the negro—it is longer, softer, and finer. . . . His skin is softer and lighter than that of his companion" (Keeler 1831).

This was Sunday, already showing signs of turning into a noble savage:

> They still keep their war implements, such as bows and arrow, spears and war clubs, and their fishing geer; together with their ornaments and former articles of dress of their own manufacture, for the examination of the public. It is understood that all their lines and habiliments are made of the bark of a tree and their fish hooks are made of the mother of pearl and tortoiseshell (Keeler 1831, 4).

Keeler's account as survivor of the eponymous massacre seems also to be ghostwritten (by Samuel Woodworth in an early effort), tending toward the floridly literary in style, unlikely for the effusions of a common seaman, but it includes convincing details, likely based on oral accounts by Keeler, later embellished. The *Antarctic* departed New York in September 1829, "on a voyage to the South Seas, for the purpose of collecting a cargo of fur seal skins" (1831, 3, 5). Morrell intended sailing in higher latitudes than what we now envision as the South Seas, but found the sealing off New Zealand's South Island disappointing, and so "shaped his course for Manilla." Keeler

describes their passage through archipelagoes teeming with "the pearl and tortoise shell, beach-le-mar" and so on. Morrell named each group after a different New Yorker, no doubt honoring his investors. Few of the names lasted (although the Berghe Group can be identified as the islands of Chuuk [Truk] Lagoon), and the text offers no clues as to their location. Keeler's account, like Morrell's (1832a: 458–66), reveals little about the origins of Sunday and Monday. A key passage from Morrell reveals his motives.

> If there be sufficient commercial enterprise in the United States to fit out an expedition to these islands, and thus enable me to restore these civilized cannibals to these islands, the stockholders of the concern would not only realize incalculable profits by the first voyage, but they might monopolize the invaluable trade as long as they please because *I alone know where these islands are situated* (Morrell 1832a, 466; original emphasis).

The location of the captives' home islands was Morrell's great trade secret, the leverage by which he hoped to raise fresh capital. Elsewhere, I offer evidence for the islands' locations. Each island lay well north or northeastof New Guinea; neither was anywhere near the Massacre Islands, which were north of the equator in Micronesia in the Massacre Islands (ML, Cannibals of New York and other voyagers . . . , unpubl. data). Exhibiting the men, along with valuable implements of mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell, emphasized Morrell's unique Pacific knowledge and commercial advantage.

"If these men are enabled to return, they will also be prepared to instruct their countrymen in the art of agriculture, of which they are now entirely ignorant." (This was of course a great lie.) The return of civilized cannibals (a remarkable concept) will open a path to missionaries and

> . . . the worship of the Great Spirit in a Christian temple. . . . By this means thousands of infants would be saved, which are now doomed to perish, lest the population of these islands become too great for their means of sustenance. Was their rich, mellow, luxuriant soil only partially cultivated, it would produce sufficient for ten times the population that now occupies it. These natives, whom I call "Sunday" and "Monday," will also prepare the minds of their countrymen to receive and protect missionaries; they will report how kindly and tenderly they have been treated here" (Morrell 1832a, 466).

The islanders as Morrell describes them are too ignorant to use their "rich, mellow, luxuriant soil" ("only partially cultivated," he now allows) and

require civilized instruction not only on Christian principles but to avert a Malthusian catastrophe.

"Our two captives could not for some time, interchange their sentiments verbally," Morrell notes, "though they could sympathize with each other by signs and looks" (1832a, 466). So Sunday and Monday, who spoke different languages, could not communicate "for some time." But eventually they could. They developed and learned to communicate in some form of pidgin. By the time Sunday returns to the Pacific on the *Margaret Oakley*, four years later, he speaks what Jacobs (1844) calls "broken English," clearly a pidgin in grammar and vocabulary.

Morrell continues:

> My object in bringing these two men to the United States is already known to the public and is, I trust, duly appreciated. In the year 1830 they were ferocious savages, and, as they now confess with horror, even CANNIBALS! In the year 1832 they are civilized, intelligent men, well fitted for becoming proper agents, or interpreters and missionaries, to open an intercourse with their native islands, which cannot fail of resulting in immense commercial advantage to the United States, and also of incalculable civil and moral blessings to a portion of mankind never before known or heard of by the civilized world. They have become familiar with the superior arts and enjoyments of civilized life, and are very anxious to return and communicate the same to their benighted countrymen. One of them, who was a chief in his native country, has a great taste for the mechanical arts, particularly such as require the use of machinery and edge tools. He visits of his own accord, the different factories and workshops, with the inquisitive eye of a philosopher, and is never satisfied until the use and principle of every operation have been explained to him (Morrell 1832a, 466).

The princely savage and mechanical philosopher, other passages make clear, was the man called Sunday. This rhetorical example portrays the reformed, formerly debased savage (CANNIBALS!) exposed to the beneficent effects of American civilization. In rapid succession, the passage hits the promise of great profit ("immense commercial advantages") and an appeal to American nationalism and economic competition with Britain ("to the United States") a mere two decades after the War of 1812, during which Morrell spent two years as a British prisoner. It wraps up with a pious nod to the "incalculable civil and moral blessings" of underwriting the return voyage.

Two years later Morrell found financial backers—whose names, characteristically, he kept secret—and set sail once more in 1834 on the clipper ship *Margaret Oakley*. His latest crew included two young native New Yorkers. One was nineteen-year-old Selim Woodworth, oldest son of playwright Samuel Woodworth, who despite his total inexperience at sea, joined the voyage as second mate, or clerk (accounts vary). The elder Woodworth showed considerable confidence in Morrell, a man many treated with disdain, entrusting the life of his first-born son to his care, a confidence he later regretted. The other first-time sailor on the *Margaret Oakley* was Tom Jacobs.

> I had just left college—still in my minority—when I heard of the expedition; there was something fresh and original about it, and so different from ordinary freighting and naval voyages. . . . The idea of visiting lonely and fruitful islands heretofore unknown; of witnessing the habits of Sunday's people and their exultation at his safe return; and above all the prospect of opening a new and brilliant path to fortune and fame, combined to adapt this voyage to my somewhat roving and adventurous disposition (Jacobs 1844).

The path to fame Jacobs envisioned was a published account of the voyage. "I endeavored to purchase a passage, but Captain Morrell could not take any passengers. The owners were suspicious that others might learn the nature of the trade, which they wished and expected to secure for themselves" (Jacobs 1844).

The captain relented, allowing him to "reside in the cabin" and study practical navigation.

> "He added that he would impose upon me this one restriction, that on our return I should publish nothing in relation to the voyage, until after the lapse of a certain time; that during the cruise I would be under his authority, and required to do the duty of a midshipman. As it was understood that none but officers and crew were to embark in the expedition, he considered the arrangement with me confidential, with which the other owners had no concern; so, to prevent all inconvenient inquiries on their part, he put my name down as one of the crew (Jacobs 1844, 15).

The departure was delayed by tragedy.

> The temper and appearance of the two savages, to whose agency he [Captain Morrell] trusted for success, were as dissimilar as their

> language. Sunday was gentle, affectionate, inquiring, and intelligent. Monday was suspicious, moody, and difficult of restraint. He could not be made to understand that, in taking him from his native land, the whites could have had other than hostile intentions. No kindness could win his confidence, nor could anything banish from his mind a notion he had conceived, that they intended to kill and even devour him. The cold climate which he had been forced to accept instead of his own sunny land, chilled his temper as well as his frame; he hated the confinement of dress and the restraints of orderly and civilized life, and often wept in bitter agony, shedding tears and wringing his hands in grief for the country of his birth. The food he received here was an unwelcome substitute for the delicious bread-fruit, the sweet sago, the luscious banana, the nourishing cocoanut, and the various grateful fruits and roots to which his taste had been accustomed in the tropical climate of his lovely islands.
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> These things combined soon threw him into a severe fit of sickness. Though attended by careful and skillful physicians, and watched over with paternal anxiety by Captain Morrell, he rapidly declined, and soon died in New-York.
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> This untoward event threw fresh difficulties in the way of Captain Morrell. For a time his scheme was suspended. But after a long delay, three gentlemen proposed to fit out an expedition on a less expensive scale than that upon which the first had been planned (Jacobs 1844, 14).

Monday, whose true name has been lost, was, as he had feared, devoured, incorporated, consumed, by Captain Morrell and the Anthropophagi of New York.

Cannibal Islands

"It was a pleasant evening in the month of March, just about sunset, when my young friend, S. E. Woodworth (who was going out as captain's clerk), and myself stepped into a small boat at Castle Garden [lower Manhattan], the boatman plied his oars, and we waved a long farewell to our native city" (Jacobs 1844, 16).

Selim Woodworth's shipboard diaries, commencing with the departure of the "American Brig" *Margaret Oakley*, on Sunday, March 9, 1834, on a "Fine morning but cool," begin inauspiciously. On Monday, March 10, he records, "Fair weather and wind but too sea sick to enjoy it." On March 11, "Still sea sick."[4] But by the time the *Margaret Oakley* reached "the Cape Verd

Island" of "Bonivista . . . or to use the sailors' term Bony-Wiskers" on April 8, he "went on shore with the Captain and company," and recorded disparaging comments about the inhabitants. On April 11, he writes: "I went with Sunday up almost to the other village which is much the same as the above mentioned. (Went in to bathe)." The two seem to have struck up a friendship. He later describes Sunday swimming alongside ship, diving fearlessly among sharks, as they lay becalmed. But it is Jacobs who reveals Sunday's true name:

> The savage Sunday, whom the reader will not have forgotten as being on board, was now in buoyant spirits at the prospect of a speedy return to his friends and home. His native name is Telum-by-by Darco; but he is commonly called by his people Darco, and is a hidalgo, being one of the most notable chiefs of Morrell's group, and the only son of Mogagee, the reigning Tumbuco, or king, of Nyappa (Jacobs 1844, 23).

The young New Yorkers have revealed that Sunday is quite a noble savage. He is "a hidalgo," a nobleman, son of the "king" of Nyappa. The young New Yorkers have discovered that the supposedly cannibalistic Sunday is, literally, not a cannibal but an island prince. Jacobs' book also contains the first recorded usages of a Pacific Island pidgin.[5] Jacobs was a native New Yorker. From this, and characteristic Austronesian vowel sounds, I assume he was rendering a pronunciation of Daco or Dako, with a broad A. This hidalgo of the Pacific had both a noble appearance and a noble temperament.

> He was at this time twenty-five years old, six feet high, with a symmetrical and athletic frame. He had small, black eyes, and rather a good-natured, though not very expressive countenance; the lower part of his ears was split, and hung down according to the custom of his people, who wear large ornaments in the ears. While Darco was in this country he wore the slit part out of sight. Uneducated as he was, he possessed sound practical common sense, and never exhibited anything of a servile or timid temper; his manners, on the contrary, were commanding and impressive, without being proud or ostentatious. . . . He was always a favourite among our men, was never at enmity with any one, and had a most inveterate and praiseworthy habit of minding his own business (Jacobs 1844:23–24).

The *Margaret Oakley* sprang a serious leak during a gale off the coast of Africa, putting in at Mauritius for several months for repairs. Its armaments fortified, the crew "increased by the shipment of men belonging to different

nations" (and taken by local inhabitants to be "bound on some piratical expedition"), the ship put to sea once more, "indeed, it seemed as if we had just commenced our voyage" (Jacobs 1844: 46–47). Woodworth's journal, silent on Mauritius, picks up again. The captain distributed arms to the crew, "Cutlasses and Guns. He had given each of the Crew a pair of Pistols, a few days ago" (Friday, September 12).

"Every day," Jacobs writes, "the crew were drilled in the use of their implements of war" (Jacobs 1844, 50). Woodworth's journal pauses for a month, obedient to Morrell's orders. They were entering New Guinea waters, as Jacobs' last covert report on their location shows (1844, 66). The *Margaret Oakley* was closing in on Morrell's Group of islands, primary objective of the voyage.

They had entered "an unknown and unexplored region" where the navigator feared to "wreck his vessel upon some unknown coral reef . . . and where, per-adventure, he may be roasted alive and eaten by cannibals, who will be disposed to massacre the first white man who happens to fall into their power, as an act of vengeance to appease the manes of their ancestors, who may have been cruelly treated, or murdered in cold blood, by some ancient bigoted and ignorant European visitors" (Jacobs 1844, 64).

Cannibals now return to the narrative for the first time since Manhattan. Jacobs, who heard Darco's stories of European raids against his people, explains that revenge, not savagery, was the motive for cannibal attacks against Europeans. The islanders hoped to appease their ancestors. Into this alarming, fertile region they sailed,

> [U]nder the command of an enterprising captain, who has determined to explore and open a trade in every spot where the danger is most imminent. He now assumed the authority of an autocrat over every soul on board, even to the officers, and took all their nautical instruments and locked them up, that they might not ascertain our latitude or longitude. The farther progress of the vessel was wrapped in mystery, and no one was permitted, in his presence, even to hint at the name or situation of any place at which we stopped. He kept everything to himself; determined to reap the profit of the trade he meant to open, at another time, on his "own hook," for peculiar circumstances, connected with frequent quarrels with the supercargo, had transpired, and given him (as he thought) good cause to "crush the owners and their spies." He looked with a jealous eye upon any one who even so much as picked up the scrap of a school map, and glanced it over, useless as it was. The crew could describe the beauties of the islands that we visited, and the nature of

> our trade, but they could not tell their latitude or longitude, or ever return over the same route. We never hove the log, and the vessel's log-book contained no courses, distances, latitudes or longitudes.
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> By peculiar management, I was enabled to conceal my instruments in the steerage; and it so happened that one other person [Woodworth] and myself were as well acquainted with our daily progress as the captain could be. . . . Inhabitants of several coastal villages hailed us to stop and trade. Several canoes, with mat sails and outriggers, came after us in full pursuit, paddled by natives, who motioned us to stop and anchor, as they wanted to trade. We disregarded all their signals (Jacobs 1844: 65–67).

Morrell insisted on sailing onward. In a deep bay at the mouth of a river ("a 'new discovery'!") he felt menaced by "a great multitude of warriors" and fired the six pounder, using "a blank." The Papuans fired barbed arrows, one of which narrowly missed Morrell, who later shot and killed the war leader with his rifle. This was the signal for a general attack by hundreds of men. The American cannons and ". . . volley upon volley of musketry" repelled the war canoes. "The clear blue water of this beautiful bay was dyed with the blood of many a warrior; and as the groans and gurglings of the mortally wounded rose upon the ear, and we looked around upon the spectacle, it was appalling and heart-sickening!" (Jacobs 1844:70–74).

The captain mounted the trunk and harangued the natives. He waved his outstretched hands over them, as a father over his children, and told them he had come here as their friend; they had come to massacre him and had met their doom from the all powerful and ubiquitous "White King," who commend with the "Spirit of the Sun," to which luminary he pointed.

"The natives, with their heads bobbing up and down under cover of the canoes, gazed at him in wonder and amazement" (Jacobs 1844). As well they might. It is not at all clear from this account what language Morrell was speaking, or thought he was speaking. English? A Pacific pidgin? Jacobs understood the captain; hence, Malay is ruled out. Jacobs had been conversing with Darco by then for months, gaining familiarity with what Jacobs later called his "broken English," the quickly developing trade argots of the New Guinea coasts and islands. The White King? Spirit of the Sun? If Jacobs is not making this up (even if he is), this is a revealing account of how one early white trader represented himself. Two days eastward, they ". . . encountered a fine-looking race of men," who were "unacquainted with the use of iron, which we explained to them by cutting a stick with a sheath knife, and then showed them how to make a similar instrument out of a piece of iron hoop. At this they danced and shouted for joy. . . ." The crew presented a piece of

iron hoop to the "principal chief. . . . All were "eager to obtain a piece of the valuable metal. The captain informed them that he would give a small piece of it for every pound of hawk's-bill tortoise-shell which they would bring him; and offered to deal with them in the same liberal manner for pearls, pearl-shell, bêche-de-mer, gold-dust, ambergris, mysory bark, edible bird's nests, sandal wood, paradise birds, nutmegs, diamonds, camphor gum copal, vermilion earth, ostrich plumes, ivory, palm and cocoanut oils, and other valuable productions of their island" (Jacobs 1844: 70–4).

One wonders how much of this the Papuans could understand. They bartered great quantities of shell valuables and weapons for iron, and Morrell "told them to go on collecting, and he would return in thirteen moons and buy all they had" (Jacobs 1844:75–76). This was one of his most important techniques of contact. Open friendly relations by offering generous initial gifts of European goods to the senior men, the "principal chief" or "king." Explain, via trade lingo, or ideally, a native interpreter, that they should organize the collection of the desired trade items for his return in a certain number of "moons." Or, if the "natives" are threatening, demonstrate the lethal power of European guns and cannons. After they flee, leave valuable opening gifts on a house post, verandah, or tree trunk. Sail back later, and proceed with more gifts plus instructions to collect tropical commodities for future mutually beneficial trade.

> [W]e took our departure from Papua, steering N. by E., with a cracking trade-wind from the S.E. This was our course for several days, and we launched upon the broad Pacific Ocean, with nothing in sight save the sky and the water. We were now approaching the "land of promise"—Morrell's Group of island, the birthplace of Prince Darco. All hands were on the tip-toe of expectation to witness the reception of the prince by his people, who had, no doubt, mourned his absence as though he had been long since numbered with the dead; and many were the speculations of the sailors about the grand denoument. As we neared the latitude of the group, the anxiety and impatience of Darco became painfully intense. He could scarcely eat or sleep. . . .

When Darco, who had fallen into sleep only an hour before, after being on lookout on night, was awakened by Captain Morrell, who "hallooed that his islands were in sight . . ." and fell prostrate upon the floor. After recovering, ". . . he rubbed his eyes, stood up, and said in his broken English, 'What for you too much a pool Capin More-el! You see my island! suppose me no see my island me no like'e you too much!' With this he instantly rushed upon deck, half dressed as he was, and, bounding forward, mounted the windlass

bitts . . . he suddenly uttered a shout of heartfelt rapture, which thrilled through every bosom on board" (Jacobs 1844: 77–78).

The island of Nyappa, "the most elevated in the group," was "the birthplace of Darco." But his longed-for homecoming was not straightforward. The *Margaret Oakley* hove to off Nyappa about 10 p.m. Darco told his friends that he had

> . . . misgivings about the mountain people, who he feared, had conquered his father's tribe, who lived upon the seaboard. That he might satisfy himself upon this point, he desired to be first landed upon the Island Riger, where his mother's people resided. Accordingly, we steered for that island, and the next morning were close upon it. . . . The land towered up, in the form of an irregular truncated cone, about 2000 feet above the sea . . . on the left, in one spot about one third of the way up the cone, shot forth, with a low, rumbling noise, a . . . wonderful boiling spring (Jacobs 1844: 78–79).

They were met with at Riger by a "host of naked savages, armed with spears, slings, and war-clubs . . . chanting their war-songs." The inhabitants motioned for the strangers to be gone, then "hurled a volley of stones at us with their slings." At this,

> . . . Prince Darco ran out upon the boom, and hailed them in a loud voice, saying that he was 'Telum-by-by-Darco, the son of Mogagee, the Tumbuco of Nyappa.' At this the natives ceased chanting their war-song, and held a grand consultation upon the beach, while the war tum-tums and conchs pealed forth a warning din throughout the island.
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> Presently the consultations ended, and the savages stood arrayed along the beach in battle array, while a noble-looking red warrior advanced to the water's edge and, shaking his spear at us, cried out at the top of his voice, "You make lie to kill us! You killed and eat Darco many moons ago! We know you, *Pongo*, very bad. Can't kill us on land! We kill you! You afraid of *magic stone*!"
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> With this the savages uttered the war-yell and brandished their war implements, while the tum-tums were beaten with increased fury. Darco again hailed them: "Me no speak lie! me real Darco *Pongo* good man: no eat me! Me hab been to America! Me come ashore alone, and show you!"
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> "You speak lie plenty!" shouted the red warrior. "Telum-by-by-Darco not white like you!"

> "Me not white!" shouted Darco, as he stripped off his duck shirt and trousers, and hung them on the jib-stay, upon which he seized, and stood up in a commanding attitude, exposing his bare body full to the view of the savages, while he stretched out his muscular arm and pointed at them with his hand, and shouted, "You see me. I am Prince Darco!"
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> At this the war-yell and tum-tums ceased, and the savages gazed at their beloved prince in silent wonder and amazement. . . . The savages, having now become convinced that they really beheld their former prince, all shouted his name, broke their spears, and, dashing them upon the gourd, scattered in all directions to relate the joyful tidings; and we soon heard his name shouted up the mountain-side by hundreds of voices, and borne along until it faintly died away in the distance around the island.
>
> Darco announced to the crew that he wanted to "jump overboard and swim ashore. The captain persuaded him to land among his subjects in a more kingly style" and had him rowed to the edge of the reef, whereupon he grew impatient and swam ashore anyway. "The boat returned to the vessel, for we knew not what might be the reception of our seamen among the savages." But the "prince was instantly recognised by his people" who uttered great shouts of welcome. Darco returned in an hour ". . . in a big war canoe. . . paddled by his mother's people, who threw on board cocoanuts and bananas. He told us that his people thought, when he had his clothes on, that he was Pongo's (the devil's) imp, set up to deceive them. . . . When he told them about America, they listed in wonder, and could get from his statements no definite opinion, except that it was situated in the moon, and inhabited by spirits and hobgoblins" (Jacobs 1844: 79–81).

The idea of America as the moon soon became familiar. Darco quickly heard that his father Mogagee had died. The mountain people had been "committing depredations upon their plantations of golopo, and had carried off Nape, the young and beautiful daughter of his cousin Ragotur." Darco wished to spend the day at Riger, then sail on to Nyappa.

"W____ [Woodworth] and myself embarked with him in his war canoe." This was exactly the adventure for which they had signed on with Morrell, to return New-York's "cannibals" to their island homes. The inhabitants carried the canoe onto the beach. Darco's maternal relatives clutched him, and all

wept. The two Americans ". . . were surrounded by a more youthful class. . . . Some of them wet their fingers and rubbed our hands and arms, to ascertain whether the colour of our skin was natural and permanent, or only artificial; and wondered how human beings, with so pale a skin, could live and be healthy. Others played with and admired our hair" while "the young ladies" tried on their "shirts and caps, and making many awkward attempts to incase themselves in our pantaloons."

Rubbing the European's skin to see if pigment comes off, the way black, white, or red body paint does, is a widespread Pacific report.[7] Darco directed the islanders to stand back and form a circle, telling his friends to keep their shirts off, "and thus to show his people that we were willing to conform to their style of dress, and thus to gain their confidence and friendship." Their shirts had in any case been seized by "two young women . . . stalking around with the sleeves tied round their necks, and the bodies fluttering behind, followed by a curious host, who were examining their fabric."

Darco related his adventures to the "principal chiefs" inside the circle, appealing to his friends to confirm his stories' veracity; "he indulged in the traveller's license to an almost unpardonable extent" but the Americans loyally agreed with what he said: "*A lee gitter tolum cazy*!" (Jacobs 1844: 82–83). Jacobs clarifies,

> W____ and myself had learned enough of Darco's language during the voyage to hold long and interesting conversations with him, and had collected quite a full vocabulary. Indeed, we had been from the first his favourites on board; and to us he always communicated his doubts and fears respecting his ultimate return to his native islands.

The visitors and returning "prince" were conducted to the "Palace of Lavoo."

> Darco and the two Americans toured the district, then embarked in the canoe with ". . . two celebrated braves, his relatives. One was named Wonger and the other Pongaracoopo. The latter was half-brother to Darco, and had been engaged in the attack upon the Antarctic at the time of Darco's capture, when he received several shot-wounds, losing one eye, and received a buck-shot near his shoulder blade (Jacobs 1844, 85).

This is a rare after-action description of the consequences of affrays with Morrell's and other European ships. The two warriors were to accompany Darco to Nyappa.

A "great crowd" assembled on the beach. "[O]ne aged man rushed into the water and kissed Darco's hand, and cried and sobbed aloud, in fear lest, when he got on board the vessel, *Pongo* would again carry him away, never more to return."

Pongo was a cannibal giant with multiple heads who came from the sea. Darco declares that "I love my people very much, and will be glad to see them in my house in Nyappa." It was nearly dark when they regained the vessel, "and jumped on board, where we were heartily greeted by the crew. We squared away the yards, and steered for Nyappa."

The "two braves" were "somewhat alarmed. . . . We showed them a cannon-ball; one took hold of it and speedily let it fall; while they both gazed at it in wonder, putting their knuckles into their mouths, and then, snapping their fingers, cried, "I-yar, I-yar!" and said in their language, "Just the same as *magic stone* in *Pitar Cave*!'"

By morning, the ship lay close to Nyappa (Uneapa), a high island with three central mountains.

> The two braves embarked in the boat and were approaching the beach, when the war-yell rang through the forest, and a vast body of savages poured out upon the beach in battle array threatening our crew with instant massacre. Seeing the danger with which we were surrounded, the two braves rose up and addressed the assembled warriors in a loud and energetic strain, accompanied by violent gesticulations. . . . The braves leape into the water and swam ashore . . . soon the joyful cry of "Telum by-by-Darco! Telum by-by-Darco! rang through the forest in all directions." Several canoes came out and "the chiefs stood on our deck, where they surrounded and empaced with affection their long-lost and beloved prince, whom they hurried into the canoe and hastily paddled for the shore, following bey the fleet, the whole host chating a greeting song, accompanied by the sound of the tum-tum. They soon entered the cove, and were lost to our view.

This was a tense interlude, both for his friends and for Morrell, who had a years-long investment in Darco. But he returned late the next day by canoe, accompanied by warriors wearing "macaw plumes," bodies and faces striped with red paint.

"[H]e had that morning been crowned King of Nyappa, by the unanimous desire of the populace and chiefs in council convened. The mountain people had already heard of his arrival, and fearing his power and influence with Pongo, they began to think of suing for peace" (Jacobs 1844, 89).

Darco planned to lead his warriors into battle, using firearms to subdue his people's enemies, "the mountaineers." Morrell's abduction and return of Darco had already affected Nyappa's geopolitical balance and would further change the balance of power in favor of the beach-dwellers, a common pattern in the early history of Pacific Island relations with Europeans. The littoral people had connections not only to Darco's guns, and knowledge of how to use them, but to Morrell and perhaps other traders who had appeared in the years since Darco's abduction. In 1830, Nyappa islanders had refused to trade with Morrell, attempting to drive his ship away by force.

The crew took to traveling in the ship's four boats among the shoals of Morrell's Group of islands, looking for shell and bêche-de-mer as well as chances to open friendly trading relations. Woodworth resumes his diary anchored off "Riger" on November 25, 1834 (he no longer bothers to log the day of the week).

> At ½ past 2 P.M. the Captain took the stern Boat and started to examine the shoals and a neighboring sand spit, and if possible, to have some communications with the natives. About an hour afterwards they returned on board: having seen no natives, but the Cpt. brought off some bick-le-Mare from the reef and a few shells. After this squall of rain was over the Cpt. again took the Boat, and I accompanied him. . . . When we got near the shore we saw a canoe full of Natives, on shore, and pulling allong towards their village. We gave way on our oars to overtake them, but they seeing us gain on them, run their canoe ashore and jumped out; we pulled in near to them and opened conversation with the natives, although we could not see them, they being in the Bushes, we invited them to come out and receive some presents but they said that they were afraid that we had come to take them away to Eat, as God had done previously at Nyappa by taking Darco, we told them that we were not God but people like them but they did not believe us, we also told them that we had just brought Darco home and that he had been in our Country; but all of our conversation was of no use; they would not show themselves; and all the time begging of us to go away. We finaly told them what we came for and asked them if they had any Tortois Shell, they said they had, and if we would go away that they would put some in an old tree that lay in the watter; we then pulled the Boat towards the tree and layed some pieces of old Iron hoop on the tree and pulled away. The natives soon came out and took the Iron and left in its place 4 pieces of Shell, which we took and thanked them, promising tomorrow to call and see their friends on Jarvis Isle.

As Morrell once more makes contact with the "cannibal islanders" of Sunday's home group, Woodworth records their fear that the white men had come back to take them away and eat them, as they had Darco. This was, from the islanders' perspective, a maritime visit from the Anthropophagi of New York. Note also the placing of valuables in trees. Woodworth was the crew member Morrell most relied upon to translate, explains Jacobs (more modest about his own linguistic ability), making this passage more credible. On the 26th Woodworth begins, "Comences fair, all hands buisey cleaning articles of Cutlery for to trade with." The islanders were afraid to approach the captain and first mate Jarvis in the boat, even Jarvis left behind alone on a sand spit. Woodworth and Morrell landed near six houses: ". . . the natives were all here preparing their supper"; the villagers "had got a large hog ready to put in the Boat" but took fright.

"The articles that Mr. Jarvis had left, were still hanging unmolested where he put them, and the natives would cast a very suspicious look at them and then at us. They believed (as I later understood) that the god had put them on ths House and that they would return and take up our residence here. The Cpt. took them down and gave them to an old Chief by the name of Peo Lie. He was much pleased with them and expressed his thanks by offering us some cooked Cocoas and Roast Pig."

The next day

> we got the old Chief Peo Lie, to come in the Boat and go on board. He had some difficulty in getting clear of his people. They thought we was going to eat him, they brought us a fine hog and some cocoanuts, and we started on Board; we showed him everything that we thought would amuse him, and we made hima present of a Red cap, a callico shall, an Axe, and some beads; we put him ashore at the Island again, he being very much pleased with his presents, as was his people. At 5 P.M. we took a bottle of Harlem Oil for the sick old woman and some plasters for Lewie arm and Leg.

On November 28,

> We started to the westward and the first Island that we touched at was tantargeely . . . the natives gave the alarm by blowing the war Conck and they all began to muster in their canoes and shove off from the Island. . . . After hiding in the houses they soon returned fetching with them a hog as a peace offering and dancing and singing as the brought the Hog to the boat . . . some of the natives were swinging branches as they danced and came towards us. As soon as

> the Hog was in the Boat, they ceased singing and came towards and seemed as if friendship was established. They talked to us and also brought us their shell which we bought of them.

Note the tributes of hogs and the "swinging branches" as signal of a peaceful encounter. The former chief, Tantargeely, was dead. Morrell offered a present to the new chief ". . . to induce him to get his people to fetch their shell, which they all did very readily on our showing them what we had to give them for it. The Island is not more that ¼ of a mile in circumference . . . They gave us a few cocanuts and offered us some cooked Cocoas and Breadfruit. We thanked them for their hospitality. . . ."

Relations were less harmonious on the next island.

> During the time we were buisy there was so many natives around the Boat that we could not see the watter, and as they began to increase they were still more noisey, which the Capt. did not like, and gave orders imediately for us to stern off & come alongside of the Launch. . . . At least we got her afloat but could not find the rudder, which some one had unshiped, and it was gone.

All present

> . . . pretended not to know anything about it and began to be quite independent. . . . The Capt. then called all of the old men that was near and asked them if they would give up the rudder, and if they did not find it instantly that he would make thunder and lightning and kill all of the people and knock down all of the Huts and comenced at the same to load the swivel with bar-shot, and gave orders for the men to seize their arms, and he ranged the men along in the Launch in a regular line, facing the village. They all had their Muskets to their shoulders and cocked, when we saw an old man comeing runing and swimming up towards us with the Rudder in his hand and was shouting to us not to sink the Island. We ceased hostillities and waited for the man to bring the Rudder . . . by this time the whole Island was in an uproar, the men all runing for their arms and began to form small parties in different parts of the village, but on seeing the Rudder in the hands of the Captain who held it up for all of them to see it, they set up a yelling and Singing which lasted for 5 minutes, during which time they brought us a hog for each boat and some bows and green leaves, and once more established peace with them, and went on with our trade as well as ever.

Woodworth includes an asterisked explanation (confirmed by Jacobs in 1844): "The natives were very much astonished to see the Boat pull without the Rudder. They had an idea that if they stole the Rudder we would not be able to get away with the Boat and they would have a good chance to steal the articles that we had in" (November 28).

In the morning he landed in the "Golly Boat and took some salvs, plasters, and Medicins for the afflicted and returned on board soon with two fine hogs that these good people had got for us, we gave them a lot of Beads and Butons for them" (November 29).

This seems a very favorable trade. The attempted raid, the threatened use of European weapons, the coerced return of the stolen object, and the peacemaking ceremony, with its tributes of hogs, dancing, and waving of green leaves or branches has remarkable parallels to other mid-nineteenth-century descriptions of uneasy, yet semiritualized early encounters on island beaches (for example HMS *Rattlesnake* in Sudest Lagoon in 1849; Huxley 1935, Lepowsky 1993, 2014; ML, Cannibals of New York and other voyagers . . . , unpubl. data). Another frequent technology of European contact was a ritualistic display of the deadly power of firearms. Morrell had offered instances along the New Guinea coast when he felt menaced. But Woodworth (November 29) writes, "the Capt. had as yet been very carefull not to let the natives into the secrete of our fire arms unless in case of nessesity. . . ." The men collected "large quantities of the B. le M. here while bathing . . . while we were in the watter a large [unintelligible] or Crocerdile at least 15 feet long was discovered to be swimming around amongst us . . . we all left the water now and took to shore choseing to stand in the rain rather than stand a contest with one of the Devils Children."

A "fine flock of large pigeons" tempted the men. The captain, believing them out of the islanders' earshot, gave permission to fire. The ship continued among the small islands of the group, and the next day "we landed on all of those Islands opposite Woge-Woge." These were inhabited, but their residents "all shoved off in their canoes for the main." The crew helped themselves to "hogs and fowls" as well as "*cocoa-nuts*. . . . The *Bread-fruit* was not quite ripe . . . and left some beads and knifes for the people in the *Counsel house*."

Here again is the culture of shipboard contact, helping themselves to the possessions of unwilling natives, yet recompensing them with European goods of the types and quantities they would have exchanged with a willing island partner.

The crew, "way up in the bay . . . dined under the shade of the [Mangroves] and remained an hour collecting oysters and ginger. Took a bath and shoved off." Seeking fresh food, water for the ship's casks, firewood, and a place

to bathe were the most common reasons for the Margaret Oakley, and all other visiting ships of the era, to venture ashore, risking attack on little known beaches, more compelling even than the desire for a profitable trade. By November 30, at the village of

> "Woge Wo-ge," we got a little shell here, but the people looking a little suspicious we left them and went over on one of the small Island opposite and one of the canoes came after us. We contrived to get near them and talk to them, they brought us some shell and we gave them some presents, but on the Capt. shooting a large Bird to show the effects of Fire arms they all jumped in the water and swam for the main, a distance of 2 miles. We could not persuade them to return, but every time that we would call to them, they would dive and swim under watter a long way.

This was a classic display of European lethal power. From December 1to 3 the *Margaret Oakley* again passed Tantargeely, Rudder Island (there were "Signs of hostillities"), "looking Glass Isle" and "touched at Garrys Isle." They could see a "Volcano . . . dist" from the "fine bay . . . 20 miles." Seeking a "watter and woody place," they rowed 500 yards up a large creek, ". . . when up jumped a dozen savages and run out in the watter towards us, with their spears, but they did not offer to use them. They were ornimented with huge teeth and beads, with green leaves in their heads, they are much lighter and finer looking people than those below us. They speak a different tongue from those to the West, have no canoes, live interor. We rowed in towards these people but they fled. . . . Fired an 18 lbs. to alarm the natives, in case there should be any lurking around the creek . . . we planted a variety of seeds, among which was corn, pumpkins, beans, turnips, &c." (December 3rd).

Planting European crops for use on a return trip, or for future mariners, was a widespread mariners' strategy (like leaving behind goats). Jacobs describes the garden planting rather differently from Woodworth, recalling it as the "germe" for Morrell's plan for a future colony of white settlers.

> The captain sat at the head of the circle, upon a water-keg, with a long pipe, puffing away and observing nothing; evidently lost in a revery, with his eyes cast upon the blazing fire. . . . "It's a pity that so many fine girls at home should be prevented from marrying, for fear of being forced to go to the poorhouse for a subsistence, and that men should quarrel for a mean strip of poor land, when all this fine country lies in a state of nature!" said the captain as he at least broke silence. The crew looked at him eagerly and listened for

> the proposition which was to come. "My boys," said he, "if I should return here to plant a colony of respectable families, will you follow me?"
>
> "Ay! ay!" was the general reply, and the captain again sank into his revery (Jacobs 1844, 135).

Morrell hoped "to settle for life in some part of Tropical Australasia" (Jacobs 1844, 128).

The "crew had become possessed of the idea that valuable gold mines remained to be discovered by us in that direction [the volcanoes of Bidera, or New Britain] and that we were there to make our 'eternal fortunes.' The captain, too, had given us hopes of this sort by expressing his desire to explore that region in quest of gold-dust, and diamonds, and other precious commodities" (Jacobs 1844: 141–42).

By this point Morrell's position had changed.

> Difficulties had by this time arisen between the captain and the agents of the owners of the vessel, the merits of which I shall not discuss, but which led the captain to believe himself released from all obligation to prosecute the voyage for their benefit. He determined, whether justly or not is a matter to be determined by facts which I do not feel at liberty to make public, to open a trade at their expense, and at some future time to return, in a vessel of his own, and reap the profits. Now that the opportunity offered, he decided to prosecute a thorough exploration of Tropical Australasia; to enter all the most dangerous and unknown places, and, with apparent recklessness, to risk everything upon the hazard of a single die (Jacobs 1844, 114, 116).

The "agents" to whom Jacobs refers include the supercargo, whom Morrell accused of being a spy. The "facts," which Jacobs does not make public, remain murky. Perhaps Morrell never intended to share any of the voyage's profits with his investors.

> Captain Morrell was a brave and daring navigator and as able a seaman as ever walked the deck of a ship. In scenes of danger he was always at his point, and commanded as if it were by instinct. So long as we obeyed orders, everything worked well, but when we disobeyed, we roused the lion and felt his anger. Every soul on board feared, though all respected him. The crew had already tasted of the delights of being on shore, upon beautfiul islands, among

> the natives; they were charmed with the climate, and the apparent ease with which a comfortable living could be obtained, and were, accordingly, delighted with the intentions of their captain.
>
> The scenes through which we had already passed, the mysterious region we had now entered, and the view of towering and verdant mountains of Bidera, tended to inspire us with a feeling as if we had taken a final leave of civilized life, and entered a new and unknown world. With a swift and well-armed vessel under his feet, and a large and chivalrous crew at his command, far away from the control of law, Captain Morrell in a measure became "outlawed," and so did we all. The crew were mostly composed of brave, hardy, and chivalrous young men, in the heyday of youth, and we had come here to gratify a spirit of adventure! The time, the place, and the scene roused us to action; and, led on by our daring captain, we shared his spirit, and resolved to follow him in his hazardous and adventurous undertaking" (Jacobs 1844, 116).

Morrell and his crew had also adopted Papuan customs for establishing exchange relations. The captain painted his face and bare chest in stripes of red (ochre?) before greeting a chief and his people in Morrell's Group, with whom he sat and chewed betel nut. "It is considered a very friendly sign to present the carbo gourd and exchange a chew of betle," Jacobs explains (Jacobs 1844, 132). At another location ". . . we painted our faces, stuck parrot-feathers in our hair, and landed upon Carwary" where they were received by the chiefly Nomer, father of their future shipmate Garry Garry (Jacobs 1844, 192).[8]

Jacobs recounts that the entire crew "had kicked off such useless lumber" as shoes and "were partially savages ourselves from the captain down to the cook" (1844: 85–86). At Bidera they "saw about 50 natives coming down the Beach from the other side of the creek, they were all dancing and singing and waving green branches. They had 3 fine hogs (one for each Boat). The natives and hogs were all painted Red and the Hogs were covered with small beads passed round their necks and legs. . . . We showed them T. shell but they did not know what it was but they knew pearl shell for they had orniments of it. These people all live in the mountains and therefore know very little about Tortoise Shell. They invited us to come to their village and pointed to the mountain."

The islanders had incorporated the visitors into preexisting exchange patterns, including the ritualized presentation of ochre-painted hogs decorated with shell valuables. The mountain people were eager to establish direct

exchange relations with the newcomers, by-passing the coast-dwellers. The crew gave them "knives and beads." The ship returned to Nyappa "and kept a light in the fore-rigging all night and lay off and on expecting Darco would see it if alive and come off."

In the morning Woodworth took the boat to look for him, "rowed along the shore inside of the reef and continualy kept hollowing for Darco, but all was of no use, he came not." They stopped at a "town . . . but the natives were so timid that I could not get any news of Darco." One man shouted that they should "go around to the S.West side that he lived there. . . . We saw the ensign hosited as a signal for us to come aboard and at the same time a man runing and runing down the Surf to-wards us, but he [Benton, the First Mate] wood not wait for the man and we started on board, and squared away for Bidera and was abrest of ---------- at dark, lay too all night" (Woodworth, December 9–12).

This was indeed poor Darco, Woodworth and Jacobs learned much later. They "tacked ship and stood to the N.W. . . and runing for *Monday's* Islands." In two days they sighted "thirty or forty secondary islets, ringed in a semicircle" and entered the lagoon.

> A large canoe, propelled by two sails, and filled with armed savages, came boldly up to the inner edge of the reef and hove to. The savages stood up, made friendly signs, and held up friut and tortoise-shell. They were the countrymen of poor Monday; upon one of the islets composing this group he was born; his relatives no doubt believed that he had long since been offered up as a sacrifice to our cannibalism. Alas! he was not here in person to convince them to the contrary, and they would not take our word! Fearing that our hands would be imbrued in more blood, we tacked ship, steered to the eastward, and were soon out of sight of land (Jacobs 1844, 164).

In the years since Monday was taken captive in 1830, the islanders had learned to barter with passing European vessels, becoming sufficiently accustomed that they knew to come out to the ship in canoes and to offer not just fruit but tortoiseshell. This was one of the major valuable commodities that Morrell had informed his readers and investors was so abundant in this uncharted group. But other vessels had reached the group before he could return. Jacobs again expresses regret for Monday's death in a cold and distant country, explaining that Morrell chose not to land in Monday's home islands because of the risk of bloodshed once the islanders saw he was the stranger who had carried Monday off four years earlier. They would believe

him "offered up as a sacrifice to our cannibalism," a parallel response to the fears of Darco's kin of the anthropophagous Americans. The *Margaret Oakley* instead sailed on to Manus (its name written in code in Woodworth's diary), engaging in a brisk trade, then returned to the New Guinea coast and New Britain.

There the Americans took on board another island voyager, a willing one this time, a young man named Garry, or Garry Garry, from the Bay of Carwary. He was another noble savage, "son of Nower, the King of Carwary," Captain Morrell's new namesake and trade partner. Garry Garry, who "frequently accompanied us in the squadron and slept on board the vessel several nights [was] a fine fellow and of great service to us in trading and opening a communication with the savages. He had a great desire to accompany us to the 'moon' in the 'god-ship.' We promised to take him, and return him safe and sound in five moons" (Jacobs 1844: 192–93).

Garry Garry quickly began to act as an interpreter, informing the Bidera coastal inhabitants "that we were gods from the moon who had come to make them presents" (Jacobs 1844, 198).[9] He helped to facilitate a considerable trade, even among enemies to his own people. The *Margaret Oakley* sailed on to Sydney, by way of Bougainville, Buka, the Solomon Islands (Jacobs calls it the Mendana Archipelago), and the New Hebrides ("Quiros Archipelago"), calling and trading at Espirito Santo, Erromango, and elsewhere. Woodworth describes the acquisition of ". . . curiousities: collecting the[m] from all of the ships crew and folks aft, takeing an account and packing them in boxes for transportation" (March 20, 1835). Here is another key aspect of island trade: in native "curiosities." These war clubs and spears were more than souvenirs. Common seamen and officers alike intended to realize a profit on them back home. Sydney had its drawbacks.

> We happened to arrive here [Sydney] at the commencement of winter and felt the cold very sensibly. We wished ourselves back in Tropical Australasia, for here we were obliged to resort to woollen clothing, and to shoes, to keep ourselves comfortable. The use of the latter article give us no little pain; we had gone barefooted so long that all our shoes were too small for us; we walked like cripples on shore, and kicked them off when we got on board the vessel again . . . the sailors continually vexed one another by praying for a return to the delights of a tropical climate. We had also just left a verdant and fruitful region, the contrast between which and the barren scenery of Port Jackson was so remarkable, that we most heartily wished ourselves away and back to the "Cannibal Islands," as the crew were in the habit of calling them (Jacobs 1844, 246).

The crew, who suffered agonies when forced to don shoes in the Sydney winter, longed for the "delights" of what they were already calling the "Cannibal Islands."

> In Sydney we accidentally fell in with two Kanakers; they were both young men. One was named Woahoo [Oahu], and was a native of the Sandwich islands; the other was nicknamed Tomme, and was a native of Otaheite [Tahiti], one of the Society Islands. They had been inveigled from home, while intoxicated, on board of some whale-ship, and had been abandoned here. They were nearly destitute of clothing, and had taken severe colds. The climate affected them as badly as Garry, and here in a strange land, among strangers, they bid fair to soon descend into the grave. We took them on board the vessel, clothed them, nursed them, and fed them. . . . As there were no vessels in port bound to the islands whence these men came, they consented to embark with us in order to ge into the climate of the tropics, and there run their chance of meeting with a vessel bound to their homes (Jacobs1844: 249–250).

The Hawaiian word *kanaka* (Kanakers) had already entered shipboard vernacular; Jacobs assumes his readers also will understand it. The two Polynesians joined the crew and spent much of their time with the two young Americans. Garry Garry was miserable "in the moon," badly affected by cold.[10] He nearly died of fever during the return passage, likely of pneumonia, but was nursed back to health by Jacobs and Woodworth, avoiding both tragedy and a major setback to Morrell's trading ambitions.

"Our progress was rapid, and every day brought us into a warmer and pleasanter climate. By degrees we stripped off the flannel shirts and drawers of Sydney, and were again reduced to the pleasant and airy dress of the 'Cannibal Islands'"(Jacobs 1844, 250).

Garry Garry's father had died in his absence. He was now "King Garry Garry." After the *Margaret Oakley*, with his assistance, completed a lucrative trade, he and Jacobs went bird hunting. Jacobs "slept at the palace in the same apartment with Garry and his sisters, who received me kindly and provided the best mats for sleeping upon." Garry placed a gift of "Doondoo plumes" on Jacobs' head, and "in Indian style" he returned to his shipmates. "The following day we bade farewell to King Garry and the royal family" (Jacobs 1844, 252ff., 270–71). The captain headed for "Morrell's Group," seeking Darco. tortoiseshell, pearlshell, and bêche-de-mer.

> A large canoe, under full sail, approached us, and King Darco and the noted brave Ragotur soon tumbled on deck through a port and

> bounded aft to embrace us, with tears in their eyes. The meeting between Darco and the captain was very affecting, and the big tear rolled from the eyes of the king as they embraced. He had been succesful in all his undertakings; the mountain people were reduced to subjections; the big canoe was completed, and we now saw it alongside; a universl peace reigned throught Nyappa, and he was worshipped as the greatest king that ever lived, one who could wield the war-club of "Lingambo" (moon). His tortoise-shell hunters and pearl divers had been very succesful, and he now informed the captain that a large quantity of these articles awited his command on shore; and to convince him how successful he had been, he presented him with one of the largest and purest pearls that we had ever seen; and when we afterwards compared it with the finest in the collection of the Sultan of Sooloo, we found that it even surpassed the best of them (Jacobs 1844: 271–72).

Darco by now had two wives, who "had fallen in love with him since his return from Lingambo." Jacobs presented these "good-looking wenches" with "gewgaws." As they sat on a mat in front of the "palace," Jacobs asked his old friend whether he wanted to go to America again.

"O-oo ballie!" (no, never) was his reply; "me more happy here, where people no want money to get married and support a family."

> He spoke from his heart, and had evidently become as much of a savage as ever; he went entirely naked, as usual, not wishing to be encumbered with his clothes, which he had hung up in his palace for his people to look at, for they regarded them as suits of armour to guard a man's body from spears. His "magic club" [gun] hung over the door, and was fairly reverenced by the natives" (Jacobs 1844: 271–73).

Morrell and Woodworth brought in grapevines and trees from Sydney to plant in his garden. The captain seems to have regarded Darco as more than just an instrument with which to gain his fortune. Woodworth describes an earlier reunion, after Darco had seemingly disappeared, in which Morrell cried as he embraced him. (He wrote about the captain's tears in numerical code.) Darco called him father. His own kin forcibly held him at several points to keep him from rejoining the ship and being carried off again, this time forever.

"The captain now laid out a deep plan; he intended, at a future day, to return to these lovely islands on his 'own book,' and found a trading-post and

colony. Here he intended to end his days in quiet and peace, free from the cares of a moneyed world" (Jacobs 1844, 274).

Morrell took leave of Darco's people, determined to sail to the East Indies, then on to Canton, selling some of his trading stock to other traders in the Sooloo Sea. They coasted Luzon, reaching the tiny island of Linton, in the estuary of the Pearl River, on October 13, 1835.

The supercargo, Mr. Babcock, sailed upriver to Canton, where he made arrangements to sell "all of the Tourtle Shell"—143 lbs. in all—and secured "a freight for the Brig imediately for New York, and [wrote] that we are to get ready and take in a load of Rive [rice] from the large ship the Earl Ball Carran."

The *Margaret Oakley* underwent repairs. The captain "sold of all our old iron to Fukeer for $12.25" and "all the watter casks, old bead, arms Chest and arms also a great deal of old stock all of which we sold to Cpt. Swain of the Barque Agness." Morrell was furious at the low prices. Woodworth notes, in code, "The whole of these Cpts. are a set of damn rascals too stiff to speak to an ordinary *se-Moon*" (October 19 and 24, 1835).

Jacobs (1844, 358) explains to his readers that he wished to continue his global travels rather than sail directly home in the *Margaret Oakley*. He left the ship in Canton, transferring to the English brig Ann, under Captain E.J. Abell, which was "bound hence to South America, via the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena." An alternate interpretation of silences in Jacobs' account regarding Morrell's character and activities is that Jacobs no longer wished to travel under his command. It is not clear whether there was a recurrence of previous tensions with Morrell, seemingly resolved in Sydney half a year earlier, but this was a lucky move on Jacobs' part.

"Captain Morrell and W___ each took me by the hand as they stood in the Sylph, and the big tear stood in our eyes as they said, 'Farewell, Tom; a prosperous voyage, and may we soon meet again'" (Jacobs 1844, 359).

What happened to the voyagers of the *Margaret Oakley*? We have no further word of Darco, who returned to his islands after four years in New York, or of Garry Garry, the young man from New Britain who achieved his wish of traveling to the Moon, Sydney, but found it not to his liking. Thomas Jefferson Jacobs continued on to South Africa and South America, returning to his home in suburban Harlem in 1836. In the following years, he prepared his account of the voyage for publication by Harper and Brothers. He concludes, "I have since travelled much, and seen the beautiful hills, and dales, and prairies of interior Texas, called by many the garden of the world; but . . . I am daily more convinced that the islands in the Tropical Pacific Ocean comprise the fairest region of the earth" (Jacobs 1844, 366).

Captain Morrell and his crew sailed the *Margaret Oakley* to Singapore for repairs, then westward into the Indian Ocean. They were not heard from

again for several years. Back in New York, Samuel Woodworth had heard nothing at all from his son since his departure in 1834. Jacobs, back in New York, heard rumors "that the captain had turned pirate," and that "she might have foundered." One day there was a knock on his door. He opened it to find "a weather-beaten man, his features almost concealed by beard and moustache. It was some moments before we spoke, but we grasped hands and eyed each other. It was my old shipmate Mr. W____, who seemed to me as one risen from the dead! He related to me the fate of the Margaret Oakley" (Jacobs 1844, 363).

The *Margaret Oakley* was shipwrecked just off the east coast of Madagascar, all hands apparently saved. Woodworth was plucked from a sandy islet by a young Malagashe woman who sheltered him for several months. The ship's cargo was lost, some to the depredations of local scavengers. Morrell was driven half mad by this catastrophe, Woodworth writes later. Persistent rumors circulated along the Atlantic seaboard that Morrell had scuttled the ship, leaky and unseaworthy, in order to claim insurance on it.

The two Polynesians (their names, in a list appended to Woodworth's diaries entitled *Ship-Wreck Crew of the M. O.,* given as John Olahitia and Jack Oahoo) settled in Madagascar, taking Malagashe wives and going into the cattle hide trade. (Sunday and Thomas Jacobs are listed erroneously; mss Woodworth, Box 4, HEH.)

Captain Benjamin Morrell made his way back to the United States. Because of his notoriety, no one would employ him to command a ship or invest in his next trading voyage. He shipped out in 1839 on his way to the Pacific but got only as far as Mozambique. There he became gravely ill with a fever and died at only 44 on the coast of the Indian Ocean not far from his lost ship (Jacobs 1844, 363 ff.).

Global Cannibals

I detail elsewhere the further adventures of Selim Woodworth after his return from the shipwrecked *Margaret Oakley* (Lewposky 2014, ML, Cannibals of New York and other voyagers . . . , unpubl. data). Tracing his career reveals a rapidly globalizing nineteenth-century Pacific and its ties of trade, empire, and custom with the coasts of North and South America as well as with China. Woodworth joined the US Navy, rode to the Oregon Territory with a secret Congressional dispatch resolving the boundary dispute between the United States and Britain (and met Hawaiians at Fort Vancouver). He sailed to California early in 1847, where he volunteered to lead the relief of a party of emigrants—later known as the Donner Party—stranded in the mountains that had resorted to cannibalizing their dead to survive. (CANNI-

BALS!) He joined the Gold Rush, married the young Chile-born protegée of a well-known San Francisco madam, and set himself in the Pacific trade, sailing to Honolulu, dispatching his 18-year-old brother back to the Cantonese port of Foochow to learn the tea trade, and importing Chinese porcelains and silks to sell to San Francisco's new rich.

Benjamin Morrell's 1832a *Narrative* was plagiarized in part by Edgar Allen Poe in his 1839 pastiche, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*. Herman Melville owned copies of both Morrell's *Narrative* and Jacobs' 1844 *Scenes, Incidents and Adventures*. Each, like *Moby-Dick* (1851), was published by Harper and Brothers, and marketed to capitalize on the popularity of Pacific travel narratives. *Moby-Dick's* Queequeg, the tattooed islander, is inspired by descriptions by Jacobs of Sunday/Darco.[11] Like Queequeg, Sunday outwrestle the American sailors, "hugs them like a bear," and shoots an arrow straight for seventy-five yards. During the visit of Garry Garry—another "proto-Queequeg"—to Sydney "a wheelbarrow took his fancy," and he picked it up and carried it on his head (Sanborn 1998; cf. Jacobs 1844). Melville, an experienced Pacific sailor, must have found Jacobs' accounts compelling. Poe's and Melville's borrowings from the increasingly obscure volumes written by Morrell and Jacobs help explain why their earlier portraits of island adventures sometimes seem not only familiar but clichéd.

Woodworth's journal, Morrell's 1832a *Narrative,* and especially Jacobs' account show some of the contradictory views American sailors of the day held toward Pacific islanders. There are descriptions of debased savages, Massacre Islands, Cannibal Islands. Yet there is also testimony as to the intelligence and good character of the "natives," and not only of Darco, Garry Garry, Jack Woahoo, and Tomme Otaheite ("a person of note among his people," Jacobs writes), individuals toward whom the Americans had developed feelings of affection. Passages in Woodworth's diaries and Jacobs' book extol the virtues, even nobility, of the "savage inhabitants" they encountered and exchanged gifts with on dozens of island beaches. The islands themselves were "fertile," "luxuriant," "paradisial," in a "state of nature." The captain planned to leave America forever, returning to establish his own colony and trading depot in "Morrell's Islands."

The techniques Morrell uses in his Pacific voyages had long been in use, part of a global maritime culture of contact. Islander perceptions of Europeans as returning ancestor spirits, beings from the moon, and volatile strangers requiring socialization into proper exchange customs have histories almost equally long. In some instances, they are even more persistent, resonating into the twentieth century and beyond in cargoistic prophecies and relations with powerful outsiders. For early European visitors, waving green branches,

identifying and treating with a native king or prince, trading for war clubs and spears with beads and iron hooping, leaving initiatory presents on tree branches, exchanging names, planting European crops for use on a return voyage, communicating in the rapidly evolving pidgins of the Western Pacific (or South China Sea or African Gold Coast), and demonstrating the lethal power of firearms were technologies of encounter, deployed in the service of returning home alive with a profitable cargo. The most dramatic European technique was carrying off an islander as both trophy and future facilitator of trade, displaying the unfortunate captive along with items of dress and adornment, weapons, and implements (cf. Poignant 2004; Blanchard et al. 2008; Blanchard, Boëtsch, Snoep 2011). This practice dates at least to Pocahontas, the first documented "native princess" and "civilized savage" to journey to England. Presented at court in 1616, introduced to nobility, her backers intended her visit and social display to help raise capital for the Virginia colony.

East Indiaman Captain Robert Wilson of the *Antelope*, shipwrecked in the Pelew [Belau] Islands, returned to England in 1784 with Prince Lee Boo, who wished to learn to be an Englishman but died, like Pocahontas, of smallpox. The Tahitian Prince Omai was introduced at court as well, his formal dress portrait painted by Joshua Reynolds. He was neither prince nor Tahitian but a commoner from Raiatea with a strong sense of adventure (Connaughton 2010), but the trope of noble savage is unmoved by facts. Unwilling emissaries include the Tierra del Fuegians captured and brought to England in 1830 by Captain FitzRoy of *HMS Beagle*, York Minster, Jeremy Button, Fuegia Basket, and Boat Memory, two of whom were presented to King William IV. Deeply impressing a young Charles Darwin, who voyaged with the survivors, FitzRoy meant them "to become useful as interpreters, and be the means of establishing a friendly disposition towards Englishmen" (Jardine, Second, and Spary 1996, 331).

In that same year of 1830, the American Captain Morrell was making captives of Sunday and Monday to serve as interpreters and facilitate trade, for Morrell himself, but also for "mariners of all nations." This is not a coincidence. This is a cultural institution, one of pan-European and Euro-American shipboard technologies of maritime contact, customs, and mechanisms of encounter with "natives" that had already endured for centuries. The Dutch explorer Geelvink, as Jacobs (1844, 114) himself notes, captured four Papuan men and three women from Great Bay in West Papua in 1705 and brought them to Batavia, sending several "to Holland for exhibition." The New Britain "prince," Garry Garry, was a willing traveler, taken aboard by Morrell and his crew to visit the Moon, Sydney. Adventurous young men like Garry Garry had their own desires and ambitions to explore unknown

islands and continents, contributing to shipboard and littoral cultures of the nineteenth century. Many settled and raised families far from their island homes: the *Margaret Oakley*'s Hawaiian and Tahitian in Madagascar, hundreds of Kanaka sailors in Mexican and American California and the ports of the Oregon Territory.

Whether billed as savage prince or cannibal specimen (or both as with Sunday/Darco), after their display and education into the customs and technologies of a Christian country, these individuals were expected to return home, to act as cultural ambassadors, interpreters of language and custom, facilitating peaceful trade, missionization, and eventual absorption of their homelands into empire. Following Captain Morrell, his island captives, and his crew "of many nations" on their complicated journeys from Manhattan to New Guinea and back illuminates the remarkably early rise of a global Pacific.

NOTES

1. Pacific representations and tropes of discovery, Trans-Pacific Islands of History, colonial entanglements, American Pacificism, Pacific seascapes and waterscapes, and Pacific Worlds have been fruitfully analyzed from varying perspectives by Smith (1959), Sahlins (1985), Thomas (1991), and Lyons (2005) and most recently in overviews by Matsuda (2012), Thomas (2012), Bell, Brown, and Gordon (2013), and Igler (2013).

2. Sunday and Monday were displayed at Tammany Hall, beginning in September 1831, as "Two Cannibals of the Islands in the South Pacific" and were later engaged by Peale's Museum. Morrell's "cannibals" were the first recorded "Oceanian people being exhibited in the United States" (Odell 1927; Bogdan 1988, 179). P.T. Barnum was so deeply impressed by the crowds attracted to Morrell's alleged South Sea cannibals that in June of 1842, at the American Museum, he exhibited the Fijian-sounding "Vendovi, A Cannibal Chief" (Odell 1927). *Massacre Islands* has not survived from among Woodworth's copious literary productions (for lists of those that do, see Taft 1938 and Wegelin 1953). Morrell's ghostwriter was a secret in the 1830s and beyond, known only to his publishers, the brothers Harper (Exman 1965: 29–30, 114; cf. Pollin 1976).

3. Morrell was born in Rye, New York, in 1795, and grew up in the small port town of Stonington, Connecticut, the son of a shipwright. He served at sea from the age of twelve and was taken prisoner by the British during the War of 1812, spending two years in Dartmoor Prison. After his first wife died he married his young cousin Abigail, who sailed with him on some of his Pacific voyages and merited her own ghostwritten memoir (Morrell 1833). Lacking formal education, Benjamin Morrell had no prospect of becoming a naval officer, but contemporaries agreed he was an expert mariner. Origins of the "biggest liar in the Pacific" remark, allegedly common in his lifetime, are obscure, often used without attribution (e.g., Gibson 2008: 7–8). Gould (1928) is the proximate source for later writers, including a geographer skeptical of Morrell's Antarctic discoveries (Matthews 1948) and a zoologist who allows that, while he may have been a liar, Morrell's observations of austral marine mammals were actually spot on, so he probably did get pretty far south (Wy 1980).

Jacobs' 1844 title alludes to its selling point of describing Morrell's fifth Pacific voyage and mysterious fate.

4. Woodworth's entries come from his battered and torn shipboard diaries at the Huntington Library (mss Woodworth, Box 4, HEH.). Entries are cited by date. These 1834–35 journals have great value as a comparison with Jacobs' 1844 account, challenged by one historian as a fabrication, a fantastic voyage replete with arrow-wielding savages, impossibly high mountains, and waving ostrich plumes (Ballard 2009). Captain Morrell actually engaged in the ostrich plume trade in Africa on an earlier voyage, but I suspect that these New Guinea plumes came from cassowaries. Woodworth's shipboard journals record similar violent encounters along the north coast of New Guinea to Jacobs' 1844 published account. Key sections throughout Jacobs' book closely match Woodworth's journals. Based on this congruence, and the fact that the journals break off abruptly in 1835 in Canton, when Jacobs left the ship, I suspect that Woodworth loaned them to his literary-minded friend Jacobs to use in writing the latter's long-planned book. Jacobs likely returned them to Woodworth later, where they remained among Woodworth family papers for more than a century. I first came across Woodworth's shipboard journals and his other papers in 2000 when searching in the Huntington Library's archival collections for evidence of early nineteenth-century encounters with Europeans in New Guinea waters (Lepowsky 2014). After the current paper had been submitted for publication, and while it was at the copyediting stage, Fairhead's book (2015), which also draws on Woodworth's unpublished journals and papers, was published.

5. Mühlhäusler, Dutton, and Romaine (2003: 35–36) citing Sunday/Darco's speech, note that "regular visits from passing vessels" but also "the practice of taking Islanders away for prolonged periods of time, as with the speaker Darco" facilitated the development of Pacific pidgin as a trade lingua franca (I would add, of regional and temporal variants). The alleged name "Tellum by-by Darco" (probably meaning, "I will tell you that my name is Dako") occurs later (Jacobs 1844: 77–80).

6. See also Huxley (1935) for HMS *Rattlesnake* in Sudest Lagoon, 1849. I had the same experience in the islands of Sudest Lagoon in 1978 (Lepowsky 1993).

7. Morrell and his crew also engaged in the "native custom" of exchanging names "when visiting each other." The captain became "Nomer, which we repeated aloud with gravity equal to that of the natives" and "the sable king" became "Cap-in Mor-el" (Jacobs 1844, 193). Perhaps this was a widespread island custom; it may also have been part of the Pacific maritime lore of contact with "natives" (cf. Huxley 1935; Lepowsky 1993).

8. The Europeans from the moon motif persists along the northern coast of New Guinea. Pioneering Russian ethnologist Miklouho-Maclay was, in the 1870s and 1880s, given the name of Moon Man. Cargoistic prophecies of a later century associated whites, ancestor spirits, and lunar origins (Webster 1984; Worsley 1968).

9. Jacobs (1844: 247–249) offers a detailed account of Garry Garry's visit to Sydney: his responses to horse-drawn carriages, brick houses, shops, and theatrical and religious performances. He found the food nearly inedible, once his supply of "fruits and betle" was exhausted. "The moon may be very good for white man, but very bad for me."

10. See, for example, Blanchard et al. (2008), Blanchard, Boëtsch, Snoep (2011), Bogdan (1988), Ellis (2008: 217n32), Exman (1965, 114), Gibson (2008: 7–8), Lyons (2005), Pollin (1976), and Sanborn (1998, 2011).

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