

NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE

OF

H.M.S. HERALD.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from England—Madeira—Porto Santo—Desertas—Teneriffe—A Ship in distress—San Antonio—Soundings—Fernando de Noronha—The Jangadas—Rio Janeiro.

ON Thursday, June 26th, 1845, H.M.S. Herald, twenty-six guns, under the command of Captain Henry Kellett, C.B., accompanied by her tender, the Pandora, Lieutenant Commander James Wood, sailed from Plymouth Sound. It was fine and clear, but heavy clouds were gathering in the south-west, and on the following day she was visited in the chops of the Channel by a gale with all its accompaniments—the topgallant masts and yards on deck; barometer down to 29·48; wind, sea, mist, rain, and fog. This weather, with occasional gleams of sunshine, continued until the 4th of July, when we were off Cape

Finisterre*. The land was in sight for two days, and we approached it near enough to meet many Spanish barques, brigs, and schooners, mostly fine-built vessels, but slovenly in sails and rigging.

On the 7th of July we exchanged, by Marryatt's signals, numbers with the Thames steam-vessel, sailing and steaming for Madeira and the West Indies. On the 11th we sighted Porto Santo, a barren rocky spot, but, as its name indicates, viewed by its first tempest-tossed discoverers with thankful hearts, when, in their endeavours to circumnavigate Africa, they were driven out to sea, and on the point of perishing. The island, when discovered, was, according to some accounts, inhabited; according to others, desolate. In 1418 Don Henry of Portugal caused it to be colonized, and Perestrello, a gentleman of the Prince's household, was appointed its first governor. Observing from time to time a cloud to the south-west, the settlers sailed to examine it, and discovered Madeira. The superior advantages of that island caused Porto Santo to be neglected, and Madeira resumed its intercourse with Europe. We say resumed, because, as the story goes, in the reign of Edward II. an Englishman named Machim fled to it with his newly-married wife, the beautiful Anna d'Arfet. Love however, it seems, was not sufficient to compensate for the many hardships they had to undergo, and the many privations to which they were exposed, as both, it is stated, died of grief. Some corroboration to this strange

* Our observations verified what has been commonly remarked in the passage across the Bay of Biscay,—that there is an easterly current of about half a mile an hour.

story is lent by there being on the south-east coast a place called Machio or Machico*. Porto Santo appears at first sight like two islands. Passing to the eastward, the town on its southern coast has a conspicuous and pleasing aspect; the church tower being very prominent gives an air to the place which probably would hardly be borne out on closer acquaintance. The island produces corn, but is said to be deficient in good water; it contains 1600 or 1700 people, and its anchorage is, in the winter, preferable to that of Funchal. The highest peak is 1600 feet above the sea.

The Desertas were seen at noon. They bear south-east eleven miles from Madeira, and are three in number, perfectly barren, and only frequented by fishermen, who repair thither for collecting Orchil. The northernmost isle is a high pyramidal rock, often mistaken for a sail, which indeed it much resembles. From the Desertas the Salvages bear south 17° , east 145° . We did not sight the latter, although it was rather wished to do so; a fresh breeze from the eastward appeared to cause a corresponding set to the westward, and thus prevented us from carrying out our intention.

At daylight on the 13th of July the Peak of Teneriffe was in sight—a grand and solitary object, towering in all the pride of desolation; for though there is a vast deal of fertility, it is not very apparent from seaward, and the island seems almost to rival Ascension in ruggedness and aridity. The breeze was so strong in the offing, that it was necessary to reef topsails; but it fell light and

* Barbeau, however, says it was known to the ancients under the name of Clone Atlantice.—Mappe-Monde Historique, 1759.

variable as our vessels neared Santa Cruz. We anchored about noon. The town of Santa Cruz is famous in naval history. Robert Blake, an Oxonian, a member of Parliament, a colonel, and an admiral, there performed his most adventurous and daring action. On the 20th of April, 1657, he attacked and utterly destroyed the Spanish fleet strongly placed under the batteries, and, aided by a sudden shift of wind, drew off his squadron with comparatively little loss. This singularly gallant exploit, after a career unparalleled for daring, was performed while suffering from dropsy and scurvy. If there is one name in English history commanding admiration for all the qualities which became a man, for goodness and greatness combined, it is that of the soldier-admiral, whom the great Protector and the noble historian of the Royalist cause have alike united to honour.

It was a sudden shift of wind that led Nelson to undertake the expedition against Teneriffe; an expedition which, unsuccessful and disastrous as it was, displayed the most exalted heroism, and showed a generous enemy able to appreciate the merits of an opponent, and not carrying warfare beyond certain limits. There are few more interesting episodes than the interview of Captain Samuel Hood with Don Juan Gutierrez, in the citadel of Santa Cruz, when the boldness and presence of mind of the Englishman was met by the generosity and admiration of the Spaniard. The tattered remains of some of the English ensigns are retained in the church, and the inhabitants still bear in mind the attack and repulse of the 24th of July, 1797.

On the 15th of July, at daylight, we made sail.

So light and variable was the wind, that we were baffled for some time under the land, and it was not until ten or eleven A. M. that the breeze became steady from east-north-east. The trade-wind took us smoothly and delightfully along to the south-west, and at sunset we lost sight of the Peak, about forty miles distant. On the following day we fell in with a Spanish schooner of twenty-five or thirty tons, which sent a boat to us asking for water. Having been fishing under Cape Blanco for mullet, bream, rock cod, snappers, and soles, the vessel had been blown off the African shore by strong south-east breezes, and been six weeks from Gran Canaria. She was nearly full, but in sad want in other respects. In the wretched craft there were upwards of twenty people, living more like savages than civilized men. Their only instrument appeared to be a compass, and having got off their reckoning, they would have suffered great distress had we not accidentally relieved them. In addition to water, Captain Kellett gave them a bag of bread, so that their mishap proved their gain. Meeting the frail barque on this spot and in distress reminded us of Prince Henry's early navigators and their sufferings, in attempting to round the terrible Cape Boiador. A heavy surf prevails on this coast, and landing is both dangerous and difficult, and falling in with this vessel gave some notion of what navigation must have been in the caravels and pinnaces of former days.

The trade-wind took us smoothly along six or seven knots an hour. On the 21st of July, the peak of San Antonio, which, according to Owen, is 9700 feet above the sea, was in sight. The wind fell light as we ap-

proached the island—an occurrence so common, that it is given as a reason for avoiding the group: with us, however, it soon freshened, but we stood off west for a few hours to clear the isle. Except Santiago, San Antonio is the largest of the Cape de Verde Islands, and Terrafal Bay, at its south-east extremity, is said to be a most convenient place for obtaining refreshments. Charles Darwin, the companion of Captain Fitzroy, notices the peculiarly hazy appearance of the atmosphere, and attributes it to an impalpable dust which constantly falls, even on vessels far out at sea. This dust is of a brown colour, and supposed to be produced from the wear and tear of volcanic rocks, either among the islands or on the African coast. The drier the atmosphere, the more extensive is the dusty cloud.

On Friday, the 25th of July, in 11° north and 24° west, we lost the trade-wind, and calms, light winds, and heavy rain prevailed for the next two days. From Sunday, the 27th, in 9° north and 23° west, south-west breezes were more steady than could be expected in “the Variables.” We encountered a head sea and sharp squalls, with occasional showers, until the 1st of August, when the south-west hauled into the trade in 6° north, 24° west. A disagreeable head-swell still continued; the trade-wind had much southing in it. We were rather far to the westward, and began to feel anxious about Cape San Roque. The passage between Africa and America is a broad one; still vessels have been set to leeward, and obliged to bear up for Barbadoes.

On the 5th of August we crossed the line in $29^{\circ} 15'$ west, and on the following day, in 2° south and 30° west,

in the middle watch, the look-out man reported breakers. These appeared to be luminous bands in the water, stretching north-east and south-west, so like reefs or over-falls, that, had we been less sure of our position, we might well have imagined them to be such. At intervals of 200 or 300 yards we continued passing these streaks or bands for upwards of an hour; they quite illumined the sea, and presented a brilliant spectacle. In a dark night we were able faintly to distinguish writing, holding a watch-bill over the gangway. This fact will perhaps give a notion of the mass of light they emitted.

On the 7th of August, in lat. $2^{\circ} 32'$ south and long. $30^{\circ} 53'$ west, the pinnace was hoisted out to try for soundings in the deep sea. Her windlass had 3500 fathoms of five-yarn spunyarn wound round it, and the sinker was iron ballast. When it had taken 2995 fathoms out, it stopped; thirty or forty fathoms more were paid out, and the boat drifted to the current, which before it did not do; it was hauled in, and the boat again became stationary; veering once more, she again drifted to the current—signs tolerably conclusive that bottom was struck. The experiment occupied four hours. On board we sounded with 400 fathoms of line, trying the temperature at different depths; that of the air was found to be 80° , of the water on the surface 78° , and at 400 fathoms depth $50\ 5^{\circ}$. The current was setting nearly two miles an hour to the south-west-by-west; this result agreed tolerably with the difference between the dead reckoning and the observations, and also corroborates all former experience.

On the 7th of August the trade-wind was hanging

so much to the southward, and the current setting so strongly to the south-west, that we felt anxious about weathering Cape St. Augustine. At 8 A.M. Fernando de Noronha was in sight. This group consists of two islands and several rocks, exposed to the whole swell of the Atlantic Ocean, and the surf breaks constantly and heavily upon its shores. The islands are strange specimens of volcanic formation; needle-like rocks, sugar-loaf pinnacles, and over-hanging cliffs, rival even the Pieter Botte in fantastic forms. The current swept us down on the islands; at noon we passed five miles to windward of them, the centre pyramid or minaret bearing north 6° west, the south-west point north 36° west. The centre peak is an extraordinary rock, nearly 800 feet high, and so regular and exact in its form that at a distance it is difficult to believe it is not a work of art. A fort, strong in appearance, is the principal object in view, and is occupied by the Brazilian Government chiefly as a convict establishment. There is something horrible in looking at such a spot. To think of the countless sighs and curses of those whose crimes or misfortunes have caused them to be thus penned up by a half-civilized people! What feelings of despair and wretchedness must be theirs, as, day after day, they view the cliffs and peaks which form but a break in the monotony of a voyage—a subject for conversation, to be forgotten in other scenes of an ever-changing life! For the safer custody of the prisoners, no boats are allowed. Fish is abundant; fine-cattle are pastured; fresh beef, milk, vegetables, and fruit can be obtained in cases of necessity. The islands were at one time a rendezvous for whale-ships; now, visits

are discouraged, nor, considering the change in the state of Brazil during the last thirty years, would any vessel wish to touch at an exposed and dangerous anchorage when everything can be got from the ports on the mainland.

On the 9th of August, in $7^{\circ} 30'$ south and $34^{\circ} 15'$ west, the coast of Brazil was sighted. After sunset, being in twenty-two fathoms, we stood off the shore, and fell in with the harbingers of land in those parts, the Jangadas. A ship is a wonderful thing, but it seems even more wonderful to meet these extraordinary rafts in the open sea. Mr. Koster, who published his interesting travels in North Brazil, 1809–1812, thus describes them: "The Jangadas are rafts of six logs, of a peculiar species of light timber, lashed or pinned together, a large lateen sail, a paddle used as a rudder, a sliding keel let down between the two centre logs, a seat for the steersman, and a long forked pole upon which is hung the vessel containing water, provisions, etc. These rude floats have a most singular appearance, no hull being apparent even when near them. They are usually managed by two men, and go closer to the wind than any description of vessel."

The nights were now beautiful; the Centaurus, the Southern Cross, the Ship Argo, and the fiery Antares, were so many novel spectacles, while Venus setting in the west, Mars and Jupiter rising in the east, and Cassiopeia and the Great Bear standing in the north, carried back the mind to home and friends. Brilliant meteors with rocket-like trains added to the beauty of the firmament. Breezes, generally steady, and varied by a squall

or a calm of a few hours, carried us six or seven knots an hour, until within 200 miles of Cape Frio, when, to our surprise, land was reported; the exact resemblance of some vapours deceived almost every one, and even at first caused fears as to the chronometers, but a sounding of forty-eight fathoms having been obtained and an altitude of Jupiter giving $23^{\circ} 11'$ south, we hauled up three points, from west-south-west to west-by-north, and at daylight made Cape Frio. This observation was a very useful one; since noon on the Sunday a current had set more than twenty miles to the southward, and had the west-south-west course been continued we should have been to the southward of Ilha Raza with wind and current against us. In coming from the southward, bound to Rio Janeiro, ships have often been more than a week getting up the last hundred miles of the voyage, from an error in making the land too far to the southward and westward. Approaching the coast of America, the trade-wind at this season usually fails, or rather changes its direction on nearing the land. Between March and September the change is the least apparent, east-by-north and east-south-east being the prevalent direction; but between the months of September and March it is frequently altogether reversed—north-by-east and north-east-by-east are then the prevalent winds. This circumstance was always taken advantage of by the commanders of the Falmouth packets, who in the former months touched at Bahia and Pernambuco in the return voyage; while in the latter, between September and March, they called at those ports in the outward voyage. But steam, mighty steam, will cause these local circumstances, im-

portant as they have hitherto proved, to be overlooked and forgotten.

Although it was the season for easterly and east-south-east winds, we had a touch from the north-north-east, bringing with it thick hazy weather, and not until the 18th of August did we make Ilha Raza lighthouse. The province of Rio Janeiro between Cape Frio and Ilha Grande is extremely mountainous; a succession of peaks occur, which incline to the westward with one exception, the Paõ d'Azucar, or Sugar-loaf. This rock guides the navigator, for the harbour of Rio is only a blind one; and Don Juan de Solis, the discoverer, found that the aborigines called it "Nitherohy," that is, the hidden water, a very appropriate name, the entrance being concealed until in front of the inlet.

The breeze failed us just on entering the port; at eight P.M. it fell calm, and the ebb tide making strong, we were obliged to anchor. Rio Janeiro is famed as one of the marvels of beautiful scenery, and there is only one place to be compared with it, perhaps to excel it, that is in the Bosphorus, where for twenty miles the channel of the Ottomans unfolds in succession hill, valley, and plain, towers, palaces, and mosques. There is something of this kind at Rio, but the *coup d'œil* seems to burst more upon the spectator in meridian splendour, whereas at Constantinople fresh beauties, new charms, hidden splendours, open on one as he advances. The mind, carried away by the ever-changing, ever-beautiful scene, almost asks, can this be real?—as if one was in a pleasant dream, and would fear to awake. The first visit to Rio is not easily forgotten: the wooded heights, the

green valleys, the rugged peaks, and distant mountains, are looked upon with all the interest that the first sight of the New World causes. But to describe the harbour itself words utterly fail. Surprise, admiration, delight, all that earth can imagine, seems to open out, and one looks back to that pleasure as the purest ever enjoyed.

On the 19th of August, at one P.M., when the flood tide made, we got under way. The breeze, however, was so light, in fact the ship was drifting up with the tide only, that we were again obliged to let go the anchor, to avoid fouling some vessels in the fair way; and it was not until three P.M. that we took up our position off the city, where H.M. ships Grecian, Crescent, Seagull, Penguin, and Spy, the U.S. frigates Raritan and Bainbridge, and the Brazilian frigate Isabella, were met with.

Rio Janeiro is, properly speaking, the name of the bay which Solis discovered and mistook for the mouth of a river; it is a fine inlet, upwards of forty miles in circumference, having no stream of any importance falling into it. A French adventurer, Villegagnon, at the head of an expedition which professed to afford liberty of conscience to the Huguenots, took possession of an island in the bay; but after committing various atrocities in endeavouring to found a colony, in which the Protestants suffered more persecution than they had left behind, he was driven out on the 20th of January, 1540, never having occupied more than the small island still called after him. Struck with the advantageous position, Mem de Sa founded the new city, destined to be the capital of Brazil, and named it after the martyr San Sebastian, and also in honour of Sebastian, the then King of Por-

tugal. The name, however, has become obsolete. San Salvador (Bahia) and Pernambuco were cities of repute before Rio Janeiro was thought of, but the advantageous position of the latter, and its exemption from the disputes between Portuguese, Spaniards, and Dutch for the possession of the Brazils, conduced to its prosperity. "Happy is the country the history of which is a blank." Nothing remarkable appears to have happened to Rio until 1710, when the place was attacked by a French force. The attack was defeated, but the Portuguese exercised their victory with so much barbarity that the celebrated Duguay Trouin was sent by Louis XIV. to revenge his countrymen, who stormed, took possession of, and at last consented to ransom the city for the sum of 600,000 cruzadoes (about £60,000), a large sum in those days, and giving a notion of the wealth of the inhabitants.

The discovery of the gold and diamond mines in the province of Minas Geraes gave Rio Janeiro fresh importance in the eyes of the Portuguese; it was also more easily defended than Bahia: and in 1763 the Viceroy Conde d'Acunha was ordered to transfer to it the seat of government. In November, 1768, Lieutenant Cook visited the place. The illustrious navigator gives a somewhat ludicrous account of the ignorance and jealous formality of the Government. He considered the town about the size of an English seaport, not excepting Bristol or Liverpool. The former at that time had about 40,000 inhabitants, the latter less than 50,000, so that Rio probably contained between 40,000 and 50,000. On the arrival of the Court and Prince Regent of Portugal

it was estimated at less than 100,000 ; and such was the impulse this arrival gave, that it is supposed 20,000 persons, Portuguese, English, Germans, etc., in the course of the year 1808–1809 settled in the immediate neighbourhood. The population never appears to have been known by an accurate census ; in 1819 it was estimated at 120,000, in 1833, 140,000, and in 1845, 160,000, or by some at even 180,000, which last, from the crowds seen in the streets and the extensive suburbs, does not seem to be overrated.

Rio Janeiro is a disagreeable town, and, like the city of the Sultan, it must be viewed from afar,—“ distance lends enchantment to the view.” It is a city of contradictions. Charmed with the prospect of its beauty, the traveller is eager to land, but ere he reaches the shore he is assailed with noisome smells which well-nigh drive him back. He sees a magnificent hotel, where every luxury that French cookery can afford is to be procured, and a negro munching farinha, the simplest food in the world. The old city, that visited by Cook and Lord Macartney, lies between Cobras Isle Point and Ponta de Calabouça, and occupies an irregular quadrangle, more than a mile in length and less than three-quarters of a mile in breadth, but bears no more proportion to the present capital of Brazil than “*the city*” does to the metropolis of Great Britain. Nevertheless it has a peculiar aspect, and, as a monument of a bygone age, an interest which the more modern part of the town does not possess.

Landing and turning to the right, you see before you a large square ; the Imperial palace, a large house, neat

and regular in its exterior, occupies the south side, and communicates with other apartments on the west side. These buildings and the adjoining church were part of a Carmelite convent. The north side of the square is formed by shops and cafés; the east side is open to the sea. Although having nothing imposing or even pleasing about it, yet the square is convenient as the chief landing-place of a large commercial city. From the north-west corner of it the Rua Direita runs due north and south; from this narrow streets diverge at right angles, and these are crossed by numerous others. The Rua Direita is the most bustling, as the general mart of traffic; the Rua d'Ouvidor the gayest and most splendid, being the abode of the French and Portuguese jewellers, goldsmiths, milliners, etc.; the Rua d'Alfandega the richest, being chiefly occupied by the merchants and agents of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leeds; and the Rua dos Pescadores the most respectable, containing the houses of the staid English merchants, who for forty years have been as well known as the heads of the Government. These streets have a similar aspect; the buildings are generally three or four stories high, and gloomy and dull in appearance, with balconies to the windows. In plan they resemble the generality of London houses,—long narrow passages, steep staircases, rooms mostly communicating with one another, lofty and well proportioned, but plainly furnished. The ground-floor is the store or shop, whether wholesale or retail; the first story, counting-house, and the second, dining and sleeping rooms. Surrounded by European goods, with here and there an English, German, and French

face, stunned and almost run down by bands of sturdy negroes, heavily laden, and singing as they run along at a pace that would astonish even a London porter, one is reminded how much this busy scene is connected for good or evil with both high and low in Lancashire and Yorkshire, or wherever industry and talent find scope for exertion.

The Rua Dirieta is terminated by steep eminences, on which stand the Convent of San Benedict and the Bishop's palace, said to be more commodious than that of the Emperor. The Convent, a plain building, is from its size not devoid of grandeur. It is generally understood that the Government has prohibited any new entries into the order of the Benedictines, so that in a few years the Imperial treasury will have the disposal of its revenues and estates. To the westward, the Campo de Santa Anna was the termination of the old town; it is now nearly in the centre of the city, and a large square still unfinished forms more a separation than a connection with the new city. From this part an embankment of two miles in length, called the Atterrado, crosses a marsh formed by an arm of the sea, presenting an excellent and level road that communicates with Engenho Velho, and leads to the Palace of Saõ Christovaõ, where the Emperor commonly resides. The continuity of the city on the south side is broken by a hill of some extent and of considerable elevation called the Castle Hill, on which several public buildings are erected, and on its summit is seen the well-known Telegraph. At some distance in the same direction, on the road to Calête, and forming a prominent point on the margin of the Bay,

is the Gloria Hill, with the Chapel of Nossa Senhora da Gloria. This edifice, which in itself offers nothing remarkable, constitutes one of the crowning objects in the panorama of Rio, as seen from the shipping. The ascent to the chapel from the land side is steep, but it is nevertheless much frequented. Many go there to behold from the terrace in its front one of the most beautiful landscapes that can be imagined. The hill is studded with houses, which are chiefly occupied by English merchants, who retire there after the fatigues of business, to enjoy the lovely prospect and cool breezes, that especially contribute to the charm of the situation.

The suburbs to the south, Calête and Botafogo, are in a great measure new; the slopes from the Corcovado, such as the valley of Laranjeiros and the Largo de Machado, show evident signs of increasing elegance and improvement. In 1841 the latter was little better than a field; it has now a fountain in the middle, and is planted and laid out as a garden, while houses surround it on all sides. The aqueduct is really a noble work, constructed in the year 1740 in imitation of the one at Lisbon. There are few more pleasant walks than in the morning to trace it from the city to the foot of the Corcovado. The aqueduct is solidly built, and consists, Mr. Luccock says, "of two walls, about six feet high, arched over, with sufficient space for workmen to enter it occasionally and pass through the whole length; at suitable intervals there are openings for the admission of light and air. Within is laid the canal, about eighteen inches wide, twenty-four inches deep, and three miles long." There are numerous fountains in the city, many supplied by this

aqueduct, others from wells and springs; the supply, however, is far from being adequate to the demand.

The new town is more airy and pleasant than the old; it is like emerging from the older parts of London into the regions of St. Pancras and Camden Town; there is little taste displayed, but more freshness and cleanliness. The Brazilians do not associate much with the English; we were told, however, by more than one resident of long standing, that they were kind and friendly people, and were never more delighted than when they could confer any little kindness or civility, but, not having had the advantage of education, they were diffident in seeking the society of foreigners.

The scenery about Rio will ever be the charm of the place, and the Corcovado is perhaps the best point from which to view it. The panorama is magnificent. Around the foot of the mountain and on its sides is the primeval forest; further on, the bay of Botafogo with the smooth beach lined with houses and walks, at many bearings resembling a mountain lake. The infinite diversity of tropical vegetation is here in all its grandeur; but notwithstanding its brightness and splendour, which learned naturalists and enthusiastic travellers have described, and cannot describe too vividly, is there really, we may ask, so much superiority in tropical scenery? There is a wildness, a rank luxuriance almost defying cultivation and control, but does that compensate for the milder beauties of more temperate climes?

Coffee is the great produce of the province. Formerly it was said to have a peculiar taste, and was not considered equal to that of the West Indies, its inferiority

being attributed to the picking the berries unripe and allowing them to lie on the ground, whence they acquired an earthy disagreeable flavour. However, considerable improvements have of late years been introduced, by which the quality of the coffee has been greatly ameliorated, and its value increased. Cotton is also cultivated, but not so much as in the north, the chief ports for Brazil cotton being Pernambuco and Maranhã. Sugar, introduced by the enlightened Governor, Mem de Sa, is one of the most important productions, particularly between Rio and Cape Frio. Tobacco is grown in the islands of the bay, and to the southward at Angra dos Reis, as well as in the province of Espiritu Santo, but it has never attained the fame of that of the older establishments of America and Asia. The cultivation of tea was attempted at Rio, and is still carried on in the Botanic Gardens ; something, however, either in cultivation, soil, or climate, interferes with it, for it does not prosper to any extent. In the province of Saõ Paulo it has been more successful, and considerable quantities are now raised there for the internal consumption of the country.