8 o'clock in the evening — At last
There was a decided appearance of land ahead,
As the sailors said — I, poor landman had
Nothing of the kind — My eyes were filled
With emotion and a less beautiful light —
Never on land or sea have I known
(mother) landlock. I saw if, meant to live to
the age of immortality if I should die
back another. The heavy clouds, that had
been brushing all day from the west
opened a bright portal for the monarch's
departure — As he went, on either hand
planted vast marmoreal gates like the
kings, wings, who guarded (once) the gates
of Paradise. As soon as (these), he had
thrown these wings, like ladies beseen to
run, he rushed up higher and higher, even to the
ceiling. They fell slowly, slowly as brilli-
ant peacocks dawn to the eastern horizon,
having covered the whole vast some with
splendor. So various were the hand did so
that it seemed
as if an aura Bonaclis had forgotten its
right — heaven to its latitude — In a rainbow
had broken bounds, it spread over the main
heavens. The water caught the glow on
vessel, being in the center of a halcyon
for a few moments only, but for half an hour—so if the clouds were just struck by the (catching) darkness. Two ships were steering eastward. In 4 miles upon our bow, from Rio we supposed, a man's suspicions of a mountain were confirmed. At 8 o'clock Wednesday night on Thursday morning, land under one lee! As one. This was sitting in the cabin about nine in the evening, wrapped in a brown study, a giving light of reminiscence. in the evening on the opposite side and reading a copy of "Light at the" came ringing along, "light at the" in the room. I walked over a short in my way. I made for the deck. So the ship and lights shone brightly a point on our weather, to all appearance, but three ships length ahead. She was a startling thing; to have the clouds' lift for a moment. I show our proximity: to a rocky shore. But there was no time given for wonder. The captain clucked immediately in my ear. As he shouted. "Put your helm before! Abate ship! Wear her round!" In a few moments we had the turned light on our quarter. I was making a hurricane course close hauled to a 6 knot breeze.
"Cape Frio light by -!" cried the captain, as soon as the yards were braced round to the wind and turning into her next course. Cape Frio lights! So then we pleased on the weather rail — we watched it flicker — until the clouds thickened again — that the plane from view. No more sleep in the thought of sleep for us tonight. The galley was opened, a pot of coffee made — meals preparations were made for wearing the night away as comfortably as possible. With a coast reeling behind a bank of clouds, one feels to confine or exult. No soundings can be found in 80 fathoms. But we were so in the dark as to our position, for near an observation there those days, that every sound top we were bound to hear to our fancy. I am very sleepy, but I can't help laughing to think how the whole ship's company had been trying to suck up the land's passage. It is no purpose I have say, though everyone thought in caught a ship. Men in such a state of nervousness could smell and man's nose (in five minutes) if they really tried to.

The moon is breaking, I am going to break, owing to our hours by now facing the night.
no land can be visible by this time.
I awoke by sea and knew not how to tell
take to my slumbers as if nothing had happened.
I have knocked too many times a drunk too
much coffee for very quiet rest. But
her goes to my hammock to the mosquitoes
in Lucy Neal.  

Thursday evening, Nov 24.  The sun
was this morning into a clear sky but
water & water stretched all around unbroken
by) as it has for three sixty days - no ship
least blemished up in the offing - no rose
per upon round our beacon - no bird from
home in land - valley hung over our masts
no sail, no appearance of any living
thing was in sight.

"Jack ship!" was the order. I knew the
sun was blushing into the back cabin
windows as we were nearing the west to
where we thought the land should lie.
After breakfast one & all huddled in
to sleep off the last night's vigil in the
decks precariously a little & dream as part
as if there were no living being on board
but the man at the wheel & the officer
of the watch - No work was undertaken.
So that the men were lounging under the bulkhead
or spinning in a whisper known worn out
yarn. Such was the state of things when I
mounted in to the main top about 11 o'clock, to satisfy myself that we were not merely blindfold upon South America. I had had no idea that the last days from passage would lay so squarely. Till the time when the first gleam of promise - the home moon had glided on as they, now voicing me with their stirringness - now troubling me in any way. Now the whole thing was changed - mine perhaps was the most important eye on board to catch the first glimpse of golden Brazil. It was not till the middle of the afternoon that the joyful cry of 'Land ho!' burst from the life of the lookout aloft - for a little while we could make the scene that appeared on line of gently undulating hills, like a rank of clouds in the western sky - the captain's observation at noon - had declared that we still a day's sail to the north of Cape Frio. What a grumbling was there then! What old ship lights have been lost sight? Perhaps another vessel showed it - a slaver sloping along the coast might have been making signals. Improvisations were made against the search - it was suggested that we should venture after the pirate to capture a little prize money with a sight of a whaling
pistols, our only weapons beyond a few hand spikes. But jokes would not
answer for we were deadly out of humor.

PistOLS was our only resource in the
evening, so over that little cabin table,
with the time passivity of human nature
we laid strong wagers against coming
to an anchorage for a full week -
I have never spoken from card mania.

Night after night for three weeks have
we sat down to three hands at whist - high low
jack - ring a rine - alligation, the name
we thumbed pack has little character to it, for
in one last game we knew clearly
he distinguished from a king - the game
of hearts looked actually like a court
hearts. Our apartments at these times
closely resembled a few of thieves, with
its dim glowing lamp, singly walls,
its ceiling covered with engravings -
we the dandies, holding the great
implements of our trade, with primroses
whiskers and long elf locks, dressed in
the latest fashion of the clothing which
well answers to the alias of certain
blacklegs who haunt the pulpit -
and then the startled! They are perfectly
inconceivable! nothing like them a picture
elsewhere - but by some strange magic we have
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
all came and wiuers to the same amount. I leave just a pen. thing.

Friday evening, Nov 25 05

I am alone for perhaps the last evening in this little hut, this cabin, this saloon of the ship Franklin. A rubber of whist has just been played and dummy for the last time has proved himself a hero, holding 4 by honor. A quantum of old hands. Deeds to him I played for him with greatest elan by his honorable partner, my honorable self. The two handsome partners are hatching plots to be consummated some future evening in Rio. Dummy a ciphers, partner me life to their meditations.

I moved was beginning to scatter one cool this morning when I listen like poped from the busy-bache to surround my exhausted vigor by a very salt breeze. Then lay the hills to下发 covered with mist. Then lay one course plain as a memhren con
toward to Cape Fim, which was dim
towering giant in the distance. It felt calm some after breakfast we slept.

A painted ship on a painted ocean. tile noon, when a fine breeze came un

ty along, among the mountains glorious. With every mile - From this point the towering peaks taken in a line resemble a
man stretched out on his back fast asleep. The sunny haze about him implied his state of slumber. The high forehead, nose, chin, cheeks, neck, a part straight up like those of a corpse, are perfect. The imagination can easily fill up the outline. I believe that the monster is stationed there to guard the immense empire that spreads out behind him nearly to the Pacific. I never grasped the whole magnificence of Milton's description of Satan:

"His other parts besides From on the plain, splendid, large, large, by slow turning many a wheel; in bulks huge to whom the public name of monstrous size, Titanian, or earth-born, that wanders on fire" till I saw this terrible fellow doing so quietly with pure upturned to the blazing sun. What a dream it would be for (a madman) Napoleon to be anchored here with that flagstaff. The watch in the garden by an triumphant world over his towering ambition,rowning upon his patient spirit for a lifetime! St. Helena's rock would have been a paradise to such a prison ship. I had the hell in my heart most of the afternoon, watching a steamboat inside of us, as we reminded from Remembrance. Gradually the smoking machine overboard...
us, as when the first star peeped out

The fragrance from the shore is now very

As it is, my sentiment had been rather

As the breeze, though imbibed with

Nevertheless, all I have was on board or home.

I cannot deny that my mind is put into

What hinder me now from imagining the shadowy sails of the

Three centuries ago in the

This continent to the River Plate.
war the cross planted along the coast. Many were the Europeans massacred in the very shadows of these emblems of salvation. What has come of all this thing for good or for evil? What progress has Brazil made, worth speaking of since then? She has thrown off the mother land, she speaks in her own tongue. But if one and ten years improvement a progress so great in her imperial system, then surely no boast. The sun rises in his glory, which no time perhaps will wear away.

There is no mistake about Cape Flora this evening. There it stands (as involved) in a very peculiar manner, being visible 3 seconds after sunset, 10 minutes this is what the Brazilians call a revolving light. Seventy-five miles.

With the gleam of that red light in my eyes, this vast land, where muffling my paper, are feeling seated down to my heart, strongly. In that is, that my health, a strength are so far answered, that I am convinced, by my arrival home, I shall be as stout as heart as the best of them.

'Thush Tom is singing' "Come on the brow
in my dreams often - so that I am quite used to the path of the canoe, but I would rather, if given that day a silver spoon to hold in his mouth - than that he should have chosen this moment of the others of the voyage to kill out that touching song.

I cant hear it any longer - “Come! hello there Tom! what has got into that whistle? wish it once more your boy, I give some thing away - “We'll sink tonight, with hearts no light” give us that Tom!”

Off the fellow stands from his morn and saying like the title of an original joke is now he isatching thin tropcisme lines

“Is the bubbles that swim
On the heaker’s vein
And break on the lips when meeting!

I was half afraid 10 minutes ago that I should be living in my car tonight with a heavy heart, but that last song has dispelled any vapours. So I am now going to shut up this book for the last time in these quarter - to take a turn or two on bank, to look at the southern cross, that other new constellation that for the past month have been night by night beaming into light. This
Saturday night Nov 26th Rio de Janeiro -

Here I am sitting up late at night in the French hostel without the slightest desire in elimination to go to bed. I was just going to bed to brush - with a crumbling book of paper on a string for pencil in my hand, scuffling over my journal up to this moment, that is I mean to do, if I turn yarn into my French cuirass before the work is accomplished.

This morning I was pleased to find out we had made a good nights sail past that cape. This was bearing I shouldn't say one's quarter. It is a high bluff to my unenlightened eye looks like a mountain rising out of the water. The top rugged hills glistered in the sunshine as if they were composed of white rock, or sprinkled with snow. The wind, what little there was, was stiff, blew off them so we stuck on very slowly. Scudding the promontory I noticed the 50 mile area that yet rolled before us to Rio harbor. We hugged the shore pretty closely with every breaking sail bent for two or three hours thin the breeze till away the canvas wall flapped against the mast - the vessel
what lastly upon the glassy sea. There is nothing more refreshing more inspiriting than to be becalmed after a long voyage in full view of the wished-for land. The crew lounged on the windlass looking savage ended as the towering mountains, as if they were to blame for withholding the night breeze as an insult in the foreground. In the while the line poured down a furnace of heat - the deck oozed with the humid uncomfortable to the peak - the water flashed the eye like a mirror on the grey mountains and their heads calmed a little as if all change were the same to them, as if their imposing beauty could not be disturbed. Some boats lay anchored eight or a mile in shore made by naked negroes, and were distinctly seen pulling in fish just as they shook their hocks. A large ship lay a league seaward, rolling in the calm as we sat occasionally a catapult would shift the waves as the sails for a few moments only to make one-the more noticeable when it sideway. The sky - the land - the ocean seemed to have gone quietly to sleep - a life insignificant created to grumble at our pleasure - which we sat to our hearts content.
lay that we grumbled, but I must except myself from doing any such thing. Not but that I should have been gratified to have felt that Miss Franklin had a quick anchorage in her mind; I was making all speed towards it, with a bone in her mouth, as the sailor phraseology is. But the panorama exhibited to us for that day only, to which probably I was to see only once more, on my voyage home, was too beautiful grand, wonderful, for me to wish to hurry away from it. So though nearly mewed with the heat, I kept my station on the rail most of the forenoon. I even spent some time in the unshaded part of the terrace, gazing upon the stupendous scenery at intervals, and with as much engrossment as if to drink it all in, as if I knew that the first puff of the gathering wind would blow the picture away like a wreath of smoke.

To give a description in any way faithful of Niagara is endless, next to impossible. If some person had a pen made to the same size as the page, in fact, I believe it would be an easy task to draw a somewhat correct outline of the river, compared with what it would be to convey even a faint idea of the grandeur of this mountain region - in one bite spews the ocean forth, will to meet the sky. - you feel that it spreads on
on unbroken by a rip, unotted by the
smallest islands to the south pole. On
the other, but a few miles off, rise lofty
mountains, peak on peak, till their summits
are lost. In sketching back into the in-
terior, it is plain to compute how far
Alpine precipices—erasker, chalets, crags
that nothing human ever reached, glimpses
of valleys winding in wild languorine be-
tween the ranges, glimpses of mountains
through the ravines, like foaming streams.
The life was exhilarating. The attempt
suggested features, that lifting an indistin-
cuous veil to others which gave the fancy a wi-
ter range—then 50 miles to the west
that one distinct conical elevation that
marks the entrance to Rio Grande—while
below is the mountain that
to the southwest itlose to sight— and
prevents such an impulsive but con-
flated picture that the mind can only
grasp it as a tremendous whole and
not enter into details which would be
wider is overwhelming it. It seems to
one tonight as a dream which I have slept
through, a which I am endeavoring
vision by vision to recall, not as a
reality which I have beheld for boundless
mind, but as for future delight.
But that French bed in the corner & began to look inviting, with its white muslin curtains & dimly spand - I either my eyelids growing heavy as the lamp is growing dim - the clock in the neighboring church tower is striking - two quarters after midnight. So I will have my voyage to be described - make the trial if I can sleep without being during to a fig like a pendulum.

Sunday evening Nov 27. I'm in the cabin of the ship Franklin at anchor in Rio Janeiro. I am uplifted again - why I will try at the proper time. In the mean while let me recall the incidents yesterday. We were becalmed as I pencilled last night - becalmed in a deeper lane than struck us on the line - becalmed at the foot of mountains that seemed to advance at our discomfiture - a tant schive us with their bated fife - fife. For three long hours (hrs.) we heared on the long ground swell - but then, the kelp in of the lane was visibly ripple not by transverse breezes but by a long, increasing, steady wind. Then it was pull in regular waves - the kelp piles pull - the water bubbled before the arriwning prow, in the ship once more held through way - it had come at last - it presente.
momently - that is for the ocean breeze
There were no breezes now on that long
flying, white sand, dust, excited, many, half-mad,
Themselves - there was a great change in
the salt, strong air - so we sailed
in a straight line with the neighboring
shore - lovely smoke could be seen
rising from the white beach where
fishermen could their nets white
horses a winding trail passed through
the fields - chapels lofted their belled symbols on the hillsides - the
fragrance of burning incense filled the air like incense - the distant
sound of morning guns came rolling
from over the land - a view from the
distant, with a true welcome -
On we plan for home, leaving Cape Teso,
Galle, wind toward, a fishing craft
behind, but before we rose the tall
mountains - proud portals - a buttress
from distant past - We past Pico 
Santo (Father - Martin) two little islands
about ten miles from Concepcion in
the longer loop - a short time, relapse came
a breeze of this mountain, whenever this
the marks entered the first glimpse
is caught of the Bay - the city of Rio
de Janeiro - I put a little higher up
opposite the Sugar long commands the entrance which is only five thousand feet across from Mountain to Mountain. A sharp shot from the weather beaten wall of this fort brought us to a few questions (all were asked) — replied to — the rather comical "glad to see you" from the battlements —we kept at our way toward the anchorage ground a mile or a half distant, where the visitors from the custom house to the visitors were to be received.

A quick order was given by the mate who now had command of the vessel — The men turning and up from the yard to pull the haws — "Do it in a quick, humanlike style" said the mate — every part of the canvas was as true, as the most practiced eye could desire. Steadily haws were run in, all the mizen main and main yard — the royal yard, hanks lassoed — the ship which in a few moments before had appeared to the eye a pyramid of sails from back to make head of sail — after, was blown off in a white glory — stood cleanly up the harbor with a loose fore top sail — a few moments, as sharp order was given,
the whole enthusiasm was spent for a few
seconds in the Franklin baying down
by the head, past anchored in Bisk.
Brazilian ground.
I had now full time to look about me.
The official boats seldom bring themselves
to come along like a newly arrived vessel
in our case it was an hour before even
the port officer appeared. My chamber
think I wore however has been thrown a
like for the gentlemen rig of light evs
vest, white staff b安全管理 at sickly skin
spite pants - a gesticulating post - and
confess that I experienced all the awk
endless discomforts pain within for
the first time I accosted a breacher with
truth of his responses a long - but spite of
my legs however, which would worry
she - demand a great deal of my atten
tion. I could perceive a acknowledgment
that I was known to by no ordinary
one such a multitude of beautiful -
while objects blunted my sight for a
long time - but gradually at the hin
throw his last beam over the water
Then fell behind the mountains. I was
afterwards. This walk time of lasting sundown
from the different points in the frigates
on the naval station word the Intramurs.
word of the evening I saw when from every flag staff on land and hill top from the peak of each man of war fell the national banner — when the lofty music from the commodore s band, stern with the most irregular tone of wind vesper fell like rain on my ears for the first time I gave myself up to the full enjoyment the beauty of the grandeur which lay around me.

The bay resembles an immense lake blank in as it is by mountains on all sides, with only that one opening for the passage of its waters between the fore and the upper bay, which narrow entrance is hidden after you once partly inside. From when our vessel lay the extent of the city could not be estimated, as it is built not only on the hills or at the foot of the mountains towards the sea, as in the valleys there wind bitter gusts from out of sight. Numerous islands were scattered about some of them fortified by towers and bays. A glowing sun shone as with the world of centuries other were beautifully untouched, dotted with palm trees, white and blue, the atmosphere to a northern eye. If I was not a lost how to the paint — my first impressions of Cape Frio — the
immediate coast I cannot be less at a loss how to describe even faintly this beauty
of Rio de Janeiro. Everything is on such a
prodigious scale, everything is so grand and
beautiful that makes the eye or strikes in
that my pen is garrulous on the other hand
it blinks now, as if its motion were never seen
a cackle. The fact is that I must be content to let the picture be stand up in my
memory and that the record there will
be more faithful than any I could jot down
here.

The last important, swaggering official
had not yet left the hotel giving us permission
to go where till the stars came out, the
lights were shining in long rows along
the mountain shanty town city. It was
with a strange feeling, around, a expectation
that I found myself in our little boat,
pulling towards the mole. Two or three
grand boms were built up, a boughed
along side with their repeated “rock away”.
But our four Portuguese men being
with us had hit every thing right, in his
own way, with a few words of this native
things, which he seemed delighted to use our
more — particularly as it made him feel
some little consequence for the moment.
At length all those important trumpet
way past - with a few long pulls our keel grated on the rocky bottom & we halted into a bay of canoes lashed together at the foot of the stone steps. With a laugh at the unintelligible jargon that assailed us from a crowd of questioners we jumped with the captain & supercargo upon the Brazilian empire - stumbled with a true sailor's will over the firm, unyielding soil.