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Letter from Brazil.

PROVINCE OF RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil, Feb. 11, 1864.

Dear Herald.—Having never seen in print a particular description of the capture of any of our merchantmen, by the confederate cruisers, and of the inconveniences and sufferings of passengers and crews thus captured, I send you the following which is the experience of a Carlisle, who was taken on the barque "Henrietta" of Baltimore which, I hope may not prove uninteresting to your numerous readers.

I took passage in the barque "Henrietta" of Baltimore bound for Rio Janeiro, Brazil. We sailed on the 20th of March 1863. Our vessel was commanded by Capt. George L. Brown—an old, experienced seaman—and whose kindness won my respect and admiration. Beside myself there were a lady, passenger and three children, a young man from the vicinity of Baltimore and the captain's son. Going down the Chesapeake we had ample evidence of the sailing qualities of our vessel, as we frequently caught up to and passed others. The wind not continuing favorable, it was three days before we arrived off Fortress Monroe. We dropped anchor about a mile off that well known place, in the midst of a large fleet of merchantmen; many of whom, like ourselves, having stopped there awaiting favorable winds to run out to sea. At last we were fairly on our way, a beautiful sight it was to see forty vessels, under full headway gallantly sweeping along towards Cape Henry. Several clipper ships and fast sailing schooners ran past us at first, which caused me to doubt the reputation of our own vessel. "Wait," says the mate "we have not trimmed our sails yet;" and verily we did go when the trimming, which is nothing more than getting the sails tight, and in proper position to get the benefit of the wind was attended to; for we passed many sails which had started some time before us in a dense fog, so the view I desired of the "fading shores of my native land," I was not able to get. And about this time I might say, that all the poetry of patriotism and the sea, was fast deserting me. A feeling was arising within which already was shaking my determination not to become sea-sick, but at last the reality of the thing took firm hold of my conviction. "The first stage of boyhood, and that awful 'chaw of tobacco,'" were but faint pictures of my feelings then.—But your readers have probably read so many accounts of voyages, sea-sickness &c., that I will pass over four weeks and bring them nearer to the time of our capture. In the mean-time we had sailed out nearly to the middle of the Atlantic; Southward, and were fast approaching the Equator.

On the 21st of April we were for the first time becalmed; the day wore quietly away, we in the meantime keeping pace with the potato and carrot peelings which were thrown overboard. The little birds called by sailors "mother Carey's chickens" were hovering around and greedily eating any little bits of grease or fat which were thrown overboard. Two large swordfish made their appearance, and for half an hour were sporting around the vessel, but no inducement of pork succeeded in getting them to take the bait. One of them from time to time would leap bodily from the water, displaying his long sword to great advantage.

During a calm at sea, the water is not, as many suppose, plain and smooth; true there are no abrupt waves or even ruffles but a long slow swell is continually maintained which keeps the vessel in continual motion, rising and falling, rising and falling, and so on indefinitely. There being no wind the sails hang loosely down and as the vessel rises, they flap against the masts and rigging.

Towards evening a very light breeze came along and we were once more in motion. A sail was descried far ahead of us, and the next morning when I came on deck there was the stranger not more than three miles ahead. During the night the little wind we got caused us to gain on the strange vessel at least ten miles.

A flag was run up on the vessel ahead. It was French, our own was then unfurled, which is almost needless to say was the "Stars and Stripes." As we gradually gained on the French, barque she hauled down her flag and began to signal us.

Signal flags in the merchant service, are ten in number, of different colors, representing the numbers from 0 to 9.—There are usually besides kept, several pennants or "distinctions" which refer you in your signal book or "code" to a certain series or edition. So the more signals that are invented after one edition of the "code" require another "distinct" flag in another edition. To explain the use of the flags; five flags are strung together and raised, they were then read from the topmost down. For example a distinct flag then the four flags respectively which represent the following numbers 4, 9, 1, 0, which were what the Frenchman exhibited. You will find in your signal book, corresponding to the above flag and numbers. "What ship is that?"

After while 3, 9, 0, 2, "where are you from and where bound to?" Our long-stude was inquired, "how many days out?" and several other "questions," until we thought the Frenchman was a regular "blower." We however answered all his questions, and then bid him a pleasant voyage 6, 3, 8, 9, which last was followed by a request to take some letters. Though we were drifting past the Frenchman, and it might delay our voyage to stop for letters, Capt. Brown could not refuse, especially as the Frenchman was bound from Bordeaux to one of the islands in the south Pacific, via Cape Good Hope which is a long voyage, and he might not soon have another opportunity of sending letters; so two flags representing 3, 7, were run up which signified "yes."

We had to take in several sails, to avoid running away from our friend, they for the meantime I suppose were busy writing letters. It was nearly 12 o'clock before we saw any boat leave her side, but at last it came. It brought over the 1st mate and the Captain's son, who after stopping for some refreshments, invited Capt. Brown to go over to their vessel. The captain accepted, and at the same time invited me along—in a moment the mate understood that I was to go, so what I would have done without

grace was accomplished to my satisfaction with but a little of it. Our Captain's son also got into the boat to visit the French barque.

We were greeted at the "Bremontier's" (her name) side or gangway by Captain Drestreman, who introduced us to some half dozen French Naval and Marine officers. They were very polite to us, but not being a proficient in the French language, I could not always understand what was said.

None of them were able to speak English except the captain and first mate, who spoke only a very little. The "Bremontier's" cargo was principally wine and government stores. About 20 French men were going to New Caledonia on her. After having been politely entertained Capt. Brown could not do less than invite them to visit the "Henrietta," which invitation was accepted by several.

At last we had an idea to the Frenchman and a stronger breeze coming up, we went ahead. The next morning I was up long before breakfast, the captain was on deck, and proposed that we should climb up the rigging to take a look at the "Bremontier," (as she was not visible from deck) She was, as we supposed, visible, far away, right in our track, but at such a distance that she looked like a mere speck.

We came down for breakfast, sometime after which I took a swim at the bows of the vessel. We being almost becalmed, there was little cause for alarm. But as a precaution in case sharks made their appearance I had a rope attached to me, while the captain held ready to draw me up. I remarked to him while in the water that if the vessel astern was the "Alabama" I would tow him away.

We did indeed need something to tow us away; but then we did not know it.—By eleven o'clock the vessel behind us seemed to have gained, for we could not distinctly see the deck. Capt. Brown thought it strange we should not have the wind, for certainly with the breeze we had we could keep ahead of the "Bremontier." At 2 P. M. the captain went below and brought up a glass in order to get a better view of the vessel, his first remark was, "pon my word Mr. Segerman she has got a sail set." Mr. Segerman, our first mate, then had a look, he said something about steamer.

It is true enough that steamers can move without the aid of sails, but in our case it was difficult to believe that the vessel was not the Bremontier though every circumstance seemed to favor such a belief. But the fact of "no sails set" had also to be considered. At last the practiced eye of the Captain made her out a steamer, but one which made no smoke. It was not long until various suggestions were made could she be a privateer. She could be anything, but it was not probable that she was a cruiser, the absence of smoke on the contrary, rendered it highly probable that she was an American war steamer. For the English and nearly all sea-going steamers use the bituminous or "black-smith's" coal. She was coming up gradually but surely the Captain thought she looked English in her build, and as she came closer so was he in proportion confirmed in that belief. A "Harper's Weekly," with a picture of the destruction of the ship "Jacob Bell" by the "Florida," being produced, and exhibited, it was thought there was a considerable resemblance. At last she ran up a flag the "Stars and Stripes," we followed with ours, that noble ensign however could not ally a rising feeling in me. I began to see the English in every thing the Captain saw, though it was the first English steamer I had ever seen. Now she was right astern of us a little to windward, an officer standing in a boat, cried out "Ship ahoy!" "Where are you from and where bound?" which being answered, he ordered us to, "heave to," I'll send a boat aboard you." "Haul back your main yards," which last order, Capt. Brown was constrained to obey, particularly as a broadside of 68 pounders was looking on with men at quarters. In a moment a boat was lowered from her side filled with armed men under the command of a lieutenant in grey uniform, and behind it came another also filled with men.

The Lieutenant in command of the first boat, as he came up the sides, asked for the Captain, who standing close to him answered for himself. After a few questions concerning the vessel, he told him the "Henrietta" was a prize to the Confederate ship of war "Florida." He then sent a man to haul down the flag, which action was followed simultaneously by the Florida and the substitution of the Confederate flag. Our crew were ordered to bundle up as quickly as they could; for the passengers and officers some time was allowed. In consideration of the lady passenger it was at first proposed that she should remain with Capt. Brown, our steward and a guard, until morning.

The captain's son, passengers and myself were rowed over to the Florida in one boat, the crew being a little ahead of us in another. One of our sailors, an Italian, as he went up the sides was greeted with loud cheers, it appeared that he had been captured once before by them. Our crew were at once put in irons, but the party in our boat were let free.

We were soon after invited into the ward room where we got an excellent supper with several of the officers. One of them told me they were not in want of anything particularly, but would have considered us a valuable prize had we but had a little tobacco. Soon after Capt. Brown and our lady passenger were brought over, in the meantime the "Henrietta," was hoisted, her cargo being principally flour and lard; of which they were not in want; very little was taken from her. Somebody was cruel enough to say that

from the nature of the cargo it was to be feared that the "Henrietta" might become a floating short cake.

About eight o'clock the vessel was set on fire and it was not long before the flames communicated to that part where the lard was situated. The sails of the mizen mast quickly took fire. The sight was grand beyond description, the dark clouds overhead became red and the water shone with the same lurid color. The Florida remained by for a short time, I suppose to make sure of their foul work.

We steamed off their about 10 miles when we hoisted, I would understand such a maneuver to be, to gain a position so that in case any unfortunate American vessel approached to succor persons from a "ship on fire," to be able to put a coup de main upon them.

We did not go below till after 10 P. M. at which hour all lights were put out. We were taken to the quarters of the Engineers and midshipmen, but laid on the floor, while they hung comfortably above us in hammocks. Under the circumstances I would infinitely have preferred remaining on deck—our house, so to speak, having been burned from under us, and our peace greatly disturbed, as might be supposed we lay awake all night thinking—my own thoughts were decidedly personal. A rough corner of a grating nudging me in the ribs not exactly in a friendly manner, after rounding that off with my boot, my attention was drawn to the heat, and how many pounds of steam the boiler contained to generate such a warmth. But "the longest night has its end," and we were not behind many in reaching the deck with the first streak of day light.

Broad day light at last exhibited to us the deck of the Florida. Perhaps I could in no better place give a short description of her. She is, in nautical language—a barque rigged, screw propelled, narrow for her length, has two masts, masts which rake considerably, very rigging, high yards, sits low in the water [so that the muzzles of the guns to the water it is only six feet] and is probably 1100 tons register.

Her armament consists complete, of two 140 pound rifled pivot guns, situated one forward and the other near the stern, and eight 32 pounders, also rifled, but used, I was told as 68 pounders. Two of them were on board the barque "Lapwing," of Boston, which they had previously captured, and being loaded with the hard or smoked coal [which explained the anomaly of an English steamer making no smoke] had detained her until she was consumed. In the meantime she was acting as a sort of a "privateer." Truly this southern idea is worthy of a Yankee.

The captain was John Maffit, well known in the old navy. Hoole, Road, Floyd, Lynch, and Stone were officers on her. Any further I was unable to learn. Her complement is 110 men, she had however when I was on board 160, with 30 on the "Lapwing," which makes a total of 180. The mass of their men are English and Irish, and were recruited in Liverpool and are not thorough "seamen," but are what are called "handsmen." It was not long after daylight that the cry of "sail ho!" was heard from the forward. We were soon in motion and going in the direction of the still visible Henrietta. A column of smoke was rising from her.

"The smoke rose slowly, slowly, through the tranquil air of morning, first a single line of darkness, then a denser, blacker vapor."

We passed close to what was left of her, one of the masts had apparently burned away close to the deck and then dropped overboard where it floated like a long black log in the water. The hull had burned to the water's edge in places, the anchors had broken away and were hanging deep in the water. The inside or hold was disclosed, the floor still burning and cracking like the ashes of the bon-fires in the "squares" away back in the good old "election times."

But I must return to the chase, for now I was part and parcel of the "Florida," having to move when she moved. Of course I could get a good view of the vessel. The vessel ahead was soon seen from the deck, and as there was but little wind we gained rapidly on her. Now another sail appeared, but we kept on for the first. She proved to be an English barque bound from Buenos Ayres to Liverpool, and of course not a prize. Notwithstanding her flag, she was ordered to "heave to." The Englishman probably took us to be a Federal gunboat as we were flying the American flag. Her captain asked us where we were from, and was answered "on a cruise." Captain Maffit desired to know whether he would take any passengers, as he had about 60 to spare. I heard from the officers who visited the Englishman, that he consented to take one provided a barrel of beef, another of bread and enough in fact to stock a schooner for a three years cruise were sent. "The Englishman must have had a most 'unfortunate' idea of the American stomach. Captain Maffit would not agree to the terms, so we left the Englishman doubtless 'blasting' the 'bloody Hamearian' for not accepting such liberal 'offer.' We then started after the other sail.

During this chase we were suddenly ordered below, the drums beat to quarters, the boatswain with his whistle hurrying the men to their quarters, while a great bustle and commotion proclaimed that something more than ordinary was soon or about to be done.

My first thought was that in the strange or about the disguised frigates, or about the government have floating about at large, waiting to be caught that they may prove themselves "a tartar." I

must say that I felt for a time rather uncomfortable, this thing of being cooped up and shut at by our own practiced gunners is not pleasant. Already I was revolving a formula in my mind, so in case whereabouts of the waterline, so in case it became necessary to get below that—the safest place on board a ship during an action. But there was the thumping, mending a pair of breeches and stitching slowly, when I supposed his proper position was in the cockpit sharpening saws and knives; for the benefit of the wounded, this relieved me and dissolved the mystery; they were merely "going through the motions" or practising. In about an hour we were allowed to go on deck. In the interim we had gained considerably on the vessel we were in chase of.

When about a mile from her the stars and stripes, as usual, were raised, and immediately the same was seen going up the muzzles of the vessel ahead—another visit to the ruthless, wanton, practice of privateering. The vessel ahead was a short chubby ship, and had for a stern ornament a large American Eagle, in gold, couching over a shield, this argument of her nationality was convincing. When we came up with her the same question were propounded as were to us. The ship "Onida," belonging to Salem, Mass, bound from Shanghai to New York, with a valuable cargo of tea and silks, was the prize. Her crew were speedily transferred to the Florida; and with the single exception of the captain, all were placed in irons. She had six passengers. It seems that the only distinction made in the treatment of *Baltimore* vessels, is that the mates are allowed the liberty of the deck.

At the time of the capture of the "Jacob Bell" among the first prizes taken by the Florida they had taken off enough tea to last them ten years; so none of that was brought off. I only noticed among the articles brought off the "Onida," preserves, pickles, and other dainties, part of the ship's private supply, and a lot of Chinese toys and trinkets, which the men delivered over to our lady passenger's children. The lady herself received as presents, several silk dresses. Some Chinese gowns of large size were brought over also which now from the number of captured chickens suffered to run loose, presented somewhat the appearance of a Pennsylvania barn yard. The "Onida" was set on fire just at noon, and every thing being dry about her from thirty two years cruising, she was soon in a blaze. I had seen our own vessel burning during the night when the same appeared much grander, so I will not dwell on this now.

Some time after this another sail appeared in sight. Perhaps it would be well to state that the equator between longitudes 27 and 30 west is much frequented by vessels coming or going to any ports in the South Atlantic, Pacific or Indian Oceans; we were in these limits. The exact place of our capture was in West Longitude 28, 45; South Latitude 10, 15.

We were once more on the chase, the vessel seen was a great distance to the South, and for a long time was not visible from the deck. About four o'clock another cry "sail ho!" but we continued for the first. We never went more than eight and a half miles per hour, even under the circumstances of having two vessels to overtake before approaching darkness would render their safety certain.—The engines seemed to work heavily and shook the vessel considerably. A favorable wind coming up, many sails were set which made us progress rather more rapidly.

The sun was about setting when the vessel ahead was recognized to be the "Bremontier" our French friend. The Florida overhauled her early on the morning of our capture, but it was decided however to stop her and learn if she would not take off some of the prisoners. It was dark when we came up along side, but the young moon was now beginning to shine, and we were able to see a little.

The officer of the deck ordered Capt. Drestreman, (the Frenchman) to haul back his "main yards," the order was either not heard or misunderstood, it was repeated several times without effect. At last Captain Brown, who was anxious to leave the Florida, called for a French barque of ours. It was amusing to see "Peter" standing up on the Florida's side, with his hand outstretched, calling out the orders of a privateer officer. He was understood and in a moment the rat tle of pulleys was heard, while the main yards swung round, presenting all the sails of the mainmast in a contrary direction to those of the other masts, which at once stopped the vessel.

A boat was sent over to make the requisite inquiry. Capt. Brown and Potter (of the "Onida") went with the officer of the boat in order to use their influence with the Frenchman: their report was about as follows: The Frenchman did not want to take any passengers, but consented to take six provided provisions were sent with them, stating as his reasons for not taking more, that his vessel was crowded, and he had no more than sufficient room and provisions for themselves. It was determined to take advantage of the offer, but who should be the six to go was a question for debate; it was shortly decided by an officer who read out the names of those persons to go. His list read—Our lady passenger and family (four persons) Capt. Potter and Brown with their mates (six persons) a third mate of the ship "Communwealth," Capt. Brown's son, "other" passenger, and myself, in the Federal arithmetic would make fourteen persons. The officers were doubtless only playing off a joke on the Frenchman—they were very funny with

us. The boats were ready and our baggage was put in and we followed, having a rather rough ride over to the "Bremontier." The party in our boat were taken up at the bows or by the "abroads" of the foremast. As I climbed up a dozen Frenchmen caught me and dragged me roughly but kindly over their "bulwarks," and then a great shaking of hands as if I was old Neptune himself coming on board. Another boat was at the gangway discharging our baggage. I went there to see that none of it was injured, as with every wave the boats below swung off the sides to a great distance, so there was danger of dropping some of it overboard. All the provisions that were sent passed through my own hands, viz: four pieces of beef (commonly called "salt horse") and six boxes of crack rs, with a half chest of tea. I had heard an order given on the Florida for a barrel of beef to be sent along with other things, but it seemed the men took advantage of the partial darkness and did not carry out instructions.

Our sails were now trimmed and we bade good-bye to the Florida; she disappeared in the darkness very quickly.—We were called to the quarter deck, and calling off, fifteen of us were counted.—"Peter" the French sailor, who was the instrument which in the first place stopped the vessel, was the additional passenger.—He was not sent out on the Florida; but came on his "own hook." Berths could only be provided for a portion; besides our lady passenger, Capt. Potter and Brown were provided with them.—The rest of us were allowed the decks. One of the naval officers kindly lent me a large wadded blanket which formed an excellent bed for myself and Mr. Segerman, our first mate. For a "squall" accompanied with violent rain, I think I should have enjoyed a fine sleep. The next day Capt. Drestreman let us understand his views of our case; he said he had been intimidated into taking any passengers, and he would consider it his business to put us on the first vessel bound for any of the Brazilian ports he should fall in with; at the same time he shaped his course for Pernambuco. He also read a long letter he intended sending to his government, to the assembled party. I understood from "Peter" that the Captain was a very bitter in his remarks on Maffit.

None of us, deck passengers, could complain of the quality of our food, but certainly of the quantity—we generally ate near the sky-light cabin. As one dish after another was demolished below the remnants were sent up to us, of which we got all, minus what the little water boy would steal for himself on the road up. The Bordeaux vessels allow large quantities of wine for the use of the sailors, so they do not make much provision for food, indeed all that was used was the produce of a small still in the "galley" or kitchen. We were allowed about a pint each of common Bordeaux wine at each of our two meals. What temperance men would say of a quart a day was not a subject of thought to us; our principal attention being confined to getting as much as we could of every thing that could strengthen and sustain us.

After several days sailing, the coast of Brazil became visible, a beautiful sight it was once more to see terra firma in the green trees. We were about sixty miles north of Pernambuco, but the wind was so adverse that we had to resort to "tacking" to make that distance. On some of our tacks, owing to careless navigation, we did not make any thing, and the sight of the same part of the coast would again greet our eyes.

However it was not uninteresting, for occasionally some of the little boats used by the fishermen of the coast, which are nothing but several light sticks of timber tied together, mounted with a large "leg" or "mutton" sail, would pass close to us. These little rafts called "Catermarans," sail very swiftly, and are managed by one man with a rudder. They frequently run out to sea to the distance of twenty miles, which is about the limit that the coast is visible. Some years ago a Baltimore vessel ran over one of these Catermarans in the night; there were two men on it and they saved themselves by catching hold of the chains. The sailors when they saw them coming down from the bow thought them to be "devils." They were taken to Baltimore and returned safe and sound.

Once we ran in so close to the land that Captain Brown became uneasy, and told the Frenchman that it was dangerous. Capt. Drestreman seemed to think nothing of it, but upon Captain Brown heaving the lead in four and a half fathoms [27 feet of water, he immediately ordered "about ship" for course not in English]. Five minutes more would have run us aground, with well enough to have made a wreck of us.

One day, while we were engaged "tacking," a sail was seen coming up the coast. It was a large barque, and as we were running out at the time, it became probable that we would have a close sight of her. Capt. Drestreman, whom we noticed before to be so fond of using his signals, ran up the French tri-color to learn the nationality of the other vessel, and was answered by the "Stars and Stripes." "Ah ship, that had man Maffit get you," says he. Presently he looked over his "pode" and learned that there was a signal for "Pirates about," and he had that run out. This action was followed on board the American by the lowering of the flag, additional sail set, and a change of direction to run out to sea away from us. A loud laugh greeted this—the American probably taking us for a "wolf" dressed up in French costume; however we kept on signaling but without effect. Captain Drestreman unwilling to let the

American fall into the hands of the Florida, then changed his course somewhat so as to speak her, though to do so we were losing some of our dearly won "southing." But though having the advantage at first of position, the "American" soon began to distance us. As a last expedient a *Free Mason* flag hung in distress was exhibited, and almost immediately the American "came to." We quickly sailed up to her, she proving to be the barque "Irma," Captain Lossing, of Philadelphia, bound from Rio Janeiro to the former city. We spoke her as she was passed, but stopped ourselves, when a boat went over and gave her fuller particulars. We left her just at dusk, saluting with ensigns.

It seemed that she did not have a code of signals and failed to understand us, and judging from the number of men (50) seen on our deck, many of whom were in uniform, and the frowning muzzles of several "quaker guns" intended to terrify the islanders in the Pacific, she thought a retreat her policy. The fact of the "square and compass" stopping her is of course understood. [I am not a mason, although it appears to me a very striking fact, speaking highly both for masonry and for American humanity.]

Night came on, but now we were going under a favorable wind in an almost direct line for our port. At 11 o'clock the light of Pernambuco was seen—a revolving red and white light—but unfortunately the wind died away during the night when we were only twelve miles off the city. The next morning we had a distant view of the place—a low line of white houses terminating on the north end with a mound like hill called Olandia. The morning sun shone most brilliantly upon the convents and other buildings on the hill, but the distance was too great to allow of our distinguishing them very particularly. There were becalmed with a hot sun broiling down upon us. A large quantity of "squid" or whale feed was spread about us and floating on the water in long lines. It resembles light dust—no hungry whales made their appearance, though numerous small fish seemed to be eating the "squid." Quite a number of butterflies were flying about us. During the afternoon a gentle wind sprung up which slowly drifted us in towards the city, and by 9 o'clock we had dropped anchor three miles off the light. A French steam packet came in from Rio Janeiro about the same time, anchoring further in, Pernambuco being a stopping place on her way to Havre.

The tolling of large bells was heard during the night which sounded very sweetly over the water; it being a catholic country I imagined they were calling to confession and leading aged monks to their "cisteria." There is really something poetical in the sound of bells, when one hangs without hearing them sometime, particularly after a considerable cruise on the sea. At least so I thought as I lay down on the luxurious and tender pine boards under me.

[Mr. Editor you have doubtless so far in my story of the capture of our vessel, seen little of the sufferings which I spoke of as attending that. I never intended to occupy so much of your time and space, yet I could not refrain from letting your readers also know the part which was at least interesting to our little party.]

We were off Pernambuco when the morning of May 1st dawned upon us; we had now a much closer view of the city, but in this the second portion of my story I shall not tire your readers with accounts of places and things they can read of to better advantage in any good gazetteer.—The three captains went ashore early in the morning, taking with them all the French officers, who in full uniform would doubtless captivate all Pernambuco. We waited long and patiently for the promised boat which was to take us and our baggage. At last about 12 M. we discovered what we had before seen but thought a "buoy" or some stationary object, to be really a large barge or "lighter" moving over towards us. Two hours passed before she was along side. The barge in question resembled a small canal boat and had row locks for twenty men, while only eight with the master were sent.—We were soon in and started off, but at what a rate! For a full half hour we could hear them talking on the Bremontier—so hour more reading the place where the steamer was anchored, a half hour getting past her bows. During which time we were the subject of remark among her passengers, while all the time the wind, the tides, the waves and as I confidently believed, the fates were against us. "Catermarans" and boats plying to the steamer would pass us, but none were kind enough to give us a tow. The master would sing, trying in that way to incite the darkies to renewed exertion. But the poor slaves were probably worn out by their six hours rowing.

The entrance to Pernambuco is around the north end of a reef, inside of which is the narrow channel or harbor. We were drifting below the entrance, and now our proximity to the reef alarmed the Portuguese master. He left the wheel, seized hold of an oar with a darkie and then began a "rousing chorus," but still we were losing. One after another of us who were able to help at the oars, went to work. It was no time to discuss the equalities of races, the danger was too apparent. I took hold of the same oar with a Brazilian "citizen of African descent." The preparation ran down our under clothing much faster than it did on the black shining backs of the darkies. As we came nearer we could see the waves dashing up making breakers 20 feet high, cracking and splashing like the diu of musketry. We passed the reef with only fifteen feet to spare, when we were in

comparatively calm water, and at once the equality of races ceased. We turned down the narrow harbor, and stopped at the guard boat, where our baggage was searched by an officer whose spoke English. There was no "contraband" about us except our exhausted rowers.

At the landing we met Captains Potter and Brown. There was quite a crowd of American sailors, standing around, they were all as fortunate as ourselves, who had been landed on one of the coast islands, and brought to Pernambuco by a Brazilian steamer, there were over seventy of them. We had expected to be *limited and fetid*, in fact we could have stood the abuse given to the poor Japanese in New York, but our hopes were scattered, by these seventy.

Capt. Brown had been to see the American consul, Mr. Adomson of Philadelphia, and he reported that he could do nothing for us. Our baggage was stored away for the present in a ship chandler's store.

Our party collectively could raise but a dollar in specie, and this seemed to be a small amount to furnish us with subsistence. We became more and more reminded that something must be done, we had had nothing to eat since morning, and hunger began to be felt. Here in Pernambuco we could not find a "hall," with an accommodating sheriff, which is the great comfort of Vagrants in Carlisle.

At last our captain from some friends he managed to obtain a little money, and straightway he took us to the "English" Hotel, where he made arrangements for our party for over night. We had then a little tea and bread given us. It was such a beautiful night that several of us were tempted to wander out to see as much of the city as possible. Pernambuco is quite a large place, it is more properly two cities. Olandia embracing the hill, and that part where we landed which is on a peninsula, and Recife embracing several islands, which are connected to Olandia by bridges. We crossed one of these bridges, many people were proming enjoying the moonlight night. In fact it is only after dark that people can walk with any comfort in Pernambuco, the coast being low and so much within the tropics as to be subjected to great heat nearly all the year round. The population is about 70,000.

The next morning we all called to see the consul, when speaking to the passengers and our captain, he said he could do nothing for us; that the laws of the United States did not oblige him to take that class of persons in distress, but that our *own* laws as many as came with us excepting the captain, would send to boarding houses and might remain until such time as he could dispose of the party.

However he offered to do any thing for us that was in his power, *unofficially*, but at the same time told us that his means were much restricted, which is offering to give a man a coat when you have none yourself. What the exact duty of our consuls in regard to these things is I don't know, but taking Mr. Adomson's word for it, they have no duty in the matter at all. It is the case the United States government is to blame, and one of the first duties of Congress, should be to give sufficient authority to consuls to recognize and protect "American citizens in distress."

There being no help for us from without, we began to feel thrown up on our own resources, so far as they went. It was becoming tired of feeling the fifty cents of silver which was my sum total of silver, and it was not long before a cake of soap became its possessor.—Captain Brown's friends furnished him with enough money to provide in a sort of a manner for our now reduced party, the consul having taken charge of the mates and sailors.

A coasting steamer was expected the next day bound for Rio Janeiro, and a passage was secured us to that port. We finally found ourselves on the steamer, after a boat ride in a drebbling rain. Our lady passenger and Capt. Brown going on 1st class (cabin) passengers, while our 1st mate, Captain's son, my companion, mates of the Onida and myself as 3rd class passengers. (Steerage.) Never giving a thought to the 3rd class arrangement.—I attempted to go down into the cabin to get out of the rain, when some petty officer stopped me and gave all of us to understand our proper places. Poor man he was doubtless only attending to his duty, but one of my fellow passengers came near knocking him down.

We all started to see "our places," in fact we thought it jolly to be roughing it about this way, when following our guide we entered the space allotted to steerage passengers. It was forward of the engine between decks, a space measuring forty by about twenty-five feet. Every square inch of the floor was occupied. Some seventy slaves were on the road to the Rio market, one slave out of the number a pet monkey, which with triple the number of parrots, fled up the place entirely. I was in doubt whether to liken the place to a menagerie, or the hold of a slave ship—but neither "horn" is pleasant. Some few haunches were hung up in which reclined the better class of servants belonging to the vessel, and not having a fair chance, for over the vessels sides, the products of many stomachs were coated over the floor. This is but a partial picture of the quarters given us for an eight days voyage.

Any place whether in rain or out of it was preferable to this, and it was not long before a "straight coat tail" was made for the deck. A short distance from Pernambuco the steamer stopped to await the return of a dispatch steamer which was bringing the governor of one of the coast islands a prisoner, to this steamer for allowing "Semmes" of the "Alabama" to land prisoners, and for not interfering when he burned a vessel close to his [the governor's] coast. The boat making its appearance in two hours, we proceeded to sea.

Meanwhile the rain continued but with increased violence, there was no possible shelter from its fury, except below night was coming along and yet we had seen nothing to eat. Captain Brown seemed to have the cabin table enough for a bit a piece, but he could not do more. Once more we tried it below; this time I had a half hour stand holding on to the railing protecting the machinery. There the hot vapors of steam and the smell of gross excrement, the effect of the nauseous effluvia behind; but it would not do.—For catching myself doing when the motion of the vessel might at any time have thrown me over on the crank, which would have torn us in shreds, I resolved

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