

**BRAZIL VIEWED THROUGH
A NAVAL GLASS:
WITH NOTES ON SLAVERY
AND THE SLAVE TRADE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649104987

Brazil viewed through a naval glass: with notes on slavery and the slave trade by Edward Wilberforce

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Cover @ 2017

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EDWARD WILBERFORCE

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BRAZIL

VIEWS THROUGH A NAVAL GLASS:

1834

NOTES ON SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY

EDWARD WILBERFORCE, 1834-

(LATE OF H. M. NAVY.)

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies,
Broadths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knits of Paradise
Never turns the trader, never floats an European flag:
Slides the bird o'er lustrous wood-land, swings the trailer from the drag:
Drops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

TENNISON'S *Lockley Hall*.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1856.

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Dedicated

TO A YOUNG LADY,

AT HER OWN REQUEST.

Ms. A. 1. 1
v. 1
p. 1
Bancroft

PREFACE.

THIS volume contains simply an account of what I saw on the Coast of Brazil. It is necessarily incomplete and fragmentary; the position of a midshipman being such as to preclude his possessing much knowledge of the places he visits. But, such as it is, it is all my own, with the exception of two or three passages, for which I have to thank a gentleman, whose name I do not publish, as the officials in the service to which he belongs are averse to any appearance in print on the part of their subordinates. While endeavouring to tell my story in an amusing manner, I have interspersed sundry practical passages relative to the anchorages and bays on the coast, which may be of use to captains cruising in those parts.

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

28, OLD BURLINGTON STREET,

October 2, 1855.

B R A Z I L.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND TO MADEIRA—ENGLISH SPOKEN—THE BANANA—LAND AT FUNCHAL—IN A CIRCUS—HOTELS AND HORSES—MALA VINO LAVRE—JESUITICAL—ROMANTIC—WHAT ST. PETER'S KEYS LOOK UP—SHOPS AND STREETS—AT SEA—FLYING FISH—THE PORTUGUESE NAVY—AMONG THE SLAVE SHIPS.

WE left England in November. The state of our favoured country at that time was such as I need hardly describe. Imagine a general dreariness—plenty of mists and rain, as a sort of preparation to make us ready to receive snow with resignation—blank days, as dull as an epic, or the hour of study in a large school-room—faded leaves, sunsets, and thick shawls; and you have before you the aspect of England on our departure for warmer climates. We had remained long in Plymouth waiting for orders, in that fearful state of naval uncertainty which puts a stop to leave, and, by cooping you up in your ship, gives you a foretaste of the miseries that are to come. At last we got our orders, and were off to sea—away from the Lizard light appearing indis-

tinety through the fog, across the now quiet Bay of Biscay, past Cape Finisterre, we steamed perseveringly, and after a five days' passage caught sight of Madeira, rising abruptly before us, like the giant out of the sealed bottle in the Arabian nights. At 8 in the morning, as the captain came on deck, a breeze sprang up, and we sighted the island of Porto Santo. Such are the effects of a captain's appearance on the companion ladder! At 4 p.m., as I stepped on deck to "resume my chains" (in the words of Falconer) we were flying past Brazenhead, the eastern point of Madeira. The cliff at this point is high and rugged, and the different strata are marked with wonderful distinctness. I find my journal calls it a sort of limestone—not that I knew any thing about the matter; but wishing to pass off for a person scientific in these respects, I entered it as such with due boldness. Passing, however, the question whether it was limestone or not, I may remark that its appearance was very much that of a geological map, where the different strata are painted. We ran quickly under the shade of the island, its high mountains frowning upon us, alternated by green valleys sloping down to the sea, and dotted with white villas, till we cast anchor in the bay of Funchal. The water was smooth, except close to the beach, where it swelled into surf, and dashed against the wall of shingle and pebbles with a fierce roar,