

Eliza Crawley's South America Journal

Compiled by Linda Crawley in 2009



In 1828, Charles Crawley of Littlemore travelled to South America in his role as a partner in Antony Gibbs and Sons. Charles was accompanied by his wife Eliza Katherine and their infant son Charles Edward (Charley). This is a transcript of the journal kept by Eliza of the voyage and early part of their stay, visiting Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile and Arequipa, Peru. They returned to England in 1833.

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Tuesday, September 2nd, 1828

Ship Caroline got out of Princess Dock, Liverpool, and we went on board her in the River Mersey at 7 o'clock P.M., accompanied by Mr. Crawley, Susan [Crawley] and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. And Mrs. G.H. Gibbs and Mr. G. Gibbs, and Mr. T. Bright. Mrs. Gibbs and Susan remained on board all night, the gentlemen returned to the King's Arms, Liverpool, and came on board again at 5 the next morning. Weather very fine, but calm, which made it doubtful whether we should proceed to sea on that day, but we weighed anchor, however, and after some deliberation and delay, hired a steam boat to tow us out of the river, which enabled our friends to accompany us a few hours longer, which was a great comfort to us, for if they had left us in the first bustle of stating, they would have left us with an uncomfortable impression, owing to the confusion which necessarily prevailed in our cabin and in every part of the ship. A very comfortable breakfast at 9, and were introduced to our fellow passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Greatwood. At about 2, our friends left us in the steamboat. The ship's crew gave them a cheer as they went off, which they answered with waving of hats. It added to the sensation which must naturally have attended the parting, and which will not easily be forgotten. We watched the steam boat til we could no longer distinguish it from amongst the number of others, which were smoking on the river. It seemed sadly dreary and desolate when they were quite gone, but we determined to exert ourselves and did what we could towards the arrangement of our cabin. Dined at about ½ past 4, tea at 8, to bed at 10.

Thursday, September 4th

Weather still fine, but little or no wind. Spent the day either getting things a little in order in our cabin, or on deck, where we had a good deal of amusements in watching the ships, of which during the first few days we saw several, but none by which we could send letters. Charles and Nurse begin to be uncomfortable, and indeed all of us begin to be unequal to much employment.

Friday, September 5th

Spoke a Dutch vessel bound to Belfast. She would not shorten sail for us, but was desired (?) to report us. Spoke another Merchant vessel by signal, bound for Liverpool, who was likewise desired (?) to report us. Nasty squally weather came on at night and continued the whole of Saturday, which completely upset us all and confined us to our beds the whole day. Mrs. Phillips and the steward took care of the baby, who was likewise a little seasick, but not the worse for it. Everything in the ship in the greatest disorder, nothing having been properly secured before we left Liverpool. A large cask of water lost, and the long boat which formed the roof of the Cow House was forward on the deck, and a little more might have carried it away, cow and all. We were wakened in the middle of the night by the falling of a large box in our cabin which was capsized (as the sailors call it) owing to its not having been properly secured. The tables and chairs were likewise taking their pleasures in all directions, and some of them coming in contact with our swing cot, occasioned the head staunchers (?) to break short off, which brought our heads to the floor, and left our heels flying in the air. We were obliged to call up Steward to cut us quite down, and for several nights we were forced to sleep in our cot upon the floor, floating in all directions about the cabin with every pitch and role of the ship. An attempt was made to swing it again on a different plan, but the motion was so disagreeable we could not bear it. So

after a few days we contrived to make a double bed place in the birth for ourselves, and turned Nurse and Baby on the sofa.



Liverpool docks in the 19th Century

Sunday, September 7th

A miserable day enough. Everything in great disorder, so much so that the performance of service was out of the question, and certainly none of us were in a state to attend it if it had been performed, except for Mr. Phillips, who fortunately for himself and us kept quite clear of sea sickness. We continued with his assistance to crawl on deck.

Monday, September 8th to Saturday 13th

Dirty squally weather with intervals of calm, winds generally against us. C.C. [Charles Crawley] and Nurse very sick still, but better. E. [Eliza?] got over the sickness, but still weak and languid. Baby quite well and improving fast. Cows milk began to decline since the first stormy weather. She was much bruised and knocked about in consequence of the very insufficient manner in which she had been housed. Nothing remarkable this week. Livestock dying off very fast. Poultry at the rate of 16 or 18 a day, and even pigs, which are considered the hardiest of all the livestock, did not escape.

Sunday, September 14th

A beautiful day, wind tolerably fair, but very little of it. C.C. more comfortable till towards evening when he became worse again. Prayers read at 11 by Capt. Sherwood under the awning on deck. Most of the crew appeared very attentive, and the scene, which was novel to us, was very striking and impressive. The service was not well but decently performed. We had no evening service, but the Sunday appeared on the whole to be as well as could be expected on board ship.

Monday, September 15th

Nasty squally weather again. C. very bad in bed most of the day, not able to get on Deck at all. E. on deck for a little while in the evening when the wind abated. Much struck with the first sight of a deep sea with considerable swell. Appearance of the water quite different from what it is near the shore, being of a deep blue colour instead of green.

Tuesday, September 16th to Saturday, Sept. 20th

Nothing remarkable, one rather rough night, winds in general favourable, made but little way. Spent the greater part of our days on deck, and took almost all our meals there, C. not being able to encounter the smell and closeness of the great cabin. He still continues too unwell and too much reduced to be able to employ himself about anything, except listening to a little reading. During the whole of last week, he had been too ill even to do that. Poultry still dying off in great numbers. Cow declining fast. Capt. Sherwood beginning to talk of the necessity of touching at Tenerife, to take in fresh provisions, a notion which we were all very happy to encourage. A shoal of porpoises seen alongside – E. lost his fur travelling cap which blew overboard. E. well of sea sickness, but still rather weak – Nurse still sick frequently, but still very active. Ship more in order, but much still to be done to make things comfortable. Very little comfort hitherto in our cabin, partly owing to the general confusion and principally to the constant inconveniences to which we were subjects, of the sailors coming in to get stores out of the hold, the door to which was in one corner of our cabin. If we had been aware of this nuisance earlier, we should have chosen the other cabin, notwithstanding its smaller size.

Sunday, September 21st

Day fine, but the air damp and oppressive, which made us all languid. Service on Deck at ½ past 10 a.m. We dined in the cabin with the rest for the first time in several days.

Monday, September 22nd

Mr. Chandler (the matey) came to inform us that the cow was dead, her leg was found to be broken. Capt. Sherwood said not a syllable about it, conscious probably that proper care had not been taken of her. Latterly, when too late, we

believe that every attention had been paid to her. A swing cot slung for the baby in the centre of our cabin, in which he slept very comfortably, and relieved Nurse from his company on the sofa, which was rather narrow quarters for two.

Tuesday, September 23rd

Weather fine but muggy and very oppressive. Wind variable with light breezes. C. still very uncomfortable, unable to dine in the cabin since Sunday.

Wednesday, September 24th

The island of Madeira seen at ½ past 4, at about 16 miles distance. Mr. Phillips stirred us up at ½ past 5 to communicate this interesting intelligence. We hurried up on deck, and the first object that presented itself was the island, rising boldly out of the sea at about 6 miles distance. We were off the western side of the island, where it presented a bold, rocky, mountainous coast, rising abruptly from the sea, and apparently forming several fine reefs and bays. To the naked eye it appeared a barren rock, but by means of the telescope, symptoms of cultivation were discovered. The town of Madeira lies on the South Western side of the island and was out of sight. 7 sails were in sight, which at first were supposed to be the Portuguese blockading Squadron (at that time blockading the town of Madeira, which was in a state of insurrection against the ruling power of Portugal) and we anticipated the probability of their boarding us, and carrying us into Port for a short time, which some of us would have thought good fun. They turned out, however, to be a fleet of Merchant Ships only. We were becalmed opposite the island the greater part of the day, (which was hot and clear with a dry air, thermometer stood at 80° in our cabin. A light breeze sprang up towards evening, but we had not quite lost sight of the island by sunset. At about 8 o'clock in the evening we were called on deck, to see 3 sharks which were playing about the stern of the vessel. A hook was thrown out for them, but they would not bite. It was a beautiful, fine clear, hot night, with a heavy dew. C. was much tired and exhausted in the morning with the exertion of getting on deck so early in the heat, but a couple of hours rest on the sofa refreshed him, and towards evening he began to feel really better, the dryer atmosphere of this day, notwithstanding the heat, agreeing with him much better than the muggy weather. E. particularly well – enjoying the heat.

Thursday, 25th – Saturday, 27th

Nothing particular, fine weather with Trade Winds. The Peak of Tenerife in sight early in the morning, about 6 or 8 miles off at 6 o'clock a.m. The wind changed, which prevented us making the Port of Santa Cruz so soon as we otherwise should have done, and we were obliged to beat round the island to windward all day, which made the motion of the vessel very uneasy. C. & E. both uncomfortable all day. When we first saw Tenerife, we were opposite the Port Oratava on the N.W. side of the island – Santa Cruz lies on the S.E. side, so that we had to sail nearly half round the island, and to double the N.E. point. This gave us an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the coast, which is excessively bold and fine craggy mountains, broken from top to bottom into sharp bold wedges, as it were, with deep ravines between. From the sea the coast appeared completely snowbound, but on a nearer approach small patches of cultivation were discovered. The island appeared to be very mountainous and barren, and the tops of many of the mountains had a conical form, in imitation of the Peak, which towered proudly above the rest, its base appearing to rise abruptly from the sea on the N.W. side of the island. As we got near to the S.E. point the scenery was peculiarly bold and fine, and the evening lights and shadows were a great addition. When opposite to the port of Oratava, we could see the town very distinctly, and in many parts along that side of the island the sides of the mountains appeared to be studded with houses like little white specks in the midst of barrenness.



North coast of Tenerife

Sunday, September 28th

We doubled the point at about 8 a.m. and soon came in view of the town of Santa Cruz. At about 10 a.m. we came to an anchor in the harbour. We had already been reported from one of the signal posts as being either a ship of war or a Pirate. The health boat soon came along side and we were all obliged to show ourselves on deck, and the old gentlemen eyes us well with their glasses and spectacles. Notwithstanding the pale visages of some of our party they appeared to be satisfied with our looks and soon entered on further communication. Don Francisco Mandillo, who was Captain of the Port, and father-in-law to Don Juan Manuel Forrnda (?) happened to be in the boat, and he offered to take C. on shore

with him. Capt. Sherwood and Mr. Greatwood went likewise. The boat soon returned and took Mrs. Greatwood, E. and Mr. Ball (?) – we met C. in the Plaza on _____ who introduced us to Don F. and Don J. They conducted us to the Hotel which the English commonly go to, where we were ushered into a spacious, cool sitting room, opening into the bedroom. We refreshed ourselves with some lemonade and biscocos (?) (very nice light sweet biscuits). After some time Don J. left us and Mrs. Greatwood returned to the ship in search of her husband. We had a very good dinner of Fish, Roast Fowl, English cheese, fruit and preserves, and then endeavoured to take a siesta on the bed, but were too much exerted to sleep. At 4, Don J. returned, and took us a walk to a garden outside of the town, from whence we brought home a beautiful bunch of flowers, and some pomegranates apples and (?). Everything appeared much burnt up for want of rain, and on looking round at the craggy mountain which rose immediately behind the town, the general want of foliage and altogether the barren appearance of the country, one could not help wondering where all the fruit, with which the island abounds could come from. Low loose stone walls are used instead of hedges. On the sides of the mountain there is in many parts at a little distance the appearance of steps, which is in fact, only the same kind of walls, built up wherever there is any possibility of cultivation, to prevent the earth from sliding away. Vines are frequently cultivated in these situations. Many of the stones of which the walls are formed, have a strong volcanic appearance. It is remarkable that the surface of the earth is composed of a hard mat of strong substance, under which is found very good soil. The garden to which we went was nearly washed away a year ago, by a torrent from the mountains, which at the same time washed away a fort upon the beach, of which we saw the remains. We got back to the town at dusk and on our way home we called at Don F. Mandillo's to be introduced to his family. We entered through a large wooden door or gateway, (like the entrance to our English coast homes), into a sort of porch or anti hall, then through another door into a quadrangle called the Patio, round which were three galleries, one above another. A dirty looking girl held out a candle in one of these galleries, that we might see our way up the stairs, and on the first landing place we were ushered into the sitting room, which was a lofty apartment without a carpet, adapted in every way for coolness. The sofa, chairs, and pianoforte all stuck round close to the wall – one pair of tallow candles on the pianoforte. The apartment opened into the bedroom, from which it was divided only by a sort of wooden partition, with glass windows and doors all open, but partially screened by curtains. The bedsteads are without curtains and frequently without bedposts, merely a mattress and bed clothes on a simple (trestle?). We were introduced to Senora Mandillo, who seated us on the sofa, and sat herself on a chair by the side of us. She made me take off my bonnet on account of the heat. She seemed to be very cordial and communicative and chatted away with C. I wished much that I could understand the language. Her grey hair was turned up in Grecian style, not over tidy – no cap – no stays. A coloured cambric muslin gown, with short sleeves, and a large worked white muslin handkerchief loosely pinned on over her neck. In came 4 or 5 sons of various ages, who each greeted us as they entered without waiting for introduction. Then in came first one daughter and then a second, grown up young ladies who came up and shook hands with me, and then sat down by the sofa and chattered ten times faster than their mother. They were likewise dressed in coloured cambric muslin gowns with long sleeves, their hair in the same style as the old lady and only rather more neat, and the shawl or handkerchief loosely thrown over the neck instead of being pinned. The voices of all sounded loud and rather harsh; altogether foreign. The young gentlemen and ladies beckoned one another sundry times out of the room at the different doors, and presently I spied them cooking up something in the bedroom, which proved to be iced lemonade which with some biscocos were presently brought to us by one of the young gentlemen. One of the daughters played something on the pianoforte in which she did not, I thought, display any great talent, but she did not profess to play much. We soon after took our leave, and returned to the Inn where we found Nurse and baby, who had landed when we were walking. Don Juan left us, promising to return at 9 to take us to see the humours of the Alameda. He came according, but said that the night being cold (as they called it in Tenerife, we thought it hot enough), there was nobody there and nothing to be seen. We were sufficiently tired to be glad to stay at home. Had some very good coffee and went to bed as soon as Don Juan was gone. Much teased by the mosquitoes.

Monday, September 29th

Our dirty linen came on shore to be washed, which operation was performed (great part of it at least) in the Patio, in a sort of stone trough, upon the sides of which they were rolled backward and forward without any ceremony, and then hung up on lines all around the patio. They were then ironed in a room above. A quantity of women were employed above them. The scene was new, picturesque and amusing. The irons were heated in a little sort of chafing dish in the gallery, with a few little embers which appeared as if they could hardly heat anything. Sometimes one of the women fanned a little while the iron was heating. Some of the things were done tolerably well, others ill enough. Don Juan came by the time we had breakfasted. C. went out with him. After some time they returned for me and we all went out shopping. We bought some Leghorn Hats, shoes, black silk made in the island of Palma, of undressed silk or lutestoruy (?) very stout and strong, and not of a blue black) and some small pieces of silk made on purpose for making shoes and (?). The latter, with black silk and the shoes, were the only articles we could find of native manufacture. We bought many of our things at Don Juan's own shop where he and his brothers-in-law were in attendance. (Don Francisco was anxious to have one of these lads taken into our counting house.) The dress of the women of the lower class in Santa Cruz seemed to be principally of woollen, for the sake of keeping out the heat probably. A sort of woollen petticoat (whether anything under it or not I don't know). A mantilla of white flannel, (many of them bound with white ribbon), and very frequently over this a black beaver hat, like a man's hat. The common men wore in general a sort of loose drawers, coming just below the knee, a shirt, sometimes a jacket, and even a waistcoat besides. Many of the men and women without shoes and stockings, and frequently very ragged. Straw hats with broad brims were worn by the men and boys. Indoors the women wear their hair in the morning platted and hanging down the back. In the evening a handkerchief put on over the head and pinned under the chin. The hair seldom curled, but divided and turned back at the sides, the whole appearance much more picturesque than tidy. Our host was a Frenchman who had once been 5 years prisoner in England. His wife a Spaniard, both very civil and good natured. I believe he would have cheated us a little if he could, and we have reason that some caps of nurses' were stolen by her or somebody. They have had 15 children, but have only one daughter living – a nice modest pretty looking girl of 13 or 14 – her mother made her show me all her finery, which was principally French or English, silk dresses, smart hats and (?), some of them handsome and valuable. The usual dress of the ladies at Santa Cruz is Spanish, black silk gown, with a black mantilla, either of lace or silk, very graceful and pretty. They are beginning however to follow the French or English mode of dressing which they call "vestirse en cuerpo__".



Santa Cruz de Tenerife in the 19th century

Tuesday, September 30th

We left a packet of letters with Don Juan to be forwarded to England, and took leave of Santa Cruz about the middle of the day, loaded with presents from Don Juan of fruit in abundance, 2 sheep, 2 milk goats, 1 doz. Fowl, 4 ducks. He and his father-in-law accompanied us to the ship in Don Francisco's own boat. The wind not being quite favourable for getting off, we were obliged to wait for the afternoon breeze. The Captain of the "Albatross", English schooner, then under quarantine in the Harbour, came on board. She had been cruising on the coast of Africa – a small fishing boat belonging to Santa Cruz coming too near the Caroline, contrived to get the rope of his anchor entangled with our chain cable. There was one man and some boys in the boat, they were angry because we would not cut our chain cable to set them free. Some of our party, in fun, pointed one of the swivel guns at them – down went the boys to the bottom of the boat and the old fellow, in nearly as much terror began to storm and scold, with a knife in his hand ready to cut his own cable in case we should fire. By some lucky chance he got free and went off. We got off towards evening and caught the Trade Winds again immediately. I had been much teased with boils on my arms ever since I left England, and they were now become so troublesome as to oblige me to carry my right arm in a sling for near a fortnight. Nurse was obliged to do the same for a few days from the same cause. After the first six weeks of the voyage mine got quite well. C. had another severe attack or two of seasickness, which reduced him a good deal, but from that time he began to get better. Within the Tropic of Cancer sharks, benitos, and dolphins seen, and flying fish in abundance. Lost the S.E. Trade and got into the variables in about 9 N. lat. – caught the N.E. Trade about 3 N. lat. After 9 days variable, during which time we had much heavy rain and some thunder and lightning, but not so much as is often experienced in that latitude. We were not entirely becalmed for more than a few hours, though for several days we made but little progress.

Saturday, October 26th

Appearance of mutiny, which the Captain had been rather expecting for some days. The pistols were all loaded and we were all prepared for something serious. It was soon quelled however. One man was flogged and 2 put in irons, one of whom was let out the same evening and the other remained there for two days. Crossed the line that night.

Monday, October 28th

At 5 P.M. saw the S. American coast about 2 ½° south of Cape St. Rocque and about 30 miles distant.

Tuesday, October 29th to November 6

Approached within 3 or 4 miles of the coast which appeared barren and dreary. Cliffs white, brushwood on the top. (On the preceding evening we could distinguish a good many trees) Saw several catamariners which are mere rafts formed of planks fastened together with a space between each. They have a mast and one sail – both which are lowered when they lie to fish. They go out several miles from the shore, though completely washed over with every wave, they have no oars, but there is a sort of bench at one end of the raft on which a man sits to steer. One of them came very near the vessel and was hailed but would not come quite alongside. We asked them for fish but they said they had none. Whales seen off this coast and nautilus' too. Lost sight of land that evening. Several whales seen, but none close to the vessel, their spouting and splashing in the water very magnificent. Began to fag in earnest at the Spanish and to try to talk it. Delightful sailing ever since we crossed the Equator.

On Tuesday Nov. 4th we saw three sperm whales at no great distance from the ship floating and spouting on the surface of the water. These whales do not throw up near so much water as the black whale, the latter spouting up such a body of water that C. took the first we saw for a tremendous high sea striking against a rock. It may even sometimes be mistaken for a sail at a distance. Cheeses on board preserved from mites, weevils and mice by sewing them up in sail cloth, and then washing the outside of the cover over with thick lime water. This process is said to destroy the mites already in the cheeses.

Friday, November 7th

Crossed the Tropic of Capricorn

Saturday, November 8th

A large shoal of mottled and white porpoises not far from the vessel. Lost the S.E. Trade Wind. Weather close and rather cloudy. A brig. In sight going the same way as our vessel.

Sunday, November 9th

Thermometer in our cabin at 74° at 12 noon. Beautiful weather all day. Nothing happened in particular.

Wednesday, November 12th

Thermometer 69°. Fine day with a pretty good breeze, but rather against us.

Thursday, November 13th to Saturday 15th

Nothing worthy of remark. Fine weather. Thermometer about 67° On Friday and Saturday we made good progress in our course. 160 miles in 24 hours being our best day.

Sunday, November 16th

Strong breezes and a high sea with heavy squalls. C. very sick in the morning, but it soon went off, and he was able to enjoy the magnificent sea, though not altogether comfortable all day. The sea was higher and the motion greater than we had had since we came on board. Nurse and many others in the ship suffered from sickness. This stormy weather very common about the latitude of Buenos Ayres, and supposed to be occasioned by the Pamperos. The breeze died away toward evening, the ship rolled much all night. C. and I spent a good part of the day on deck, though we could scarcely keep our feet, and got several good duckings. The Caroline was considered a very wet ship. The dead lights were in all the windows of the after cabins except one all day, indeed they were put in the evening before as the sea was beginning to run high. Made little progress, wind against us.

Monday, November 17th

A fine calm day. 2 American ships in sights. 2 sperm whales seen near the vessel.

Tuesday, November 18th

A high sea with heavy squalls, shipped a great deal of water. One heavy sea washed through the skylights of both cabins. C. and I on deck for sometime after breakfast, and were going up again before dinner, but as we were going up the companion steps we both got a good ducking so I came down again. I went up again for a little time in the evening, and sat with the rest of the party on the hen coops at the stern of the vessel to admire the sea, which continued very fine after the squally day. The wind had died away, but the swell was very heavy and the ship rolled tremendously. Albatrosses, both black and white, Cape hens and gulls of various kinds (which had begun to make their appearance only within the last few days) were skimming and hovering beautifully about the vessel. One of the ships seen on the preceding evening was a whaler, which came very near to us this morning, but she dropped astern and we lost sight of her in the middle of the day. Weather rather cold.

Wednesday, November 19th

A fine day, with a quiet sea. Weather clear and cold, having thermometer 61°. The change from heat to cold having been rather sudden we felt it a good deal. Several sperm whales not far from the vessel and quantities of porpoise close alongside. Gulls and albatrosses in abundance, which the gentlemen amused themselves during the greater part of the day in endeavouring to shoot, but without success. Wind directly against us.

Thursday, November 20th

Latitude 38-37, long. 48. A great many sperm whales very near the ship, turning up their tails and spreading them out like fans when they were going to dive. A good breeze sprang up towards evening.

Friday, November 21st

Wind in our favour – day gloomy, afternoon rainy.

Saturday, November 22nd

Strong breeze, short ugly sea which knocked us about a good deal. Nurse hurt her back and side a good deal by falling into the Baby's tub. Mr. Phillips bled her. She fainted 2 or 3 times that day in consequence of the hurt and the bleeding. The table in our cabin broke away from the wall (?) C. leaning or rather being thrown against it with the baby in his arms by the motion of the vessel – neither of them hurt. Breeze died away in the evening.

Sunday, November 23rd

No service. Lat. 42 long. 54. A fine clear cold day, with a beautiful calm sea. Several large pieces of sea weed were seen floating by the side of the ship. One of them was drawn up with a hook, it was a beautiful long dark green branch with long ribbed leaves and on the stalk were several clusters of barnacles, which looked, at a little distance like bunches of blossoms. The moon rose most beautifully out of the sea, much finer than I ever saw it in England, but the evening was so cold and dewy that we were afraid of remaining long on deck to look at it.

Monday, November 24th

Thermometer 61°, fine calm weather. Speckled porpoises close to the ship. Some new birds seen which nobody knew. About the size of a duck, colour dark brown, nearly black, the wings tipped with white. One of them had a white bill. Seemed too heavy to continue long on the wing.

Tuesday, November 25th

Thermometer 58°. A beautiful clear day with a gentle breeze in our favour, scarcely any motion. Not so many birds this calm weather, they appear to remain more on the water.

Wednesday, November 26th

The first Cape pigeons seen – they are apparently about the size of a pigeon, having a white body, black head and tail, and black wings (with the exception of two large regular white spots on each wing) when flying they look very much like a spotted pigeon. They are said to feed on fish and spawn. A fog and calm in the evening.

Thursday, November 27th

Thunder and lightning, not very near. A good breeze in our favour, rainy evening.

Friday, November 28th

Breeze against us. Gloomy day til evening, when it cleared up. Charley had a most narrow escape of breaking his neck while we were at dinner. Nurse having as she thought tied him quite safe into his cot, was gone into the berth. She had not been there many minutes, when turning around to see that he was safe, she spied him standing up in the cot, having untied the strings and thrown the net over the top. He was standing up holding by the cords, calling to his Papa to see him. There was a good deal of motion at the time, indeed, the ship had just pitched so much, that Nurse had hardly been able to keep her feet. Had she spoken to him suddenly, he must probably have fallen and been killed, but fortunately she had sufficient presence of mind not to speak, but jumping over the sofa and table she got to him before any mischief happened. We immediately had the sides of the cot heightened, and the strings altered, to prevent the possibility of accidents. A calm in the evening.

Saturday, November 29th

An albatross with her young ones near the vessel. A large whale close alongside. Thermometer 57°. Came within sight of the coast of Patagonia between Watchman's Cape and Port St. Julian, at about 20 miles distance. Wind variable, against us nearly the whole day.

Sunday, November 30th

Off Beachy Head (?) at about 12 miles distance. Nothing striking in the coast, which had a chalky barren appearance. Saw land for a considerable distance along the horizon. Wind right against us in the morning and in the evening a gentle breeze in our favour, with very smooth water and scarcely any apparent motion, though going 5 knots. Sounded and found 52 fathoms. 2 or 3 showers in the course of the day, but the greatest part of it very fine. No service again today, which we think a great shame. A glorious sunset – very few birds seen now, only occasionally a gull or an albatross.

Monday, December 1st

Lat. 50 – 13. 20 miles from shore. Thermometer 57°. Sea appears excessively muddy, probably occasioned by the rivers which run into it. Afternoon rainy. Just before sunset appeared a most beautiful rainbow, the colors of which were so vivid that even the reflection was almost as brilliant as an ordinary rainbow seen in England; and what appeared to us most peculiar was that it formed more than a semi-circle, its bases inclining inwards like a horse shoe. The sun was at the same time settling most brilliantly in the West, together forming a singular and magnificent contrast with the dark and lurid sky in the North and South. The rainbow continued for some time after the sun disappeared, its bases dying away gradually as the sun went down. The sun cast a peculiarly fine light upon the sails of the ship, which showed it off to great advantage against the background of black sky.

Tuesday, December 2nd

Thermometer 54°. A flock of blue Petrells near to the ship. They are a small grey bird appearing as they fly, very like flying fish. Some fine Albatrosses came close to the vessel. C. tried to shoot them, but they are so thickly covered with feathers and down that the shot appears to glance off them without doing them any injury. They are a heavy clumsy-looking bird, when on the water, very like a large duck, of the largest kind. The body and head are white, the wings and tail greyish brown, their beauty consists in the length of the wing, which extended forms a fine arch and they soar beautifully. Some of these birds are altogether of a dark brown, and generally smaller than the others.

Wednesday, December 3rd

11 a.m., thermometer on deck 49°. Just came down into our cabin from a pleasant walk on deck, where we enjoyed a fine view of the "Snowy Mountains" and of Staten Land. They appear to be the finest land we have seen on the continent, and very interesting to us as being so near the most important part of our voyage. We expect to dine within the Straits of Le Maire and tomorrow if the wind continues as favourable as it is now, we hope to find ourselves off Cape Horn. The Snowy Mountains appear to be a considerable range of mountains forming several peaks or heads, the highest of which is called the Bell Mountain. We can discern a good deal of snow on those parts of the mountains which have not been much exposed to the sun. Staten Land appears to be very high and almost entirely covered with snow. ½ past 8 p.m. just opposite to the Bay of Good Success (where Capt. Cook harbouring) after a most interesting day. We have had scarcely any wind, but the current has been carrying us rapidly through the straight. The land on the continent at this point consists of fine bluff hills, partly covered with brush wood, intermixed with grey broken crag, reminding me much of the scenery at East End in the Isle of Wight, only on a larger scale. The greater part of the land of Staten Land consists of very high craggy rocks, very bold, not covered with snow except in patches here and there. We have had a beautiful evening for going through the straights, the sea as smooth as possible. At about 7 o'clock, voices were distinctly heard hailing us from the hills on our right, and soon after, with the assistance of glasses and even with the naked eye, fires, and several human beings were seen. These in all probability were natives, whom curiosity prompted to invite us on shore, though some of our party would have it they were Englishmen in distress. The Captain was positive that they were natives and declared he could see them squatting like savages, and covered with

seal skins. Others were quite sure they were clothed like Englishmen. The gentlemen wished much to go on shore, but the Captain would not allow them to have the boat, and indeed considering the strong current, the lateness of the hour and the number of human beings, whom they would probably have to encounter of whose disposition we were entirely ignorant, it would perhaps have been too adventurous an expedition, though we all wished much that such a landing had been feasible. Immense quantities of birds to be seen in the Straights, chiefly resting on the water. Albatrosses innumerable, wild ducks, divers, penguins and a black bird of which nobody knew the name. The diver makes a considerable noise, but I have heard no sound from any of the other birds.

Thursday, December 4th

All seemed as quiet as possible when we went to bed on Wed. evening, but the wind changed against us, and a gale sprang up from the South. In the morning to our great disappointment that we had been obliged to run back through the Straights and to take shelter under the lee of Staten Land. We were lying to all day on the North side of the Island, with our topsails close reefed, as quiet and comfortable as possible. Had we been further out at sea, we should have been finely tossed about, for the gale was blowing hard. At about 8 a.m. we had a good deal of sudden and violent motion, which sent our boxes, tubs etc. etc all adrift. All the stern dead lights were put in and only just in time, for ½ hour afterwards a tremendous wave broke right against the stern and in spite of the dead lights floated both the latter cabins. What a fine pickle we should have been in without the dead lights. Mops, swabs, dusters etc were all put in requisition, and with no small trouble, drying and fuss, we succeeded at length in getting our cabins into order again, and in getting our things so lashed, that the next gale should not set them dancing again. The floor too, and wet things got tolerably dry by means of a good fire in the great cabin. The stove had been up only two or three days, and no small comfort we found it, for the weather was bitter cold. At about 5 p.m. the thermometer was at 38°w on deck.

Friday, December 5th

The day, Friday, was so fine and pleasant that it made ample amends for the delay. Indeed in fact it was no delay, for if instead of waiting here, we had been further out to sea, we could have made no progress, and should only have been kicking about in the gale instead of being quiet and comfortable where we were. We had one or two tremendous rolls in the night, but otherwise slept very quietly and found ourselves this morning in the same position, quietly waiting for the wind to change and pleasantly cruising up and down, as if in a pleasant yacht – abreast of the huge mass of craggy heights, under whose shelter we had most fortunately been able to take refuge. The view of these mountains was beautiful, and two or three small islands, looking like huge whales extended upon the surface of the water, formed a fine foreground. The gale had died away and the day was delightful. The gentlemen again amused themselves with endeavouring to shoot some of the various birds which are to be seen here, but without success. Amongst these birds were wild ducks, albatross, Cape pidgeon, and gigantic petrelles divers, penguins and many others without names. We never could get a good sight of the Penguin for they only pop their heads above water and then disappear again. About the middle of the day the wind became rather more favourable and we turned again toward the straight, which we entered toward evening. We approached with 2 or 3 miles of the North West part of the Staten Land. The rocks are very magnificent and picturesque, with little patches of snow here and there. Parts of them appear to be covered either with brushwood or moss, other parts to be composed of chalk or some other white substance – others and especially the more craggy parts look whitish as if they were covered with a kind of lichen or something of that kind. Captain Sherwood thought the white appearance was occasioned by the birds! Mr. Greatwood was once on shore on Staten Land, and found a good many flowers there, amongst others Myrtle's both with red and white flowers.

Saturday, December 6th

After a quiet night found ourselves in the morning 60 miles to the west of the Straights and abreast of the Island of _____. We passed Evants (?) Island and Barnevetots (?) Island and came within sight first of Cape Decist (?) and then of Cape Horn between 2 and 3 p.m. We were South of the Cape before dark and within sight of Cape ———, the other point of the Bay of St. Frances. The rocks are fine and the coast altogether bold, but cold and inhospitable, not of the fine craggy broken character as the rocks of Staten Land. Sea very calm, we were within 6 or 7 miles of Cape Horn.



Cape Horn

Sunday, December 7th

In the morning we had a good view of the Cape lying N.E. of us and of Hermits Island. Wind against us, but we made Southing and Westing. Day cold and gloomy but very fine for this region. A stiffish breeze towards evening. No service on deck.

Monday, December 8th

Wind more favourable and good breeze, going our course. C., Capt. Sherwood, and Mr. Greatwood shot several albatrosses and other birds but none of them fell on board. Mr. Ball caught two Cape Pidgeons, these birds are brown and white, not black and white. Our cabin rather dark, as all the dead lights except the centre one are on for fear of accidents. Nurse very sick and unwell again. C. not comfortable in consequence of the pitching motion.

Tuesday, December 9th

Wind against us but not doing us any mischief at present. Ship pitching a good deal. Day fine, but not a great deal of sunshine.

Wednesday, December 10th

A gloomy day foggy and rainy, not quite so cold, not getting on much.

Thursday, December 11th

Much such a day as yesterday only more rainy. Getting on better, made a good deal of westing.

Friday, December 12th

Lat. 56-45 – long. 77 nearly. A fine day with a few showers. Getting on very tolerably well. Capt. Sherwood and Stewart shot 2 of the birds, (they fell on deck) which we have taken for the gigantic Petrella, but which seems by the description in the Encyclopaedia, to be the sooty Albatross. It is a beautiful bird both on the wing and in the Land. When the wings are extended it measures 7 feet from tip to tip. The body larger than a goose when the feathers are on, of which it has an amazing quantity – the wings dark brown and very narrow compared with their length and the size of the bird., the head dark brown, shading gradually down the neck into a beautiful dove colour, which is the colour of the body – tail dark brown – legs and feet very delicate and look as if they were too slight to support so large a bird. Eye very full, with a circle of white feathers round it, beak dark brown, hooked, and well calculate to hold its prey.

Saturday, December 13th

A fine day. Lat. 59 long. 79. A fine blue sea with a great deal of swell. Began to turn our course northward.

Sunday, December 14th

A fine day – still a good deal of swell. No service on deck. Wind against us after the middle of the day.

Monday, December 15th

A fine, pleasant, mild, calm day. Wind against us. Capt. Sherwood, C., and Mr. Greatwood took a row in the boat after dinner. They had a very pleasant excursion and shot several birds, amongst others a noddy (?) and a small albatross.

Tuesday, December 16th

Very little wind, directly against us. More wind and rather more favourable towards evening.

Wednesday, December 17th

A good breeze, and tolerably favourable. A gloomy, raw, unpleasant day; with a disagreeable short, cross sea. A rough night – shipped a heavier sea than we had done all the voyage before, which set the pigsties afloat.

Thursday, December 18th

A gloomy, squally day with some intervals of sunshine. After dinner it began to be fine. Charles shot a fine albatross, of the large kind, and got the Captain to lower the boat and send some men to get it, which they succeeded in doing after a long search and magnificent bird it was, measuring 9 ½ feet from the extremities of the wings. When the boat returned, Capt. Sherwood, C., and Mr. Greatwood went off in it again with their guns, in quest of more birds, and in about an hour they returned with three more albatrosses of the same beautiful kind, one of which measured 10 ½ feet from tip to tip of each wing, and weighed upwards of 19 lbs. The length from the extremity of the beak to the tip of the tail, was 4 feet within an inch. The web of its foot when stretched out measured 8 ½ inches. The swell of the sea rose so high while they were out in the boat, though not more than half a mile from the ship, they several times completely lost sight of her, absolutely buried up to her very main topmast in the trough of the sea. Wind against us a great part of the day.

Friday, December 19th

A squally unpleasant day, storms of hail and rain, usual weather in this part of the Pacific, according to the chart.

Saturday, December 20th

A dreary, squally rough day. At about 5 p.m. we were all much surprised by the unexpected appearance of high land close on the lee bow, when we all thought that we were considerably to the western of the coast. We tacked immediately and turned to the westwards, and the Capt. explained the matter to us, by telling us that his chronometer

had stopped off Cape Horn. He had not mentioned it before, thinking it would only frighten us, for no purpose. There appears to be a very strong current here, setting us towards the shore, which had him in his reckoning. The land we saw was the North West point of the island of Madre di Dios. It was very fortunate that we did not come suddenly upon it in a dark night. It was a great disappointment to find ourselves so near to the coast as we must now lose so much time in standing out to the westward, with the wind against us too. A very rough stormy night with a great deal of unpleasant motion, the heaviest sea we have had since we have been out. Fortunately it did not blow very hard. I find the most comfortable place to sleep these rough nights is on the thick cloaks on the floor in our cabin, where by supporting myself between the drawers and the medicine chest. I contrived to be pretty quiet, besides which I can see that no harm happens to dear little Charley from the violent swinging of his cot – and am likewise at hand to help Nurse to lift him out of it, which it requires two people to do safely when there is such motion. It looks quite frightful to see the cot swing so violently, as if it must be dashed against the ceiling, but the little Dear sleeps through it all delightfully and probably only just feels motion enough to rock him agreeably.

Monday, December 21st

A fine day, with a good deal of swell. No service on deck.

Monday, December 22nd

A great deal of rough and uneasy motion but the wind became favourable towards the afternoon and we had a quiet night. Nurse very poorly all day, so that I was able to do little besides attending to her and Charley.

Tuesday, December 23rd

A very fine calm day with only a few showers. Not a great deal of wind, not very favourable, but we were able to keep our right course. Lat 46-30, about 100 miles from shore. As we were walking on deck between 11 and 12 a.m. Capt. Sherwood pointed out to us a curious sort of halo or rainbow round the sun. We could only see part of it, the rest being obscured by clouds. Neither the Captain, nor Mr. Greatwood had ever seen such before – the colours were those of the rainbow, but not brilliant. We could not see the sun at the time as it was under a cloud. At about ½ past 2 p.m. Mr. Ball came down crying out to us to go on deck and see the Porpoises, which were just like a pack of hounds. C. ran up directly and saw an immense shoal of these fish playing and jumping out of the water in the most playful manner. I was prevented from going up quite so soon and could therefore only see them at a distance – they swim at an amazing rate. They looked just like dogs jumping out of the water.

Wednesday, December 24th

A good breeze. Getting on well in our course. 4 Albatrosses were caught alive with a hook and line, they appear to be unable either to walk or fly when on deck, and to be quite incapable of anything but opening their wide mouths to be sick, which the poor things did very plentifully.

Thursday, Christmas Day

Abreast of the Island of _____, Chiloe in sight. Obligated to turn to the westward to avoid the land. Wind against us, much disagreeable pitching motion. We have been what the sailors call "driving piles" or "pounding cocoa" all day. The sailors had a Sea pie, made of two geese and a joint of fresh port, with a Plum Pudding for their dinner; and in the cabin we had Mock Turtle soup, fresh mutton pie, roast goose, carrots, potatoes, two plum puddings and a cherry tart, a green gooseberry tart, and for dessert, almonds, raisins and olives, and all this after being 115 days at sea, from the time we left Liverpool. It has been a strange Christmas Day. I have thought much of all the dear friends at home, and sadly missed their society and likewise the usual duties and enjoyments of the season. How joyful I hope will be our return to our dear home again. Charles has been very unwell and uncomfortable all day – quite unable to enjoy his Christmas. No service on deck.

Friday, December 26th

A very rough dull day, much knocked about by baffling winds, which would not let us get on much. More motion than we had had any day since we came out.

Saturday, December 27th

A fine day with the exception of a few squalls – still a great deal of motion. Lat. 43 – 30. Wind more favourable. We keep hoping that every rough day will be the last, and begin to be very impatient to see Valparaiso.

Sunday, December 28th

Lat. 41 – 30. A fine day with a squall or two. Still a good deal of swell, but a nice breeze has prevented our having much motion. We hope now that we have done with bad weather for this voyage. No service on deck.

Monday, December 29th

Lat. 39 – 37. Beautiful warm day, going 4 knots an hour in our course. We hope to have no more cold or bad weather till we are again on our way to England. What a treat it will be to find ourselves on shore after this long voyage. How impatient I begin to be for news of our dear English friends. The sailors are all very busy tarring and painting that the ship may look well when we go into port.

Tuesday, December 30th

Abreast of the Island of St. Mary's. A beautiful day, with a capital breeze – going 8 ½ knots. The Island of St. Mary's and we could likewise distinctly see the main land, with the two mountains called Tetras de Biobio. The sea beautiful and the sky cloudless the air brisk and fresh.

Wednesday, December 31st

Roused up at ¼ past 4 a.m. to get a view of the coast before sunrise, which is well worth seeing. The nearest coast was concealed by the fog, but the bold high outline behind it was very fine and behind that we could occasionally distinctly see the peaks of the mountains of the Cordillera. Sun rose beautifully from behind the mountains.

Thursday, January 1st, 1829

Unfavourable wind and calm which prevented our getting on at all – a gloomy, hazy day and uncomfortable enough, from the scouring of the cabins and the confusion everything was in preparatory to our getting in port.

Friday, January 2nd

BeCALMED till 2 p.m. when a favourable breeze sprang up. The evening beautiful.



Valparaiso in the mid-19th century

Saturday, January 3rd

Called up at a little before 4 to see the high land at Valparaiso, we were then about 18 miles from it. When we first went on deck it appeared to be enveloped in a thick mass of cloud from which we could not distinguish it. It gradually however emerged from the clouds and by breakfast time we could distinctly see the Bell mountain and several others, forming part of the Cordillera. The view was very beautiful, and the Bay of Valparaiso as we doubled the point which forms it, very pretty. The quantity of shipping in the harbour added very much to the scenery. We anchored at ½ past 9 and were immediately boarded by the Capt. of the Port and other officers and people of all descriptions who came without any ceremony to see what we were like and what they could learn. Mr. Davy was not long before he appeared. He brought a Man of Wars' boat with him and in about an hour we had packed up the rest of our things and came on shore with him. The house is one of the best in Valparaiso. Up one flight of stairs are a dining room, drawing room and 2 bedrooms, the two last having doors opening into the covered balcony which runs the length of the house, which stands just above the beach, immediately opposite to the shipping. Walked in the evening to the Almendral. All the foreign objects around very amusing, but I felt rather too tired with excitement and exertion to enjoy it. Sir. I. Timeland (?) of the Doris Frigate and Capt. Coghlan of the Fort Frigate came to lunch with us soon after our arrival. It was very agreeable to meet such cheerful, lively and agreeable men after the confinement of a Merchant ship for 4 months.

Sunday, January 4th

No protestant church or clergyman at Valparaiso and as this happened to be the first Sunday in the month when the articles of war are read on the men-of-war, neither of the Frigates sent a boat on shore, which they generally do for those who choose to attend Divine Service on board. The Admiral of a French frigate in the harbour sent a boat on shore at 11 with an invitation to go on board his ship. We accepted it imagining that we should merely go and see the ship and return immediately. A young Frenchman came on shore with the boat to attend us. We found that on the way we were to pay a visit to a Marquis and family, some of whom were going with us. Mr. Davy ushered us upstairs to the sitting room, where we found the old Marquis sitting deplorably with his hat on upon the sofa, looking sufficiently squalid and sick as he said he was. His lady received us very cordially. Various other gentlemen and young ladies came in, as soon as they were ready we set off, on our arrival at the ship found it to our astonishment prepared for a gay party. We walked over the ship with the French admiral etc. Everything was in the most beautiful order. The French sailors wear white jacket and trousers with black hats which look very light and very neat. The party presently began to dance in the Spanish style, which appears to me sleepy and stupid, but it is said to be very pretty when the dancing is good. We could not get away till the party we went with was ready, which was about the middle of the day.

Monday, January 5th

Charley was poorly – C. attempted to go on board in the evening, but just as he and Mr. Davy got into the boat, a strong breeze sprang up and the Caroline drifted from her anchor. They went on board the Doris and spent a pleasant evening.

Tuesday, January 6th

Walked after dinner over the hill and called on Mrs. White when we met Mrs. Burdon (?) both appeared to be good

natured women. The walk very pretty. Mercedes, (Charley's new nurse, and a native) and her little girl came in the morning.

Saturday, January 10th

Much confined all this week with Charley, who has been poorly, owing to teeth and changes of diet. He would not go to Mercedes or suffer her to do anything for him. Dr. Wilson, of the Doris, has been very kind in coming to see him and C. too, who was very unwell for a day or two.

Sunday, January 11th

Went to Divine Service on board the Fort which was a great treat, not having seen a clergyman for four months. In the evening we walked out and met the Greatwoods who came in and drank tea with us.

Tuesday, January 13th

Went on board after breakfast. At about 4 C. and Mr. Davy took a ride on the Santiago road and into what is called Myrtle grove. Views beautiful and very singular. The hills broken into deep ravines and valleys, in which are some cultivated spots. Myrtles growing in profusion and full of flowers. Peach trees growing wild and covered with fruit, but very poor. The fruit that we have seen at Valparaiso is all bad except the figs and watermelons, and is all brought in from a distance. Oranges not in season.

Wednesday, January 14th

Had a large party to dinner, Mr. And Mrs. Burdon, Mr. And Mrs. Alma, Sir John Sinclair, Capt. Coughlan, Mr. Nistehel (?), Mr. Dow, the two Chaplains of the Doris and the Fort etc. etc. Passed off very pleasantly.

Thursday, January 15th

Took a delightful ride after an early dinner. Called on Mrs. Alma on the way, and from there along the Santiago road, through the Myrtle grove and over steep and craggy places at the edge of precipices, which made me tremble to go over them, but the horses are so used to the country and so sure footed that they never trip. We found Myrtles and fuschias and two sorts of enothera (?) growing wild most luxuriously. The country is beautiful, fine bold hills, broken into deep ravines, with beautiful valleys in the bottoms in which are cultivated spots. Large strawberry beds and Lucerne (?) fields, Palm trees and peach trees and many flowers with which I am unacquainted. I wish I could get some seeds to send to England, but it is not seed season.

Friday, January 16th

Capt. Sherwood, Mr. Greatwood and Mr. Davies dined with us.

Sunday, January 18th

Went to church on board the Fort, leaving Charley by the way on board the Caroline with Mrs. Greatwood. Mr. Roys, the chaplain of the Fort seems a pleasant, respectable looking man, but does not read well and makes mistakes. But nevertheless it is a real treat to hear the service read by a clergyman at all, having been so many months without. He gave us a very good sermon about the duty of always speaking the truth and the necessity of including it into the minds of our children. After the service was over we went on board the Caroline with Mrs. Burdon and Mrs. Alma, and then home till four-o'clock. Sir John Sinclair, Capt. Coughlan, Mr. Patrickson and another gentleman called. At a little before 4 there was a slight shock of an earthquake, the first which had occurred since our arrival. I felt no motion, and should not have been aware of the shock, had not Mrs. Alma, who was with me, told me that there was one. A little cracking of the frame works of the door was all that I heard. It was very extraordinary that no one on first coming to this country appears to entertain any fear of the earthquakes, but the dread seems to grow upon them, and to increase with every shock which they experience. At 4 o'clock we again went on board the Fort to dine. Mr. And Mrs. Burdon, Mrs. Alma, Mr. And Mrs. White and Mr. And Mrs. Price were of the party. We spent a very pleasant evening and the band was great addition to our enjoyment, and to hear God Save the King and Rule Britannia played by Englishmen on board an English man-of-war, so many thousand miles distant from home was indeed a treat. After dinner we walked on deck and drank coffee till between 8 and 9 and returned to shore and all the party (except the Prices) including Sir John Sinclair and Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Rays adjourned to this house where we had tea, and did not separate till ten o'clock, having spent a very pleasant day though not perhaps exactly in the way in which one likes to spend Sunday.

Monday, January 19th

Four shocks of an earthquake during the night, but they did not wake us.

Tuesday, January 20th

Walked up the hill after dinner to have tea with Mrs. White, Mrs. Burdon, Sir J. Sinclair, Capt. Coughlan etc, joined our tea party, and we spent a very pleasant cheerful evening and did not leave Mrs. White's house till eleven o'clock, when we enjoyed a delightful walk home by moonlight, the evening being beautiful.

Wednesday, January 21st

Went on board the Caroline after breakfast, to take dear little Charley and put him under the care of Mrs. Greatwood, who had kindly promised to take charge of him while we paid a visit to Santiago. Sir J. Sinclair and Capt. Coughlan had promised on the preceding evening to accompany us on this expedition, but unluckily letters arrived just as we were setting out, which prevented them from going further with us than Casa Blanca. We started out at about 12. The party consisted besides ourselves of Mrs. Burdon, Mrs. Alma, Mr. Davey, Sir J. Sinclair, Capt. Coughlan, Mr. Davis and a young midshipman of the Fort, of the name of Satler. The cavalcade was altogether truly amusing to an English eye, totally unaccustomed to foreign travelling and manners. Our vehicles consisted of a coach, a gig, and saddle horses. The coach

was a light sort of a carriage, not unlike some of the cars in the Isle of Wight, covered at the top, but open at the sides, with curtains to enclose it at pleasure. To draw this comera (which holds four people) we had five horses and four Postillions. The horses are attached to the carriage by lassoes made of hide. On level ground the fifth horse assists in drawing the carriage forwards, but in going down a steep hill he is fastened by the lasso to the back part of the carriage, where he acts as a drag chain to prevent the carriage from going too fast, and in a steep descent the poor animal looks almost as if he would be pulled in two. The Gentleman riders were capital figures with their Poncho's – cloth boots (made like a _____ of long gaiter fastened on with a garter), and large leghorn or Guargaguil hats, under which they put their silk pocket-handkerchiefs, which hung down over their faces and shoulders to protect them from the sun. The road to Santiago commences with a Cuestan (?) (a high steep hill or mountain) up the sides of which the road winds, being cut out of the rock. In England it would certainly be deemed impassable in many places by anything like a carriage, and it was truly frightful sometimes to look down the precipices at the edges of which we were driving, but the horses in this country are so quiet and the Peons have such perfect control over them, that accidents occur much less frequently than they do in England with good roads and well built carriages. From the Cuestan we had fine view of the Bay of Valparaiso and of the hills, or rather mountainous country around us. At the first Post house, which is about four leagues from the Port we went into the Inn, which consists of a small room with a mud floor, not unlike an England barn, with a sofa, table and chairs or benches, all of the most rude construction. This room opens into a bedroom at one end, and a sort of rubbish room at the other. The hostess was sitting at work at one end of the room and her daughter by the side of her doing nothing. They gave us some pears and some very nice chilli beans. In starting from hence some of us exchanged seats – I had been in the coach, but C. took my place and I went the next stage in the Gig with Capt. Coghlan, who was a very agreeable companion. The road during this stage was in some places curious enough, and what no English carriage would dream of going over, but it lay principally along flat plains (flanked on each side by hills and ravines) along which we drove at so rapid a pace that it seemed as if we were in danger of being overturned, but I never heard of such an accident occurring here. Sometimes we had to cross a little brook the sides of which were so steep and so rough and rugged that it seemed impossible for any carriage to be dragged up, but the horses, ragged miserable as they look, are so strong and active that nothing appears to be too much for them. Belonging to our train was a large troop of loose horses and mules (some of which carried our baggage) driven by two or three Peons. At the next Post house we changed horses again, taking our fresh ones from the troop which attended us. At this place, which is about 5 leagues from Casa Blanca, I mounted Mrs. Burdon's pony, and rode the remainder of the way and a delightful ride it was. We went full trot the greatest part of the way – the road full of ruts, stoneholes etc. etc., but the horses never fall here. We were surrounded by the most beautiful Cuesta and ravines, the latter richly wooded with trees and bush wood of various kinds. The Cuestas too are sprinkled with small trees and bushes. In the spring the Cuestas and the whole country are said to be beautifully green and covered with flowers of all kinds, but now it is brown and burned up with the sun and drought. In one of the valleys through which we passed were thousands of Parrots chattering and making a great noise. We arrived at Casa Blanca and found the Price party there – dinner had been ordered for us and was soon ready, we finished the evening with tea and songs, and went to bed about 10. The Peons all slept on the ground in the Patio amongst the horses and carriages. Our bedrooms were floored with brick (like all the houses in this country) without light except from the doors. In ours there was a bedstead, one chair, and one low table or stool. In the other in which Mrs. Burdon and Mrs. Alma slept, there was no furniture except for the two bedsteads.

Thursday, January 22nd

We rose at a little after 4, took a little breakfast, and started at about 6 leaving Sir. J. Sinclair and Capt. Coghlan to return to the Port. When we had gone a little way, those in the coach got out in order to cross an awkward fiord. C. and I then mounted two of the horses, and rode about 15 miles – the country beautiful. High Cuestas and richly wooded ravines on all sides of us, roads rough, rutty and wild as the country through which they run. We rode over a beautiful Cuesta – the morning was grey and damp with Scotch mist but by the time we were over the Cuestas the sun came out and it began to get hot. The carriage soon overtook us, and being very hungry we procured from the Prog (?) basket 2 cold legs of a chicken, which we began to gnaw, having no other means of eating them. As we were doing this my hat blew off and just that moment up came a smart lady with a little girl in a gig. We were both riding in Ponchos, and she must have thought us capital figures. We galloped on to overtake the carriage which had passed us, and the day getting hot I got into the carriage and gave up my horse, to Mr. Salter. We had a magnificent view of the high Cuestas before us from this plain to Bustamente, and the mist and clouds which hung about them added much to the scenery. We drove full gallop wherever it was possible to do so, and indeed where it would not have been possible with any horses but those of this country, but they are so active and sure-footed and the Peons have such perfect management of them that they never fall, and if one by chance should fall all the rest would immediately stop short and stand as quiet as possible. We crossed several fiords which in the rainy season would be impossible. One place in the road was so bad that one of the Peons jumped off his horse and laid hold on side of the carriage to prevent it from being overturned. Once as we were going full gallop the carriage suddenly stopped, and off jumped all the Peons in quest of a Partridge in the hedges but they could not catch it. We saw large flocks of goats in various places and passed a few ranchos, but the country is very thinly inhabited. We arrived at Bustamente about the middle of the day, had some tea, eggs and hot meat, stretched ourselves on some beds where we were well bitten with fleas and after resting an hour or two proceeded on our journey. After travelling about three leagues we came to the Cuesta of Prado, in the ascent up which there are 32 turnings and I could not help secretly shrinking on looking down the tremendous precipices, close to which we were driving, but the scenery was very beautiful. At one of the turnings the road was so bad that the Peons stopped for us to get out, and it was really marvellous to see how the poor horses got the carriage up. By the way, before we ascended the Cuesta we stopped at a Rancho, where we procured some sandwiches and water. A little infant was lying asleep upon a sort of rug on the ground in the middle of the Rancho. The mother sat at work on a bench, or rather looking at us which perhaps afforded her as much amusement as the scene did to us. The bed was in one corner of the Rancho, there was a man and other children playing about. When we arrived at the top of the Cuesta we had a wonderful view of the snow topped Cordilleras, but they were not so clear as we could have wished them to be. At the bottom there was an extensive plain, at the end of which we could just discern the town of Santiago like a little white spot about 9 leagues. We walked down the Cuesta which was rather fatiguing. I then mounted Mrs. Burdon's pony and rode with Charles for about 5 leagues. I should probably have ridden the remainder of the way but the pony was getting so tired and the evening so dark that I found it more advisable to get into the carriage. The view of the mountains

around us was beautiful as the sun went down and the moon rose beautifully behind the Cordilleras. We did not arrive at Santiago till past 10. Mr. Roger had provided some capital lodging for us, dinner had been ordered for 6, but nevertheless we had to wait a long time before we got anything to eat. At last we got tea and supper in a scrambling way. Got to bed rather late, plenty of fleas and bugs.

Friday, January 23rd

Got up late and had to wait long for breakfast. Hot and tired all day except Charles, who walked out and was famously well. We walked out for a little while after dusk, which is the proper time for walking here. Not much to see in the town, streets kept excessively dirty.

Saturday, January 24th

Got up at half past five, and went out on horseback at a little before six, to a Chaera (?) about a league off where we breakfasted on new milk and bread, the latter we took with us. The road to the Chaera lay along the Tajainas (?) which is a broad wall or breakwater, on the top of which the inhabitants of the city walk in the winter. We had a beautiful view of the mountains. Rode round a Potrera (pasture) and then home, very hot and tired – fell asleep and then had some more breakfast. Walked out again in the evening, and called on Mrs. Miller, where we drank tea.

Sunday, January 25th

Went after breakfast to the Cathedral which appeared to be under repair and in confusion. It was not the time for Mass, but there were several persons there at their private devotions. The sight of the black kneeling figures was solemn and imposing, if one could but divest oneself of the ideas of murmurs and insincerity. Two women were kneeling at the altar of the Virgin Mary holding large candles, they were supposed to be doing penance. There is but little to see in the Cathedral and the tawdry ornaments are disgusting. The attendants and priests were very civil and obliging and showed the Gold Cup which was really handsome, and a few other things. We then went to a Chapel where Mass was performing, but we did not see High Mass as it was over. As we were returning home we met the Prices who paid a long visit. After dinner we walked to the Alroseida which consists of two straight long broad parallel walks each bordered with a row of poplars. It would be really handsome if it were not for the dirty, shabby, rubbishy appearance of the houses and roads on each side. The ladies were walking in their smart ball dresses, looking as stiff as pokers. There were not many that evening, it happened not to be the season for the city and most of the fine people are in the country. No young lady can walk out in Santiago without a Mother, an Aunt, or a married sister. The smart young lady walks before and the poor chaperone is obliged to follow her unnoticed and neglected, and looking in general more like an old cook than a respectable lady. Vile custom which speaks volumes against the people! The English post came in this evening and were much disappointed to find there were no private letters for us.



Santiago de Chile in the mid 19th century

Monday, January 26th

Walked in the evening to the Fort, or rather to the top of the hill which is still higher than the Fort, from whence we had a very fine view and of the plain of Maysso and of the city the birds eye view of which is very curious. The Fort is the only place where the English are allowed to be buried in Santiago.

Wednesday, January 28th

We set off on our journey to the Port at $\frac{1}{4}$ past one in the morning in order to reach the top of the Cuesta de Prado before sunrise that we might have a fine view of the Cordillera. We were unfortunately however too late, had we set off at 12 as we intended we should have been just in time, but the lazy Peons were not ready. However we had a very fine view of the mountains from the bottom of the Cuesta just before sunrise and we could still see them distinctly when we arrived at the top. Mrs. Alma did not return with us from this but we had only gigs and saddle horses. We arrived at Bustamente at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine, where we breakfasted and rested for a few hours, the day being tremendously hot. We dined under a tree, and arrived at Casa Blanca between 8 and 9. I rode the last four leagues. At Casa Blanca we found Sir J. Sinclair, Capt. Coghlan, Capt. Boucheir, Mrs. Roys and Mrs. David who all came to meet us. Being all well tired we took a long rest and did not set out again til 12 the next day.

Thursday, January 29th

At the last Post house we met another party of gentlemen who had come out to meet us. After a pleasant ride we arrived at the Port by a little after 6 and in about a quarter of an hour dear little Charley joined us from the ship. In travelling across this country, we saw a great many rats running across the road. They are about the size of an English rat, and the same colour, but in form they seem to partake of the nature of a squirrel, sitting up their tails much in the same way that a squirrel does. In crossing one of the plains in the way to Santiago a tornado or whirlwind. It was a very small one, but it served to show what tremendous things they must be when more considerable. The gigs of this country have large heads and flaps which lift up at the back, which makes a pleasant air-through when driving in the heat. They are drawn by two horses, one of which is placed between the shafts and is led by the Peon who rides the other which runs outside of the shafts. In very steep places a third horse ridden by a Peon, assists the shaft horse on the other side. To describe the general character of this country I should have to say that it consists of extensive plains surrounded by high *cuestas* and mountains composed principally apparently of sandy and gravelly kind of soil, which occasions their form in general to be round rather than sharp. Between the *cuestas* as valleys and ravines richly wooded, and the *cuestas* themselves are frequently studded to the very top with bushes and brushwood. The ground on the *cuestas* and in the valleys, is at present completely brown and burnt, but in the rainy season is said to be beautifully green and covered with all kinds of flowers, of which there are even now several very beautiful ones to be seen. The commonest bush of the country seems to be the *aroma* (?) which when in bloom is said to be delightfully sweet.

Sunday, February 1st

No public service on board the Fort, being the first Sunday in the month when the articles of war are read, and strangers are not admitted. C. and Mr. D. dined on board the Fort, and joined me afterwards at Mrs. Burdon's where I dined. An American vessel in coming into the harbour ran foul of the Caroline and did her some injury.

Sunday, February 8th

Went to church on board the Fort and went afterwards over the ship, the cleanliness and comfort of which was a striking contrast to the Caroline. In the evening, accompanied by Sir. J. Sinclair, Capt. Dundas (?) and Mrs. Davey, we took a ride up towards the Signal post, and down a beautiful *Guebrada* into a sweet little valley which repaid us for the tremendous looking ascents and descents which we had encountered in getting there. Part of our road lay up the steep side of a deep ravine, the road ascending by steep short turnings, from which we looked down into the ravine, the bottom and even the sides of which were studded with *Ranchos* in the most picturesque situations – impossible to describe. From the first sight of Valparaiso you would not take it to be a very considerable place. I heard various accounts of the population, some said it amounted to about 8,000, some 10,000 and some 20,000. The ravines are all full of *Ranchos*, which are not seen till you ride into them. The people appear to be in a sad state of demoralization, and as the Police, it does not seem to be worthy of the name. Murders amongst the lower orders are very common, and peculiarly frequent during the *Sandia* season, in consequence of their propensity to bet upon whether the seeds of the fruit are black or white, and then they quarrel about it and stab one another. They seem to live almost, if not entirely, upon the *Sandias*, when in season, and it is astonishing to see how much fatigue they can go through with no other sustenance. The common men universally wear trousers, generally of woollen, with linen jackets. Their ponchos, if not on their back, is usually slung over the shoulder, and the Peons, when riding always wear a small straw hat, rather pointed towards the top of the crown, and frequently appearing to be so small that it will not come on their heads. The bridle of the country is a round bridle, plaited of hide or leather, at one end of which are several tassels, like a cat-o-nine-tails. This end hangs round the person that is riding and down the horses side – serves very well as a whip and is a formidable weapon when necessary. When the rider dismounts he turns the bridle over the horses head, and lets it fall on the ground and the horse will never think of stirring. No Peon ever thinks of stirring without his lasso, it seems to form part of him. Whether man, horse, cow, pig or chicken is to be caught out comes the lasso, and a good marksman never misses his aim. Their lasso seems to be everything to them, and to answer all manner of purposes. Their horses reins and bridles are commonly made of them. The women wear English printed and white muslin, etc., and I recognized many patterns which were fashionable in London two years ago upon some of the poorest people. Silk stockings and coloured shoes they wear too if they can get them. Their heads of hair are beautiful and very nicely kept, they wear no caps or bonnets, and they wear their hair either in long plaits down their backs, or turned up with a high comb, and frequently flowers stuck in it. Old Mercedes, who came to us as temporary nurse, and in a common way looked untidy enough, on Sunday or when she walked out with Charley, dressed herself in a white muslin gown, silk stockings, coloured shoes, and yellow China crepe scarf. The children have their hair plaited in the most fantastical manner into all sorts of little tails, hanging in all directions. When any woman has a child which she does not know what to do with she commonly leaves it at some person's door, and in Santiago, where the houses are large and living cheap, I was told that it was very common to have these children taken care of in one the back Patios by the servants, where they grow up as a sort of appendage to the family and frequently forms a sort of little companion and slave or attendant to some child of the family about its own age.

Tuesday, February 10th

Sailed from Valparaiso at about 5 or 6 o'clock, having come on board the Caroline in the Forts' boat. Sir. J. Sinclair and Capt. Coghlan were exceedingly kind and friendly to us the whole time we were at Valparaiso, and we were quite sorry to part with them. Indeed we were quite sorry on many accounts to leave Valparaiso, where the climate is so fine, and where we had received so much kindness and hospitality, and where we had spent our time so pleasantly. With the exception of the first night which made us all sick, we had perfectly quiet sailing all the way to Arica where we anchored pretty early in the day on Friday, February 20. We approached very near to the coast on Thursday, 19th, when we were about 90 or 100 miles from Arica. The appearance of the coast in this part is different from any we have yet seen, very high, but more sandy. Still broken into deep cliffs and ravines, which seem to be universal in this country and are formed probably by the immense torrents of rain in the wet season. On entering the bay of Arica, if the distance is clear, the view of the nearest range of the Cordillera with their snow capped tops is very fine. The appearance of the Town from the ship is better than we expected from the miserable account we had heard of it. There appears to be a good many trees and some vegetation near it, and they say there is a nice river with excellent water. The place used formerly to be very unhealthy, subject to Teriana (?) but it is now drained, and they say it is very healthy. C. and the

Captain went on shore, for a few hours with the Captain of the Fort, who seems to be a nice old man, and took great notice of Charley – he said he had 7 children himself. At a little before 8 in the evening (Feb. 20) Charles went on shore in order to set off on his ride to Tacna (about 40 miles) which he thought it best to perform in the night in order to avoid the heat.

Sunday, February 22nd

Received a letter from Charles this morning from Tacna, to which place he seems to have had a tiresome uncomfortable ride enough, but not to be the worse for it. He describes the road to be a very blind one, only to be traced in many parts by the carcasses of mules and horses which had died of fatigue on the road and the poor beast that he rode seems to have narrowly escaped making one of the number. He was nearly 7 hours performing the journey. No service on deck today. Why not? I wonder!!

Monday, February 23rd

The Saphire arrived (at Arica) today. The luminous appearance of the sea at night in this bay is very striking and unusually brilliant. The boats appear as if they were going through liquid fire. In the daytime the sea frequently turns suddenly of a deep red which keeps spreading til it reaches to a considerable extent – this is supposed to be owing to the spawn of fish. Immense shoals of fish are constantly to be seen in the Bay, but no one seems to think of catching them.

Friday, February 27th

Charles returned from Tacna about 10 or 11 o'clock, gave a miserable description of Tacna which he seems heartily glad to away from.

Saturday, February 28th

Capt. Dundas, Mrs. Mardon, and Mrs. Swinburne dined on board the Caroline.

Sunday, March 1st

No service again today. Charles, Capt. Sherwood and I dined on board the Saphire. Mrs. Mardon and Mrs. Swinburne were likewise of the party. After dinner Capt. D. gave Charles and me a very pleasant row in one of his boats. We went towards the shore and went as near to it as we could venture for the surf, which was very high in that part of the shore.

Monday, March 2nd

Charles dined on board the Saphire and went Mummy hunting afterwards with Capt. Dundas. These mummies are Indian's bodies, which have been dug up in great numbers at Arica, some of them in a very perfect state with the hair even still on the head, which owing to the dryness of the soil had not been decomposed. They found nothing very perfect that evening. Some enormous bones have lately been discovered in the interior of Bolivia, which some people have said to be the bones of giants – the skull is said to be so large that children play inside of it, creeping in and out of the eyes.

Tuesday, March 3rd

Mrs. Greatwood and I went on shore with the gentlemen for a short time, just to see the place, which is a wretched place enough – many of the houses built of mud only, the streets excessively sandy and dusty. All the hills and country around desolate and barren beyond description, excepting one part close to the sea where there a good many fig trees, and the Governor's garden, which, by the way, I would hardly have discerned to be a garden if I had not been told. The inhabitants of this sweet place seem really to be scarcely above savages. It happened to be the last day of the Carnival, and they were making greater fools of themselves than one could have conceived possible if one had not seen it – men and women (all astride and probably all tipsy) riding and galloping about as if they were mad – grinning through masks, hooting and hollering, dancing and making the most extra-ordinary noises. We paid a visit to the Captain of the Port, who seemed to be a nice respectable old man, with a wife and a large family. He said he never allowed his daughters to partake in any of the foolery and nonsense that was going on. One of the young ladies presented us with some jasmine which she took out of her hair, but Charles and Capt. Dundas got well powdered with flower (flour) the evening before by one of the ladies whom they went to visit, and they said it was very common to pelt people with egg shells filled with some sweet and to stain their clothes with some sort of paint.

Wednesday, March 4th

Capt. Dundas came on board to take leave of us, and Mr. Porteros (?) to take another view of his patients Mrs. Greatwood and Charley. We weighed anchor at about 2 o'clock and in getting out of the Bay were very near running foul of the Saphire.

Friday, March 6th

Anchored in the Bay of Islay at about noon – there are some curious looking white rocks at the entrance of the bay which looks like chalk. The cliff's finer than those of Arica, but no view of the Cordilleras. The town situated on the top, and composed chiefly of reed huts. The place miserably supplied with provisions, often without butcher's meat for several days. Good fruit and bread and eggs to be had.

Saturday, March 7th

At about ½ past 10 o'clock in the evening we felt the ship tremble in a most unusual manner, which made us run out of our cabin to enquire the cause. The Capt. called out to know if the chain cable was running down, which would have occasioned exactly the sound and sensation which was felt and experienced. It was soon discovered to be the shock of

an earthquake, which was felt strongly at Islay and Arequipa, but did no mischief. It was the severest shock which had been felt there for several years.

Sunday, March 8th

We intended to set off on our journey to Arequipa at about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but our dispatches for the Emma not being ready, we could not manage to get off before 7, which we imagined would do just as well. However, just as we were going on shore, Mr. Mardon came on board to say that it was too late to start, as we would not get through the Lomas (hills) without being wet through by the fogs. It was a great pity he did not tell us sooner, as we were in consequence exposed to two days burning sun, instead of travelling in the cool as we intended. We went on shore however, and slept at Mr. Ward, the Agents' house. Most of the houses at Islay are made of reeds. Mr. Ward's (the best in the place) is built of boards, and consisted I believe of three rooms, of which I saw but two – they might really have been made very comfortable, had they been kept in any tolerable order, but the mess and confusion exceeded anything I ever saw. There was a sort of open hutch with shelves at one end of the bedroom, in which were messed up together as great a variety of articles as could well be scraped together – teapots, cups and saucers, physic, spurs – etc. etc., and plenty of dirt and dust in addition. We breakfasted at ½ past 4 and started at 5 upon mules – the morning was delightful and the air very warm, – the road sandy. Our way for the first 6 leagues lay along the valley which runs between the Lomas, from which we enjoyed a comfortable shade which made it very pleasant. Our party consisted besides ourselves, of Mrs. Mardon, the saddle horses, Cargo mules Mariano the guide, another Peon, and a Yorkshire cook. On one of the hills we saw two or three guanacos [cousin to the llama] which the gentlemen had a hunt after, and fired at them with success. We saw two or three eagles flying over our heads. Loads of cactus's were growing over the hills and valley, and we gathered some very pretty flowers. At about ½ o'clock we reached the Pampa, which is a flat, sandy plain, in many places strewn with stones. Scattered over this plain are immense heaps of white sand, drifted, apparently, by the wind, into these mounds, or rather hills of a semicircular form, and all lying in the same direction. The edge at the tops of these mounds is excessively sharp and they appear like hills of fresh drifted snow, rather inconsistent with the burning sun which prevails upon this desert. Beneath the deep sand which covers this plain is a good soil, which in many parts having made its way to the top, gives a reddish line to the sand. The only parts which seem to be quite free from this soil are the heaps of white sand, which by some process or other appear to have freed themselves from it – this seems the more extraordinary as the sand is very heavy. From this Pampa we had a magnificent view of the Cordillera, especially of three very fine mountains, one of which is a cluster of snowcapped mountains with fine craggy heads, and the volcano of Arequipa; at the foot of which lies the city. We feasted our eyes with this magnificent view as we rode along. We seated ourselves upon the sand to eat our dinner, which we enjoyed exceedingly, and some Durasmos (?) or hard peaches which we had bought of a man on the road, were very refreshing. We then exchanged our mules for the horses, which was another refreshment. We did not arrive at Victor till ---, pretty well tired with our ride, which had certainly not been less than 18 leagues instead of 12 as we had been led to believe. We did not descend into the valley on account of the Tertiana to which it is subject, but pitched our tent on the sand under the shelter of one of the hills of sand. We had intended to have some tea immediately, but found the Peons had drunk up nearly all the water we had brought with us, so we were obliged to wait while they went down into the valley in quest of water and Prog. (?) In the meantime we lay down under our tent and slept till they returned by which time it was nearly dark. (While we were resting on the top of the valley of Victor [Vitor, now La Joya], we had a slight shower or two of rain, which Mr. Mardon said was very unusual there). They brought a plentiful supply of water, milk, a couple of fowls, and some onions and fruit and a pot for cooking. We roused up exceedingly refreshed by our nap. While the supper was preparing we walked to the edge of the Valley to look down into it. The view was very beautiful and very singular. It appeared as if the sandy desert over which we were travelling had in this place been cleft by some fairy hand into a deep gully or ravine, which was richly cultivated and beautifully green, and while our eyes were refreshed by looking down upon the green trees – vineyards, olive groves, fields of Alfalfa (Lucerne) etc., our ears were regaled with the sound of the river which runs through the valley. The fire was soon lighted, some capital tea and some excellent broth made in a trice, which we enjoyed most exceedingly by the light of the fire (having forgotten to bring candles) and by the time we had made a very hearty meal, found ourselves to our infinite astonishment quite refreshed and really not fatigued by the exertion of the day. At about 8 o'clock we lay down again under our tent, and slept most soundly till 4, then called up the Peons (who had gone down into the valley with the mules and horses) by firing off a pistol – made a most capital breakfast and started again at 6. The fine of the mountains at daybreak was extremely fine, and the Arro (?) --- or hill which lay in front of them formed a fine background. We took our luncheon and a little rest under the shade of a large stone, before we proceeded to cross the Cerro. The plain in this part is strewn with huge stone which appear to have been rolled down from the mountains by some convulsion of nature, and many more appear as if a very slight shock would send them down after their companions. We had a very hot ride through a narrow, sandy valley, and then ascended a high Cuesta, on the top of which we had a nice breeze to refresh us. We then had to descend through a very fine pass which lies between the mountains, soon after which we came in sight of the Valley of Ocho Mayo [Uchumayu], which was as refreshing to our eyes as the view of the valley of Victor, which it very much resembles. We arrived at Ocho Mayo at about 3, where we met Mr. Marev and Mr. Went (one of the clerks) who had come out to meet us. We made a very good dinner upon --- a favorite dish of the country, took a nap in the Rancho, then drank some tea and proceeded on our journey. We had a pleasant though rather dark ride (the moon being obscured by clouds and we had a slight shower of rain) to Arequipa, where we arrived at about ½ past 7, and were greeted by Mrs. Mardon and a whole host of her relations. There was a smart table set out for us in Spanish fashion with tea, coffee and innumerable plates of little cakes etc. etc.



Volcano at Arequipa

Saturday, March 14th (at Arequipa)

Walked with Charles to call on Mrs. Passnera, the Consul's lady. Did not think her manner and appearance at prepossessing. Passed through the market place where I was much amused – the picturesque figures of the Indian woman with their immensely full beige petticoats. Some of them reached down as low as the hips and other even to the very bottom, their little cloth caps, their beige mantillas and their grotesque dark faces, added to the number of picturesque accompaniments of a market place might have afforded many an excellent subject for a Wilkie (?). One woman was sitting on the ground spinning worsted. She held the wool in her left hand, while with the other she kept twisting a little spindle with her fingers and thumb, just as you would spin a Teatotum (?) which at once conserved the double purpose of twisting the worsted and of winding it on the reel or spindle. We saw several black babies lying on the ground – they looked very healthy. One of them had its' arms bound down to its' body with a kind of swathe, which Mrs. Mardon says is a constant practise when the child is wanted to sleep. We seemed to afford as much amusement to these people, as they did to us. Crowds of children came all about us, staring and laughing at our figures as we did at theirs. Almost all the women of the lower class here seem to wear woollen petticoats with white or printed calico bodices which appeared to be quite separate from the petticoats. These petticoats are made immensely full and pleated in at the top. Sometimes they are seamed (?) in as low as the hips and sometimes to the very bottom. Some wear cloth caps and some a sort of small woollen mantilla on their heads.

Sunday, March 15th

Received a visit in the evening from the Garcia's (Mrs. Mardon's father, mother, and sisters). They stayed til bedtime, chattering the whole time. When a lady pays a visit in this place she takes with her a black female slave, who sits on the ground in the corner of the room while the lady makes her visit.

Monday, March 16th

Charles and I took a ride before breakfast with Don Jose Marcio, visited the cemetery for the English and the Assiande (?) of the late Viceroy (?) of Peru. View of the mountains magnificent. Arequipa is said to be 7400 feet above the level of the sea, and the Volcano to be more than 7000 feet above the town. Received a visit from — who gave me a couple of very affectionate hugs, according to Spanish custom. She seems to be a very nice lively old lady. Her sister who was with her appeared to be an old maid. After dinner returned the Garcia's visit. The whole family seem to collect together. They were very polite and civil, and gave us some tea, brought the Pianoforte into the room. — who is the Administrator of the Custom's House at Islay, married one of the daughters. He seemed to be a pleasant man, with plenty of — (?) and plenty to say. Plenty of black female slaves of all ages were all squatting on the floor at the door, ready to attend at a moments call.

* * *

The diary ends here. In the following post is an excerpt which details some of Charles travels during the next four years.

Charles Crawley at Antony Gibbs and Sons

Excerpts which pertain to Charles Crawley of Littlemore and his association with Antony Gibbs and Sons from the book entitled:

The history of Antony and Dorothea Gibbs and of their contemporary relatives, including the history of the origin and early years of the house of Antony Gibbs and Sons

John Arthur Gibbs

London: St. Catherine P., 1922. xvi, 509 p., illus.

Charles Crawley, after leaving Oxford, had at first studied for the Law, but finding it uncongenial to him had hesitated between taking Holy Orders or accepting an offer made him by Antony Gibbs to join Antony Gibbs and Sons. He consulted Sir Vicary Gibbs, who in his reply (7 July 1814) made it clear to him that he could be of no help to him in Church preferment and could give him no advice either way. He (aged 26) entered Antony Gibbs & Sons as a clerk in September 1814.

William Gibbs started again for Cadiz on 5 January 1818. He took with him Charles Crawley, who was to learn something of the business in Spain and to perfect himself in the language. They travelled overland, for William at all times suffered terribly in journeys by sea. Up until at least January 1817 Charles Crawley was doubtful whether he would continue with Antony Gibbs and Sons or take Holy Orders, as appears in a letter of Dorothea Gibbs suggesting that in the latter case the living of Clifton Hampden might do for him. It is to be supposed that he had quite settled to remain in business before he went to Spain.

Charles Crawley came home from Spain in March of April 1819. While he was in Spain Henry and William Gibbs had been consulting together by letter about taking him into their partnership. It was believed that he would prove to be of value to the business and that his assistance would give them that greater measure of leisure which after 20 years' work they thought it right that they should have. William was inclined to view with a jealous eye any encroachment on those means to which he and Henry looked for fulfilment of their late father's obligations, and he thought should preclude that generosity in the matter of terms which they would otherwise have had pleasure in showing to Charles. Charles was in Gibraltar when he received the offer of the partnership in the form in which it was finally agreed and wrote to William: "As to the terms it is enough for me that they have been proposed by Henry and sanctioned by George and yourself but... they appear to me to be on a very just and liberal basis." His partnership began 1 January 1820 with an interest of one-ninth in Antony Gibbs and Sons and in share of their foreign branches.

* * *

Charles Crawley married in May 1825 Eliza Katherine, daughter of Abraham Grimes of Coton House, Warwickshire. Charles, taking his wife with him, went to South America in 1828 for Antony Gibbs and Sons, returning in 1833. Though always loyal he was not very efficient and by a private arrangement* which George Henry and William Gibbs made with him, his partnership in Antony Gibbs and Sons ceased at the end of 1838, but he was still in receipt of a salary and continued nominally to occupy the position of a partner until the end of 1846. At that date, Antony Gibbs and Sons changed the style of their South American firm from Gibbs Crawley & Co. to William Gibbs and Co. He succeeded George Henry Gibbs in 1842 as a director of the London Assurance Corporation, retiring from that post in 1865. He had built himself a house at Littlemore,** a village on the road between Clifton Hampden and Oxford. He was an intimate friend there of the Rev. John Henry Newman (afterwards Cardinal), indeed it was his desire to be in close touch with the Oxford Tractarian movement which led him to settle at Littlemore. His house was eventually bought by William Gibbs, to whose grandson, George Abraham Gibbs of Tyntesfield, M.P. it now belongs (1921). He died in 1871 aged 82 or 83 and his wife in 1881. His only surviving child, Charles Edward (1827-93) married twice and had children by each wife three of whom are alive (1921).

[Note: his retirement in 1838 coincided with the death of his two youngest sons, George Walter and Francis Baden, probably from the smallpox epidemic which raged through London in the spring of 1838. John Henry Gibbs does not mention this as a mitigating factor in either his retirement or his competence, and in fact seems possibly unaware of it as no mention is made of the boys on any of the published pedigrees.]

**He was given £10,000 to enable him to retire when he wished to do so. George Henry Gibbs wrote in his diary (1 Feb, 1839) "I do not believe he would ever submit to the fag of a junior partner in a way to be entirely satisfactory to us and I do not think his powers and knowledge and quickness of parts are equal, if he were much alone, to the many questions which daily arise in a large business."*

***Charles Crawley lived at first in the house at Littlemore called Littlemore Cottage which is still occupied by John Lloyd Crawley (born 1845) and one of his sisters, grandchildren of Anne, sister of Charles Crawley and wife of the Rev. John Lloyd Crawley of Heyford. The house which Charles Crawley built was at one time called "The Lawn" but now "Lawn Upton". Newman's incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford (1828-43) which is in the gift of Oriel College, carried with it the*

duty of serving Littlemore. He built the church there in 1835. Charles Crawley added the chancel and arranged with Oriel College that he and his heirs should have the right of presentation to Littlemore alternately with the College. His eldest grandson Charles William Scott Crawley now holds this alternate right.

* * *

The dark time of 1830-31 proved to be a turning point in Antony Gibbs and Sons history and the beginning of their real prosperity. In the ten years 1832-41 the London partners divided among themselves an average of £20,000 a year as profits. The capital of the three London partners, George Henry Gibbs, William Gibbs and Charles Crawley at the end of 1822 was only £14,000, but, though Crawley retired from the partnership in 1838, Henry and William's capital in the firm was together over £80,000 at the end of 1841, which was the year before Henry's death. (Crawley's interest in the partnership was raised from one-ninth to one-seventh in 1834)

* * *

South America — after the diary

This is an excerpt from the book "The history of Antony and Dorothea Gibbs and of their contemporary relatives" by John Arthur Gibbs

Much is known about the day-to-day workings of Antony Gibbs and Sons. William Gibbs, it appears, never threw anything away. A vast number of records, including all correspondence between Charles Crawley and his London partners have been deposited in the archive at Guildhall Library in London. This book sums them up without the difficulty of having to read Charles' handwriting. John Arthur Gibbs certainly would never have had access to Eliza's journal but his account matches very well with her record, attesting to the accuracy of the records kept by the firm.

Several of the names in this excerpt appear in Eliza's diary. In one interesting footnote, John Arthur Gibbs mentions that Phillips (who travelled with them on the Caroline and is mentioned several times by Eliza) "misconducted himself on the way and was dismissed".

* * *

At the beginning of 1828, Antony Gibbs and Sons decided to send Charles Crawley to the West Coast. The business having become a really important one, it was desirable that one of the London partners should look into it thoroughly on the spot. There were also questions of managership which it was impossible to settle by letter. They had cause by then for great dissatisfaction with Mardon, who had almost ceased writing to them. Moen's presence in the House was seen to be more and more a danger. Hayne was disposed to condone the faults of Mardon, and he had so far fallen under the fascination of Moen that he could not recommend his removal. Davy was threatening to resign his position. He had never made up his mind to stay abroad. His father's death in 1826 had rather changed his view, but he had resented Hayne being put above him, and Hayne had not been tactful, when he saw him in Valparaiso in 1826, in the way he explained the matter to him. The firm, recognizing that "everything he had done at Valparaiso had been well done," offered him a partnership and were willing to make it retrospective, but he declined it, saying that he wished to resign as soon as someone could be found to take his place.

Charles Crawley, with his wife and child, sailed in the Caroline from Liverpool via Madeira and arrived at Valparaiso 3 January 1829. He was able to persuade Davy to accept the partnership. Crawley wrote home: "I am quite at a loss to understand how Davy in so short a time and with so little experience can have picked up so much knowledge of business and household affairs. He has an excellent head and natural turn for business, good judgment, decision, and manly independence of character above his years." There were five clerks in the office, including Eck, who had been sent down from Lima. The firm's house and office was "close to the shore in the centre of the bay"; exceedingly well furnished; four menservants kept (two English and two natives); stables attached in which each clerk had the right to have one and Davy two horses, the firm paying half their keep.

Crawley visited Tacna in February and Mardon met him there. He appointed a firm there to be agents for consignments from Gibbs Crawley & Co.'s Branches. He then went to Islay (where they also had agents), and Arequipa, and joined Moens and Hayne at Lima on April 1. He had found Mardon grown quite stupid and incapable, so with Moen's and Hayne's approval he asked Witt to join the Lima office with a view to his taking Mardon's place after learning the ways of the House. Witt had left the House in Arequipa before Hayne went there in 1826, but he was so useful a man that Hayne had engaged his help for the accounts there and again afterwards at Lima temporarily. He responded to the invitation and was in the Lima office from May 1829 till he took over the management of the Arequipa House in December 1830 with the Power of the House. Mardon continued to live at Arequipa.

Though Crawley found that Moens was very ignorant of the details of the business and that he paid no attention at all to the letters of the London House or their partners, it was with great difficulty that he could persuade Hayne that he ought to be got rid of. As George Henry Gibbs wrote about that time: "Such a strange compound is Moens, so radically and dangerously bad in all his mercantile operations, and yet so zealous, diligent, and so devoted to our interests and negligent of his own that his sudden dismissal could not be taken without shocking public feeling regarding him." However the way was made easy. Hayne had studied and had put in order the affairs of a concern called Campania

Maquinaria at Cerro de Pasco which owed money to the firm and in which the bankrupt estate of Abadia & Arismendi, which also owed them money, had a large interest. Moens was receiver of the estate. Hayne had visited the place in September 1827 and April 1828. The managing directorship of that concern was offered to Hayne at \$300 a month and he was inclined to accept it and leave the firm himself. This Crawley was able to prevent by assuring him that there was every intention to increase his partnership share in the firm. Hayne then agreed that if Moens could have the directorship he would withdraw his opposition to his dismissal since thus public odium might be avoided. So it was arranged, and Moens, who of course was well aware of the London firm's grave dissatisfaction with him, left in May 1829, without any impairment of his friendship with Hayne.

Thus Hayne became head of the Lima House, and he and Davy the only two full partners of Gibbs Crawley & Co. on the Coast. Hugh Torrance (who had been some time in the Lima office) was given the Power of the House and made Hayne's assistant in Lima.

Crawley remained at Lima till September 1831 when he went to Guayaquil, returning to Lima in January 1832. He paid a visit thence to Arequipa in March-April. Later in the year Davy came up to Lima to confer with him and Hayne, and in October he and Davy travelled to Valparaiso, whence Crawley sailed for England in April 1833.

* * *

The book ends with this chapter. There is some account of Charles' life before and after South America in the post entitled *Charles Crawley at Antony Gibbs and Sons*.

I recently came across a note by R.O. Crawley stating that Eliza returned to England some time ahead of Charles, but this seems unlikely as on their sailing date of April 1833 Eliza would have been been pregnant with their second son, Francis Baden who was born October 22, 1833.