

I first thought of going to sea about the first of Sept. 42. The vessel called the Franklin proposed sailing in a fortnight. But instead of saving that we had to wait a whole fortnight after the appointed time for the old sugar box, which our vessel was, to be brimstone'd out of the yellow fever which she had caught while plighting in New Orleans the last trip & for the wind to veer into the S. west or northwest or N. E. which of all things it seemed least inclined to do. At length on the 4<sup>th</sup> of Oct. notice was given that if the weather held fair we should be underweigh the next morning at any early hour. But it struck 2 o'clock P.M. before I found myself walking down State St. with the owner of the Miss Franklin - the Supercargo - Mr. — to the dock. I shall never forget my feelings when I turned round at the bottom of the stairs & looked back over the crowded sidewalks where moved many whom I knew, & up at the blue faced clock in the tower of the St. State whch I had been familiar

with from early boyhood. I might never see those old friends or those old scenes again. It seemed that that of first separation from home But it was no time for an expression of feeling - Stifling therefore every unnecessary emotion & forcing my heart soon to its proper place I turned the corner & hurried along with my companions over sides & molasses barrels to the ship waiting to be cast off from the pier important to begin her voyage.

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I have been asked to read before this society & from time to time portions of a ~~day~~ journal I once kept on a voyage to S. A. The journal was thrown into the form of letters to my Uncle - which is a very definite statement & worthy of being left as it is - But I will add that I fear these pages will seem tame and trifling to this audience & set wide even party - Even I hardly offer this for their amusement. I trust they will overlook the

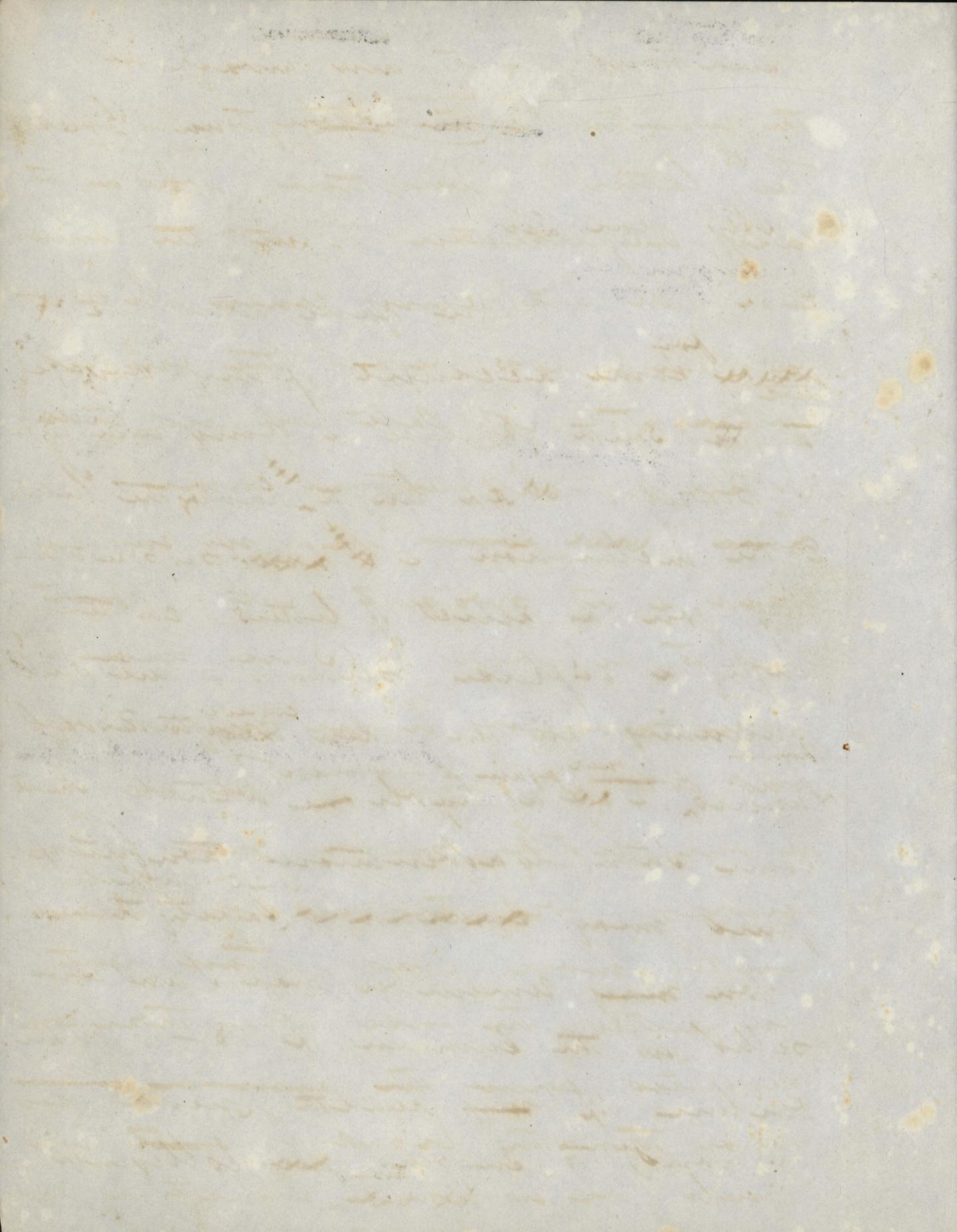
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Cambridge Jan 1<sup>st</sup> /67

My dear sir -

You have asked me to write ~~for~~ some account of my voyage to ~~the~~ South America & of my residence in Brasil - & the length <sup>of</sup> having the leisure & the inclination, & ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~wood~~ purpose writing you a series of letters - rather lengthly & diffuse perhaps - but still presenting an unbroken <sup>course</sup> road to Rio de Janeiro, & ~~back~~ again to Cambridge <sup>again</sup> an agreeable one without, which some strangely adventurous thought of yours may ~~concentrate~~ <sup>with</sup> safety travel. It was in the summer of 18-

You may remember that I was compelled, in the summer of 18-, by the failure of ~~my~~ health, (never very vigorous) to suspend my collegiate



~~Starting~~  
~~operations~~, & to ~~retire~~  
the country ~~in search of~~ after strength & illness.  
The latter if anything was a too  
early acquisition - but the former  
~~leaving me in~~  
~~rept & out~~ very much like a  
~~bird~~ which hops beyond the fingers  
~~that~~ ~~aching~~ to drop back on his tail-  
~~after all~~  
~~So~~ ~~when~~ ~~when~~ autumn came - I  
~~winter~~ ~~had~~ ~~had~~ with no milder  
check & no prospect fit. What  
was to be done? (Sure enough!)

The morning after my arrival  
~~were~~ ~~for the latter part of Sept.~~  
was cold & stormy. The air-light  
in our little parlor, hardly un-  
surpassed for the season, where  
emitted more smoke than heat,  
frequently the eyes with those com-  
modities, when the ~~lamps~~ ~~isent~~.  
is now then the expanded sheet iron  
would give a ~~burning~~ <sup>burning</sup> something less

of  
the  
village  
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The  
village  
is  
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The  
people  
are  
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made  
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mud  
and  
straw.  
They  
have  
very  
little  
clothing  
and  
they  
live  
a  
simple  
life.  
The  
country  
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very  
flat  
and  
there  
are  
many  
rivers  
and  
streams  
running  
through  
it.  
The  
people  
here  
are  
very  
kind  
and  
friendly  
to  
strangers.

but <sup>repare</sup> than a pistol, but sufficient to  
make my mother start round &  
look <sup>timidly</sup> at the ~~black~~ monster. Air-  
ights were novelties in those days  
& thought dangerous. I lay ex-  
tended on the sofa - my mother  
filled the rocking chair - a few  
feet of unoccupied distance between  
us was a solemn silence - Nearly  
an hour had gone & not a word  
had been spoken - Neither mouth  
seemed likely to hazard a remark  
for a reason peculiarly its  
own - My heart passed a long  
remorse for not getting well &  
wishing to defer <sup>small approach</sup> it as long as  
possible ~~that~~ as I could <sup>else</sup> open my  
lips. & thus do what they would  
they could not <sup>first</sup> break the spell of  
silence - My poor Mother on  
the other hand was ~~so~~ anxious &



troubled, as I afterwards found  
that it cost me ~~more~~<sup>more</sup> courage  
to hazard a syllable -

Nearly an hour, & we had not  
spoken - I was beginning to feel  
uneasy - when after an ~~uncomfortable~~<sup>uncomfortable</sup>  
~~long~~<sup>the strongest demonstration of trouble</sup> pause ~~(was capable)~~<sup>had you made</sup> the  
stove - a distinct, clear, "Bliss me!"  
certainly came from my mother  
~~usually gentle & dignified~~<sup>now with expressive</sup>  
generally a placid type. I could not  
be mistaken - I heard the ex-  
clamation, & knew at once that  
the charm was broken - as it was.  
"Well ~~Robert~~<sup>my son</sup>." was her next utterance  
"What do you propose doing?" "What  
a question to a lanterned jinn,  
thou'd have <sup>scatterbrained</sup> ~~persecuted~~ youth,  
who had never done anything  
but try to live - & had almost failed  
in that! My reply was, that I

The  
I have now written and I have a  
good part of it done and I  
think it will be good. I  
will send you a copy when  
I am finished with it.  
I will send you a copy  
when I am finished with it.  
I will send you a copy  
when I am finished with it.  
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I will send you a copy  
when I am finished with it.

Sister known - there was a difficulty in coming to a conclusion -  
so many <sup>openings</sup> courses to pursue, it  
was very hard to make a choice.  
~~too big a mark on such an occasion,~~  
In fine I thought things looked  
rather ~~worse~~ <sup>rather</sup> ~~in~~ just then with which re-  
flection my Mother apparently  
agreed - for she got up - turned  
the register - opened the window  
a crack - as if at this crisis the  
room had <sup>been to blood very few</sup> ~~had suddenly~~ <sup>extremely heat</sup> ~~when it has made~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~which was a mistake~~ <sup>really</sup> ~~it~~ -  
she moved about the room ner-  
vously for a moment - & then re-  
suming her seat said quickly  
"I have considered two projects -  
you may take your choice. ~~between~~  
<sup>is not worth mentioning</sup> I would not mention the first plan /

and I am now  
in the middle of the ground where  
I have a small  
house with a porch over it.  
The house is made of logs  
and has a gabled roof with a chimney  
and a small porch with a railing. The  
house is surrounded by trees and  
there is a path leading to it.  
The house is made of logs  
and has a gabled roof with a chimney  
and a small porch with a railing. The  
house is surrounded by trees and  
there is a path leading to it.  
The house is made of logs  
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house is surrounded by trees and  
there is a path leading to it.  
The house is made of logs  
and has a gabled roof with a chimney  
and a small porch with a railing. The  
house is surrounded by trees and  
there is a path leading to it.

since it was ill suited <sup>to my</sup>  
task & capacity - made no impression  
~~on my mind then or afterwards~~  
The second surprised me out  
of my coolness & engaged my whole  
attention - A voyage ! where ?  
to Calcutta? or round Cape Horn?  
No ! to Rio de Janeiro - That  
seemed & my composure was re-  
stored - a half second more - I  
had <sup>mentally</sup> closed with the proposal -  
was bent on an outfit & eager  
for departure -

It was a strange affair - a very strange  
affair - True I lay - a scape goat,  
a cut-gallows (including names I  
had received in my youth) then  
I lay, who a week before would  
have turned with disgust from  
any invitation to visit Cape Horn by

the first time, he will  
be a man of no account  
and a burden to his  
countrymen & friends &  
will bring forth a multitude  
of wide-spread blightments  
and calamities to all & will  
put the whole world in  
confusion from the  
bottom of the earth, up  
to the sun & stars & even  
the angels of God will  
not be able to stand before  
the power & judgment of such  
a mighty & terrible man  
as will be born at that  
time & who will be a  
mighty tribulation - even  
to the very last day.

water - so great was my aversion to  
sail-boats or steam-boats - actually  
<sup>to all intrepid purposes</sup>  
an unwilling member of ship's com-  
pany - so as good, as such, a bark  
to explore Southern latitudes & to  
pitch up in golden & diamonded  
Brazil - What philosophy can ac-  
count for such stupendous evolu-  
tions <sup>like this</sup> <sup>accomplished</sup> in a momenta ~~space~~? Thank  
my stars! that with me no philos-  
opher - but a fanatic. Satisfied  
with referring to supernaturalism  
as every all the wonders that startle  
my sense, & colour my life -  
I do believe some <sup>an</sup> imp of mischief  
whispered in my ear & <sup>settled</sup> seized  
my decision - <sup>Thy force</sup> I will thank him  
therefore <sup>also</sup> ~~for~~ knowing that I  
was a creature to be guided by el-  
fin counsels - & for coming to my  
aid in a smoke puff from that tempest-

of wonderous form was suspended - here  
the water was diminished by a consider-  
able amount for some time. The water  
was then raised again - part  
of the time interval between  
the appearance of water in the hole  
and its removal to the surface  
was very long - perhaps  
as much as half an hour. This  
was an unusual occurrence & was later found  
to be connected with  
the presence of a pinhead-sized  
fish in the water at the point  
of appearance of the sandbank and  
spillway. It was observed and  
noted that the fish, in attempting  
to swim upstream, would stop  
and then jump over the sandbank.  
This action was repeated many times and  
each time the fish would

Sons love -

My mother was amazed - well  
she might be - There was a ~~sunka~~<sup>tear</sup> in her eye, either of <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>her only son</sup> sanity or  
~~my~~ <sup>of his</sup> soberness, which ~~had lost~~<sup>had gained</sup> f  
light, when I began calmly making  
inquiries about necessary prepara-  
tions - & the day of the ship's lab-  
oratory. A tear <sup>soon</sup> stood in the place of  
that ~~sunka~~ - & I plainly saw how  
hard she was striving to reconcile  
her tenderness to my determina-  
tion - so as not to damp <sup>the</sup> my  
~~or~~ <sup>& support</sup> <sup>the hastiness</sup> <sup>of his own</sup>  
fear or weaken ~~my~~ <sup>her</sup> <sup>influence</sup>, by  
any glimpse of emotion which might  
be construed into regret - But my  
mind though made up on this mat-  
ter in less time than <sup>it is taken</sup> the wind could  
shift as was fixed a sea past in  
its <sup>way</sup> motion at the currents fair in  
the trades that change not the year round.

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had unconsciously I had become a  
very magnet in point of constancy,  
or stubbornness if you will - I could  
stick like a burr to a purpose, then  
travel for the first time - I think -  
My powers were developing - my  
faculties unfolding. There was hope  
of the youth yet - to be himself bound,  
~~though if I remember right this univer-~~  
able grandmother would have boxed  
his ears <sup>somewhat</sup> for this presumption &  
puncy -

The little I have related happened  
about the first of September - The  
vessel <sup>proposed</sup> ~~was~~ sailing in a fortnight.  
Clothing was prepared & packed - books  
<sup>writing</sup> provided & <sup>tightly</sup> ~~loosely~~ arranged  
in a box or  
two - You, sir lent me ~~lending~~  
old numbers of the Edinburgh Review,  
combining instruction & amusement  
which on Byron's Scott - & Reports of ~~the~~



certain adventurous  
kind or other of commissioners - who  
gave me Blair's sermons 2 vols - with  
some much good advice - Mr. Sweet-  
lock a honored be my father's friend  
for his ghostly attentions to the son -  
Somebody else sent me Chesterfield's  
letters, an unvarnished hint that my  
manners needed polishing before  
their entrance into a foreign country.  
The wind was lost however for a  
sailor or perhaps the steward stole  
the book from its box between decks.  
I never heard whether any wrought  
tar became (suddenly or gradually)  
smooth of speech or <sup>more</sup> elegant of gait.  
The latter light, young, & bon fellow  
certainly did not require the volume  
for he was even a very pink of an  
exquisite - & cooked the best Monk  
fish soup ever concocted - I have  
forgotten his name or rather never

and the first time I  
had seen him he  
was a very tall  
thin man with  
dark hair and  
blue eyes. He  
had a very  
kind and gentle  
manner. He  
was wearing  
a dark suit and  
white shirt and  
a blue bow tie.  
He was smiling  
and looking at  
me with a  
friendly  
expression.  
I think he  
was probably  
a teacher or  
a professor.  
He was wearing  
a dark suit and  
white shirt and  
a blue bow tie.  
He was smiling  
and looking at  
me with a  
friendly  
expression.  
I think he  
was probably  
a teacher or  
a professor.

knew it, else would I recommend  
him <sup>as</sup> the prince of Restaurations.  
(thereby returning, practicing the  
golden rule & another one equally got-  
ten, the pith of which is ~~the~~<sup>to</sup> return ~~it~~  
good for evil) - <sup>But how you</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~ever~~ <sup>then</sup>  
copy of old Chesterfield?

But now I am wandering <sup>on the ocean</sup> to sea be-  
fore the proper time - Back let me  
~~them~~ have an eye to the safety of  
~~all~~ <sup>and</sup> preventatives to seasickness in the shape  
of <sup>bounded</sup> brown paper & homoeopathic pills.  
Lie back for pin - let me have  
the <sup>2</sup> hands knocked off that pair of boors,  
lest they pitch me upon my nose.  
Let me also wait a whole fortnight  
after the appointed time for the old  
"longue bout", which our vessel was, to  
~~be~~ <sup>out of</sup> (the yellow fever) <sup>Brinsford</sup> ~~out~~  
of her, which she had caught, <sup>while</sup> plating  
in New Orleans the last trip - & for

John <sup>the</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> & <sup>the</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup>  
of Nov 1812  
at New York  
from N.Y.  
to W.M. H. <sup>1</sup>  
Huntington  
Dear Mr. Huntington  
I hope you will receive  
this letter at the right time,  
as it is written from a place  
where I have not a moment  
to spare. We are about to  
set out on our return home  
and have to get our horses  
in the best possible condition  
in order to get through  
the winter without any trouble.  
I have just now come  
back from a ride of about  
15 miles, and the horses  
are very fat and strong.  
The weather has been very  
cold and we have had  
a great deal of snow,  
but the roads are well  
broken up and we have  
had no difficulty in getting  
through. We have been  
on the road for about two  
hours now, and the horses  
are still in good condition.  
We will get home in time  
to have dinner at 4 o'clock.  
I hope you will receive  
this letter at the right time,  
as it is written from a place  
where I have not a moment  
to spare. We are about to  
set out on our return home  
and have to get our horses  
in the best possible condition  
in order to get through  
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cold and we have had  
a great deal of snow,  
but the roads are well  
broken up and we have  
had no difficulty in getting  
through. We will get home in time  
to have dinner at 4 o'clock.

the wind to veer into the Northwest  
which of all things it seemed least  
inclined to do - At length on the  
4<sup>th</sup> of Oct notice was given that if  
the breeze held fair we should be  
underweigh the next morning-Wed-  
nesday - at an early hour - But it  
<sup>struck</sup>~~was not till~~ <sup>before</sup> 2 o'clock P.M. - ~~then~~ I  
found myself walking down State  
St with the owner of the <sup>Miss</sup> ship Franklin  
the supercargo - Mr —. to the dock.  
I shall never forget ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> feelings <sup>when</sup>  
which I turned round at the bottom of  
the street & looked back over the less  
crowded sidewalks where moved many  
whom I knew - & up at the blue-faced  
clock in the tower of the <sup>ancient old</sup> State house,  
which had so often told me the hour  
of business or recreation from my  
earliest boyhood - I might never  
see those old friends or that old <sup>clock</sup> time-

piece again - It was at <sup>a</sup> serious  
that of my first separation from home.  
But it was no time for an expression  
of feeling - stifling every unnecessary  
emotion, & forcing my heart down  
into its proper place, I turned the  
corner, & <sup>walked</sup> along with my  
companions over hives & molasses  
barrels to the ship waiting to be  
cast off from the pier <sup>impatient</sup> & to begin  
her voyage -